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THE NURSERY

THE

LADIES POCKET

Magazine.



MUSIC.

1837.—PART 1.

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JOSEPH ROBINS,
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TO

LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY,

ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED LIVING POETESSES,

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED

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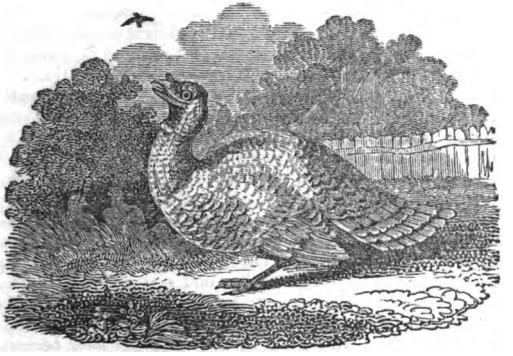
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THE LADIES'
POCKET MAGAZINE.



THE BIRD OF CHRISTMAS.

According to "ancient Tusser," the Turkey became the Bird of Christmas about the year 1585, at which period it began to form a favourite dish at the rural feasts of the season. It is generally believed to be a native of North America, from whence it was brought into England in the reign of Henry the Eighth. In the forests of Canada, which are covered with snow three fourths of the year, they are found in great numbers, and are regularly hunted by the natives with dogs.

A gentleman of New York received from a distance a turkey-cock and hen, and a pair of bantams, which he put into his yard with other poultry. Some time after, as he

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was feeding them from the barn-door, a large hawk suddenly turned the corner of the barn, and made a pitch at the bantam hen: she immediately gave the alarm, by a noise which is natural to her on such occasions; when the turkey-cock, who was at the distance of about two yards, and, no doubt, understood the hawk's intentions, and the imminent danger of his old acquaintance, flew at the tyrant with such violence, and gave him so severe a stroke with his spurs, when about to seize his prey, as to knock him from the hen to a considerable distance; and the timely aid of this faithful auxiliary completely saved the bantam from being devoured.

Another anecdote (though very different in its nature) is recorded of the gallantry of the turkey cock; which also affords a singular example of deviation from instinct. In May, 1798, a female turkey, belonging to a gentleman in Sweden, was sitting upon eggs; and as the cock, in her absence, began to appear uneasy and dejected, he was put into the place with her. He immediately sat down by her side; and it was soon found that he had taken some eggs from under her, which he covered very carefully. The eggs were put back, but he soon afterwards took them again. This induced the owner, by way of experiment, to have a nest made, and as many eggs put in as it was thought the cock could conveniently cover. The bird seemed highly pleased with this mark of confidence; he sat with great patience on the eggs, and was so attentive to the care of hatching them, as scarcely to afford himself time to take the food necessary for his support. At the usual period, twenty-eight young ones were produced; and the cock, who was, in some measure, the parent of this numerous offspring, appeared perplexed on seeing so many little creatures picking around him, and requiring his care. It was, however, thought proper not to entrust him with the rearing of the brood, lest he should neglect them; they were, therefore, taken away and reared by other means.

The female is, in general, much more mild and gentle than the male. When leading out her young family to collect their food, though so large, and apparently so powerful a bird, she gives them very little protection against the attacks of any rapacious animal that comes in her way. She rather warns them to shift for themselves, than prepares to

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defend them. "I have heard the turkey-hen, when at the head of her brood," says the Abbe de la Pluche, "send forth the most hideous scream, without my being able to perceive the cause: her young, however, immediately when the warning was given, skulked under the bushes, the grass, or whatever else seemed to offer shelter or protection. They even stretched themselves at their full length on the ground, and continued lying motionless, as if dead. In the mean time the mother, with her eyes directed upwards, continued her cries and screaming, as before. On looking up, in the direction in which she seemed to gaze, I discovered a black spot just under the clouds, but was unable, at first, to determine what it was; however, it soon appeared to be a bird of prey, though at first at too great a distance to be distinguished. I have seen one of these animals continue in this agitated state, and her whole brood pinned down as it were to the ground, for four hours together; whilst their formidable foe has taken his circuits, has mounted, and hovered directly over their heads: at last, upon his disappearing, the parent changed her note, and sent forth another cry, which, in an instant, gave life to the whole trembling tribe, and they all flocked round her with expressions of pleasure, as if conscious of their escape from danger." As language can give but a faint description of this maternal agitation, our artist's pencil has been employed to express it more fully.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Love, with Innocence, one day,
Sporting in the prime of May,
Cried, with glance of elfish glee,
"Dearest, give that flower to me—
'Tis pure, and passing sweet, I own;
But why so avaricious grown?"
"False boy," cried Innocence, "begone!
I know thee now, deceitful one—
Thy mother chang'd the rose's hue,
And thou would'st stain my lily too." A. H.

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BEHRAM.

AN EASTERN TALE.—BY MRS. HOFLAND.

It is now some centuries since the Persian sceptre was swayed by the monarch Yezdejerd. Famed for his skill in war, Yezdejerd, in the beginning of his reign, raised the glory of Persia by his conquests, but his courage degenerated into cruelty: he oppressed the provinces which his valour had subjugated, and he finally became the tyrant of his own people. But in the midst of his triumphs the divine vengeance reached the haughty monarch; his most passionate desire was to leave a successor worthy of him, and that hope had been already seven times frustrated by the death of as many sons, who had been cut off, at different ages, by the same disease. It was a malady which baffled the skill of the most celebrated physicians of the empire, and had till then been unknown there. The monarch had often outraged religion, and insulted its ministers; but now that he found himself pursued by the wrath of Heaven, he became humble, if not penitent. He summoned the chief priest to his presence, and consulted with him what step he could take to preserve the life of an eighth son, whom one of the sultanas had just borne him.

Coran, the chief priest, demanded three days for consideration. On the morning of the fourth he presented himself to Yezdejerd: "Oh, king!" cried he, "it is not given to thy servant to pronounce upon the destiny of the prince. One thing alone has been revealed to him: it is, that the royal infant's only chance of safety is his being placed in the kingdom of Mesopotamia."

Nadir, the chief of one of the provinces of that country, was tributary to the Persian monarch. He was the only one of his numerous vassals who could inspire the tyrant with respect, and he confided to him without hesitation the care of that child, on whom the future destinies of Persia were to depend. This was what Coran had foreseen, and he rejoiced at it; for he well knew that the young prince could not have a more worthy instructor than the sage Nadir.

The infancy of the prince glided happily away in the attainment of useful knowledge, and his frame, naturally deli-

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cate, was rendered active and hardy by the athletic sports and exercises which he shared with Mondor, the son of Nadir, a youth little older than himself. Nadir, who had always before his eyes the importance of the charge which he had taken upon himself, neglected no opportunity of instructing Behram in the duties of a sovereign. Naturally virtuous, Behram listened with reverence and attention to the counsel of his venerable monitor, and the first wish of his heart was that he might form the happiness of his people.

Time passed on; the young prince pursued as usual his studies and his sports, but he began to find that they were not, as formerly, sufficient for his happiness. Nadir had a daughter, with whom, in infancy, he had been suffered to associate freely; but as she grew towards womanhood, the prudent Nadir restrained her intercourse with his royal pupil. It was then too late; love had seized the heart of Behram; he vowed that no power should separate him from his Leila, whom he loved more than his life. The duteous maiden did not murmur, but Behram saw in her tears and her blushes that his passion was returned.

The prince had just turned his twentieth year, when Nadir and the King of Persia died, nearly at the same time; and speedily afterwards the great dignitaries of the Persian empire came in all the pomp of Asiatic splendour, to present the diadem to their new master, Behram. Ah! how bitterly did he lament his separation from Leila, to whom he swore eternal love a thousand and a thousand times. With what transport did he receive from her lips a promise that she would partake of his throne as soon as the customary time of mourning for their fathers had elapsed! Her brother promised to be her conductor; and Behram at length tore himself from the arms of those true and tender friends of his infancy, and departed.

Alone, and mounted on his swift Arabian courser, Behram would have traversed in ten days the space that separated him from his capital; but his prime minister represented to him that it was the custom for the monarch to travel slowly, and to stop a certain time in each province, where the most splendid entertainments were every where prepared for him. All this delay, all these ceremonies, at first tired and disgusted Behram: he was shocked, too, at hearing the courtiers

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pass lightly over the death of his father, in order to lavish the most extravagant praises upon himself. He knew that he intended to do a great deal of good, but he was conscious that he had not yet done any; and he could not conceive how his virtues could be, as he was hourly assured they were, the wonder of the world. But the incense which met him on all sides, the ardent vows for his prosperity, the songs of joy which everywhere hailed his approach, at last completely intoxicated him; and by the time he reached his capital, he had nearly forgotten the wise lessons of the sage Nadir.

Upon arriving at his palace he was conducted to his harem, where a selection of all the beauties of the east met his dazzled eyes. At the moment that his senses were captivated by their meretricious attractions, Virtue made a last effort to recall him to herself, by presenting to him the idea of the modest, tender Leila. He cast down his eyes, and turned to retreat; but at a signal given by the chief of the eunuchs, Perizade advanced. Destined from her birth to the harem, she was formed for love, and instructed in all the arts of seduction. She sang in a voice of the most touching melody, and she sang the praises of Behram. He alone could constitute the happiness of those beauties who had the glory to belong to him. Ah! how great would be the felicity of her upon whom he should first deign to smile. "Say, rather, beautiful Perizade," cried the enraptured Behram, presenting her the handkerchief, "how great will be my felicity if these are really your sentiments!" Taking the handkerchief, she replied, in a tone of affected modesty, "The slave ought to obey her master!"

These words were near recalling Behram to himself. Perizade saw it, and knew very well how to change their effect. She cast down her eyes, and assumed an appearance of the most lively emotion as she added, "Fortunate is the slave to whom duty presents itself in the guise of happiness." "No more of slave or master," cried Behram; "you see in me only your lover—the most tender, the most faithful of lovers." We need not pursue the scene: our readers have already divined that it ended by Behram's proving himself unworthy of the friendship of Mondor, or the love of Leila.

Entranced, however, as he was in the delights of the harem, the good intentions which he had formerly cherished

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were not quite forgotten by the king. He blushed to think that he devoted all his days to pleasure, and he determined to inspect the situation of his empire. Ablon, the prime minister, professed himself enchanted at this determination. Ablon had been the creature of the former vizier, whom he supplanted in the favour of Yezdejerd. That monarch died before he had an opportunity of discovering the unworthy choice he had made, for Ablon's abilities were mean, and he was capable of sacrificing every thing to his thirst of power; but, too crafty to let his object be perceived, he affected to rejoice at Behram's determination to take upon himself the cares of royalty, and as a first step towards instructing him in the wants of his people, he brought several folios of state papers for his perusal. Behram in vain attempted to read them; he found them so diffuse and so obscure, that he could make nothing of them; and the vizier's replies, when he was questioned on the subjects they contained, were not much more satisfactory. This mystery and obscurity, so opposite to the lessons of Nadir, perplexed and astonished Behram. Ablon attempted to explain it by saying, that the affairs of a great empire were necessarily more complicated than those of the small province which Nadir had governed; that, besides, the laws were different, and the temper of the people rendered it necessary to treat them in quite another manner. Repulsed, but not wholly discouraged, the king gave orders for lightening the taxes, and directed that all those who had any complaint to make, should have free access to himself. Months passed away; every day brought fresh assurances, on the part of the vizier and the grandees, that the people of Persia were the happiest under heaven; and as no complainant ever presented himself, Behram believed that they spoke the truth.

In the mean time, the tender Leila had not forgotten the promise of Behram. She awaited with impatience the arrival of the ambassadors who were to conduct her to his capital. She perceived with surprise and sorrow that her brother no longer spoke continually, as he had formerly done, of the companion of his youth; on the contrary, he shunned the subject, and had even dropped hints that Behram, dazzled by the splendour of royalty, might have forgotten the friends

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once so dear to him. Leila wept in secret over what she considered the injustice of Mondor, for the possibility of such an event never entered her generous and unsuspecting mind. But Mondor was better informed; he was aware that Behram was lost to them, and he feared that he was lost, also, to virtue and to true happiness.

The chief of one of the provinces tributary to Persia had, in former times, laid claim to the crown of that empire. He had been slain in battle, and his son, then a child, had been spared by Yezdejerd, and had always appeared to be a faithful vassal to that monarch; but he secretly determined to seize the first opportunity that might occur of asserting his pretensions, and he believed the moment was now come; for, in spite of the assurances which Ablon and the courtiers gave the king of his people's happiness, they were, in reality, very wretched. Cruelly oppressed by Ablon, and prevented by his arts from having recourse to their sovereign, they were in many places ripe for rebellion. At the same time that Mondor learnt this, he found that Kosron, with a chosen body of troops, was about to enter Persia, and to march straight to the capital.

Without losing a moment, Mondor put himself at the head of five hundred Arabs, and, marching with incredible speed, soon arrived within a short distance of the capital. There he quitted his men, taking with him one only, in the disguise of a slave, whom he contrived to introduce into the gardens of the sovereign, on the evening of a grand entertainment. He found the monarch seated in a bower of roses, with the beautiful Perizade reclining by his side, and surrounded by the ladies of the harem, some dancing, others singing. From this dream of voluptuous languishment, Behram started as by magic, when the disguised Arab presented to him the following billit:—"Your enemy, Kosron, is marching towards your capital; I wait for you at a short distance from it."

Springing up instantly, he said to the Arab, "Lead me to my friend." No sooner had they passed the gates of the garden, than the Arab gave him a disguise, mounted him on a fleet courser, and hastened with him to Mondor. Behram offered him his hand:—"Not yet," said Mondor, repulsing him, but without harshness; "first prove yourself worthy to

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be called my friend. Come with me to give a king to Persia, or to expiate, by a noble death, the faults you have committed."

"Yes," cried Behram, "let us away this instant!" and, putting themselves at the head of their brave Arabs, they marched towards the camp of Kosron. They easily succeeded in surprising it in the night; and though the pretender rallied his men, and made a brave resistance, he was finally defeated, and himself fell by the hand of Behram.

Mondor now gave directions to his Arabs to dress themselves in the clothes of the dead soldiers, and they returned towards the capital, passing every where, as Mondor had predicted, without resistance, till they penetrated even to the very walls of the harem. There they were met by Ablon, who prostrated himself in the most abject manner before the supposed Kosron, uttering at the same time the most vehement protestations of gratitude and fidelity, if he might be permitted to serve a master, whose valour and wisdom had won him the admiration of the world.

"Ah, traitor!" thought Behram; while Mondor, with a glance of disdain, replied only, "lead me to the apartments of the women." The vizier preceded them to the entrance, where he stopped; and Mondor, accompanied by Behram, entered the magnificent saloon, where the monarch saw again the same scene acted that had been played on his first arrival. All the beauties of the harem, dressed in their richest attire, came to throw themselves at the feet of the conqueror, each eager to display those graces which she believed most capable of enslaving him. Foremost in the group was Perizade, to whom, at a glance from Behram, Mondor threw the handkerchief. Stooping to pick it up, she repeated the same words, and in the same tone that she had spoken to Behram—"The slave ought to obey her master."

At these words, Behram could hardly restrain himself. Mondor saw the agitation of his mind: he made the women a sign to retire, and, turning to Behram, "Tell me," said he, "what is passing in your heart, that I may know what Persia and her allies have to expect from you."

Exasperated by the defection of his subjects, and irritated above all by the treachery and infidelity of Ablon and Perizade, Behram burst into expressions of rage and vengeance;

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but he suddenly stopped when he saw Mondor frown. He strove in vain to brave those eyes, in which till then he had found only the expression of the tenderest friendship, but which were now bent upon him with a look of reproach. For some moments he remained silent: then suddenly turning to Mondor, "No, my friend," cried he, "there is but one person to be punished, and that is myself. I abandoned my duties, to give myself up to unworthy pleasures: the faults of my subjects have originated in my own criminal negligence—but for that, the base Ablon would never have had an opportunity of oppressing them. Let the wretch return to the obscurity from which his arts have raised him; and be it my care to make what amends I can to those whom he has injured. As to Perizade, she merits only contempt; and what do I merit, who could for such a being forget the faith that I had sworn to your sister? But from this moment I will strive to render myself worthy of her, by practising the lessons I have received from your father."

At these words, Mondor cordially grasped the hand of his friend. "Now," cried he, "the past is forgotten! Act thus, and from this moment my affections, my sister, and the lances of my Arabs are yours."

Behram kept his word—he became the father of his people, who to this day commemorate his memory by wishing when a monarch ascends the throne, that he may resemble the good Behram.

WILLIAM.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

I never will again invite
That tiresome woman, Mrs. White,
Who fancies that her friends enjoy,
As much as she, her noisy boy.

She always brings the little beast
At other folks' expense to feast,
And then he gorges till he's ill—
There's many a *witness to her Will!*

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'Tis only when the brat's asleep,
That he from monkey-tricks can keep;
Where mischief is he's never still—
I wish she'd *execute her Will!*

No *polish* does the cub e'er shew,
Though *hard rubs* often I bestow,
And ma' can't make—it's past her skill—
An alteration in her Will!

Upon this imp the mother doats,
And in his eye can see no mote,
She vows no school her boy shall drill,
For—like the sex—she'll *have her Will!*

Hark! there's a foot upon the stair—
'Tis Mrs. White, I do declare!
She's coming up—oh! bitter pill!—
To dun about her *little Bill!*

THE DEATH OF THE DOCTOR.

(In a Letter from one of the Profession.)

EDITED BY M. L. B.

"I believe, my dear, you were acquainted with M——, and have as often laughed at his eccentricities as commended his skill. Poor man! he has quitted us at last! and on me has devolved the melancholy task of accounting to you for certain of his peculiarities, by sketching feebly his latter hours.—The disparity of years between M—— and myself forbade that degree of confidential *friendship* on the part of each for the other, which those of more equal age can commonly command; and, whilst I listened as a humble tyro in the medical profession to those instructions from his lips, which his own superior talents, and long, laborious, successful practice justly enabled him to give, there was always to me a something so repellant in his manners, aspect, and very voice, that I felt I could never be upon *cordial* terms with the learned leech.

* * *

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You will remember how it was reported that, after the death of his wife, M—— seldom or ever slept in his accustomed chamber, but reposed in an ease-and-comfort in his study, with a light always burning, and pistols and side-arms around him. Of his unfortunate daughters you could have known little, if any thing, beyond the startling facts that the eldest was deaf, and dumb, and blind; the second hideously deformed, and a miserable cripple; and the third an idiot from her birth; these poor wretches were carefully excluded from all eyes save those of their miserable father; and if, as was bruited abroad, he was visited with apparitions, they could not, at least, have assumed a shape more formidable than that of these unfortunates. M——, previous to his marriage, is said, by those who knew him, to have been a very different being from what he became after it; but, when I became acquainted with him, he had been long a Benedict, and his occasional gloom and nervous irritability were by no means attractive. Previous to the tour he recently took for the recovery of his health and spirits, I met him at the house of the late eccentric A——; a party was there assembled, composed principally of the profession; but a young lieutenant in a marching regiment thought proper, whilst we were at table, to show his wit, sense, and good breeding by bantering the 'doctors', in the true Joe Miller style, about their *slain* patients. M—— was, I remember, more savage with the silly lad than I thought the occasion required, whilst the other gentlemen civilly laughed at his stale jests. Well, the learned physician went abroad; for some years, as you know, I thus lost sight of him, and I have thought it curious that I was, *accidentally* as it should seem, called in to attend him during his last illness. He resided, in fact, though for some time I knew it not, within a street or two of the house I have lately taken; when he grew alarmingly ill, those about him who were not aware of our previous acquaintance, sent for me to attend him, as the *nearest* medical man; but, alas! I instantly read on his death-impressed countenance, that I had been summoned *too late!*

When I reached his residence he was sensible, and made, I saw, a strong effort to recollect me, which the dim light of an unsnuffed candle, and the gloom of his nearly

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closely curtained bed, rendered more difficult than the lapse of years, and added to his failing sight.—'Sir,' said I, 'sorry am I to see you thus; our last meeting was under pleasanter circumstances, at Mr. A——'s house.'

"'Was it? was it?' he answered quickly; 'you know best; but my memory now does not clearly serve me as to things that happened three or four years back. A very single man is that Mr. A——, don't you think so? but clever, decidedly clever. Why didn't they tell *him* to come and see me? he would cure me at once.'"

"'My dear sir,' said I, 'consider what you say; poor Mr. A—— has been dead several months.'"

"'*Dead!* eh? Ay, well, now you talk of it, I think somebody told me so once before; but, Mr.—Mr.—(I mentioned my name)—ay, well, Mr. R——, they needn't have sent for you; I always prescribe for myself, and shall recover yet, shall I not?'"

"'Dr. M——,' I replied gravely, 'I believe you to be a man of sense and nerve; a man very unlikely to be alarmed by the report which, in candid reply to your enquiry, I feel it to be my unfortunate duty to make.'"

"'Good God!' cried he with a fearful expression of countenance, 'you don't mean to tell me I am dying? Why, I feel quite well, except that I suffer from this cursed weakness, which will scarcely let me move without fainting—quite well; surely, you do but jest?'"

"'Dr. M——,' I replied, 'to jest with a man in your situation, were, indeed, a solemn thing:—think you not that I must be a maniac or infidel to jest with death?'"

"'Why, yes,' he answered; 'but yet many have jested with me about death, who knew not the pangs they were inflicting.'"

"'You allude, sir,' said I, 'to the nonsense of young Hunter; that, allow me to observe, is too long passed away, and your situation becomes too critical for you to permit it now to occupy your thoughts.'

"'Too long passed away now to occupy my thoughts!—Hearken, Mr. R——, I'll tell thee a secret; 'tis a thing that will be revived against me for ever and ever, and must employ my thoughts during the long eternity of Hell!'

"I started at such language: did I misunderstand the

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sick man?—Did he misconceive me? or were his senses already wandering, as the dim shadows of dissolution stole over them? His sunken eye was bright and glassy, but not wild; and his pulse was almost too feeble to be felt.

"'And, I'll tell you further, Mr. R——,' resumed he, after a pause, 'you may not suspect it—nobody does—but it is of that one black thought I am dying.'

"'My dear Dr. M——,' I answered, 'you surely cannot have so taken to heart the trifling unmeaning words of a foolish young man?'

"'Unmeaning!—I'm glad you thought them so; but hear me, young gentleman, those very words bore a meaning—and a terrible meaning to me!—Nay, more,' (and he almost yelled as he uttered this,) 'they were particularly aimed at me—they were intended, I say, to plant daggers in my soul, and, by Heaven, they have done it!'

"'My good sir,' said I, 'this idea can be nothing else than a mental hallucination; Hunter's common-place witticisms were addressed to all who sat at Mr. A——'s table, and, like similar vulgarities to lawyers and clergymen, are thrown in the teeth of us medical men daily; but what of that? Such jests cannot really injure us; the sick are glad to send for us, in spite of their pretended belief that we murder our patients, and we go to them, and to our graves with clear consciences, knowing that we have done our best to heal and save, but cannot over-rule the decrees of Providence.'

"Dr. M—— scarcely allowed me to conclude my speech, ere he started up in his bed, with that strength which generally accompanies the paroxysms of rage and madness, exclaiming:—

"'Who talks to me of 'murdering patients?' of a 'clear conscience?'—of 'going to the grave?'—and of 'Providence?' Out—out of my sight, this instant, and know—had I believed in the Providence you speak of, I might never have become a murderer.'

* * * *

"From the horror-stricken nurse I gleaned that M—— had for several hours, ere I was summoned, talked incoherently about some long-committed and concealed crime; that sleep had, in some measure, restored him to composure,

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but that he was now probably 'set-a-going for the night,' as she expressed it, and that he seemed always so affected by the sight of his late wife's sister (who was strikingly like her), that this lady was obliged to absent herself from him, more than, from the affectionate suggestions of her mind, she desired. 'But lauk, poor thing!' observed Mrs. Mealing, with a sigh, 'what a life she do lead now to be sure, with the doctor first, and then with them unfortunate *creters*, his daughters. Sure, sir, I wonder he never put Miss Betsy the *hidyett* into a 'sylum; and as for Miss Maggy and Miss Letty, sure am I, if please God they was under the *mouls*, nobody in this world would be the worse for it.'

"With Miss Hamilton, poor M——'s sister-in-law, I sought and obtained a conference; she confirmed Mrs. Mealing's statement, and I also elicited from her that, for years, Dr. M——'s mind had been restless, anxious, and unsettled; that this became apparent soon after his marriage with her sister, whom he madly loved, but to whom he seemed subsequently to take an unaccountable aversion; (the idea I would not suggest, but this probably arose, I thought, from her miserable offspring,) that he lived for a long time with the late Mrs. M—— so unhappily, that she died, in Miss Hamilton's opinion, of a broken heart; but that M —— had given dark and dreadful hints of her having come to a more violent end. I endeavoured to soothe Miss Hamilton by reminding her of the prevalence of monomania in even sensible people; some singular idea obtains possession of their minds, quite bewilders them, and, in short, I told her that some able philosophers and physicians had pronounced the whole world stark mad together. Men may say what they will of women, but all are not the credulous fools for which they have been taken; and I perceived that Miss Hamilton, in politely allowing my words to pass without contradiction, did not deem them at all applicable to her brother's case. I then delicately hinted the propriety, in Dr. M——'s precarious condition, of his being advised to 'set his house in order,' and see a clergyman and a lawyer, respecting his spiritual and temporal concerns.

"'It is the very thing I have strenuously advised,' sighed Miss Hamilton, 'but he still flatters himself with delusive

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hopes of recovery, and says such shocking and despairing things respecting his past life, and the impossibility of ever making peace with his offended God, that I declare I am afraid to mention to him these subjects; and yet that a fellow-being, and so near a relation, should quit this world apparently for ever lost, is to me perfect agony.'

"I promised, if possible, to second this excellent lady's endeavours to bring the unhappy invalid to a sense of the important duty which laid before him; and, ordering that he should be kept perfectly quiet now, took my leave, saying that I would not fail to see him early in the morning.

"And early, indeed,—somewhat earlier than I expected—was I at Dr. M——'s residence on the following morning, having been called up by a special messenger at four o'clock, to attend him, whose last moments, I was given to understand, drew rapidly on. Mrs. Mealing met me at the door of his chamber:—'Tis just, sir,' said she, 'as I told you it would be; ever since you left him at nine last evening, the poor *creter's* been all of a work; raving, swearing, and letting on about the shockingest things in the world, done, he says, by himself.' The ravings and groanings of the sick man sufficiently confirmed this statement. I advanced towards his bed, which, at this awful hour, was surrounded by his sister-in-law, three unfortunate daughters, and some female servants, all in little more than their night attire. They made way for me, and I took the hand of Dr. M——, who was sitting up in his bed, with wildly staring eyes, and half-opened streaming mouth. 'Take them away!' he cried. 'take them away! Why don't ye mind me when I command ye to take the fiends away?'

"'Dr. M——,' said I with firmness, 'who are to be taken away? None but friends are here.' I took his hand as I spoke; his vacant, wandering gaze rested for a moment upon me; he started, shuddered, fell back, and hastily withdrawing his cold, damp hand from mine, howled forth,—'Begone, begone, Walter Clifford! and a-a-a-a torment me no longer!" (endeavouring to raise his voice, which was half suffocated by terror, rage, and the failure of nature.) Miss Hamilton started, and some singular ideas seemed to flit athwart her mind. 'What! still here, Walter Clifford?' re-

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cumed the dying man. 'O! for the sake, then, of that God, whom you feared, whom I discarded, and who has cast me off for ever, depart in peace, and torture me no longer!'

"M—— now began to lose considerably the power of utterance; and what follows must be supposed to have been said by him at intervals, and with some difficulty:—

"'Hast thou not, Walter Clifford, I ask thee, hast thou not, ever since that fatal, fatal hour, haunted me, cursed me, and taken thy fill of vengeance?—Look, look where they stand, those miserable, blighted fruits of my union with Margaret!—Was it for her sake, Walter Clifford,—for her sake, I ask,—that they are the THINGS they are, or for mine —mine?'

"He was silent for some minutes, appeared faint and exhausted, and I forced a spoonful of cordial down his throat. Miss Hamilton's eyes were filled with tears. 'Perhaps,' said she to me, softly, 'I had better take these hapless creatures out of the room.' She was leading them away, when the idiot struggled violently, and the lame one, stumbling over a foot-stool, as she followed her aunt, attracted the dying man's attention to them. He again raised himself and cried—'Letitia, Letitia, leave them! Am I to be forsaken by my own children? and Walter Clifford on this side,'—pointing to me—'and Walter Clifford on that,'—pointing to a vacant space—'and Walter Clifford and the fiends come to carry me away—everywhere? Leave them, I say, that they may curse Clifford's sight, and vex his cruel heart, as they have done mine!' Here the wretched man groaned heavily, and tossed himself with a strength that astonished me in one so weak, from side to side—he was furious; and beckoning one of the female servants to go round, she assisted me to hold him.

"'Mr. R——,' said he, and it was the first time he had recognized me since my arrival, 'there is no occasion for this; only turn that young man out of the room, who will not let me die in peace, and I will instantly be quiet.'

"'Dear sir,' I answered soothingly, 'calm your apprehensions; you have none standing beside your bed but friends.'

"'Friends!' he observed, 'ah! I have it; Clifford was my friend; I put a cup of poison, all in *friendship*, to his lips, and now he is holding one to mine! Faugh! lau-

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danum, sir, laudanum, don't you smell it? But no, I'm not the fool that he was, to drink it and DIE!'

Startled as were all present, at these horrid words, the diabolical yell that followed them, harrowed our very hearts; for my own part my hairs seemed to start upright upon my head, I trembled exceedingly, and was suffused with perspiration. Mrs. Mealing fell to prayer in one corner of the room; Miss Hamilton looked the very picture of horror and distress; the deformed girl burst into tears; her deaf and dumb sister, who had for some minutes past laid her head on the foot of the bed and slept, awaked not at her father's agonizing cry; and the unhappy idiot, ever gay and smiling, stood cutting up her apron into long strips, with the nurse's scissors, totally unconscious of the terrible passing scene.

"'Come hither, R——,' said M—— presently, with a sort of chuckle, even more horrible than shrieks and groans, 'I have an excellent jest for thine ear, but mind it goes no, further; I would not have Margaret—Letitia know it for worlds. I poisoned him—you see—Walter Clifford, my rival;—he was sick, and I gave him a-a *cordial*—you understand—and he died soon after. Ha! ha! ha!—I guess he never tasted cordial like that, Mr. R——, before or after, eh?' I answered mechanically,—'I should think not sir', but I was so utterly confounded by this voluntary confession of my miserable patient, that I knew not well what to say or do.

"'But that is not all,' continued M——, 'Clifford has haunted me to reproach me ever since; to avenge him have those three devils of daughters been born, but my Margaret never gave me son! Ha! ha! ha! ha!—droll all this, isn't it?'

* * * *

"I have been obliged, dear, to pause in my painful narrative; could mortal pen have described the horrors that succeeded this terrible confession, and endured for the better part of an hour, I could not, at least, have borne to live through it again in memory. Suffice, Dr. M——'s struggle with man's last foe, became every moment more apparent and more distressing; whilst in his disordered intellect (or is it really possible that those who stand upon the verge of

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the world of spirits, actually commence an intercourse with it ere their departure from this?) the chamber appeared filled with superhuman beings, who danced, like black motes, incessantly before his dim and failing sight,—who groaned and howled over him until he groaned and howled in reply, who pressed the breath, as he declared, out of his body by stamping on his chest, and grasping his throat, and who seemed pulling his eyes backward into his head, until he could see no longer.

"Such were a few, and but a few, of those awful symptoms which attended the dissolution of the celebrated Doctor M——. I have excused myself from giving, even to you, more minute details, and with his blasphemies I will not sully any paper. Suffice, he expired, whilst I was yet with him, and as soon as I had ascertained this awful event, I led his unfortunate orphans and Miss Hamilton from the room. She sobbed hysterically, but after taking a little wine and water, which revived her, exclaimed:—

"'O Mr. R——! what an awful, impressive, terrible, dreadful scene!—Gracious God! have mercy upon his poor, unhappy soul! for—for—his confession, I have every reason to apprehend, was not the raving of delirium, but truth, *sane* truth! Alas, alas! I remember well how warmly Walter Clifford was attached to Margaret!—I recollect his illness!—his apparently progressive recovery, until accident, (but do these things happen by chance?) took him out of the hands of a worthy and clever practitioner, and threw him into those of his rival; then, then, came his gradual sinking, and then his death! and I remember, too, how Doctor M——, not then my brother, explained, on *scientific* principles, the reason why poor Walter's body assumed so shocking an appearance prematurely after his decease—why that sudden decay of what was erst so strong and beautiful occurred; and, when he had made us hasten our poor cousin's funeral, he fancied, by his arts, he had satisfied our minds; but poor Margaret's, at least, was not satisfied;—she consented, after a while, to marry M——, yet, as we have lately learned from lips now closed till the day of doom, their union was not—could not—be blessed. My dear sister, who often confessed to me that she fancied Clifford did not come fairly to his end, died, as every body truly believes, broken-

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hearted; and what kind of life Dr. M—— led, after her demise, and as the shadow of the grave gathered around him, every body is pretty nearly as well informed. He always averred that he was haunted; and, unhappy man, no doubt can now remain, that *conscience-haunted* he has lived for many, many, years.'"

* * * *

MONUMENT TO MRS. HEMANS.

Mr. Harrison, the statuary of Chester, has executed a monumental tablet to the memory of Mrs. Hemans, which is placed in the Cathedral of St. Asaph in Wales. It was erected at the expense of Colonel Sir Henry Brown, brother to the distinguished poetess. Mr. Harrison has also executed another, at the expense of Mrs. Hughes, sister to the deceased, for placing over her remains in Dublin. It is a small Grecian monumental tablet in statuary, on a black ground. In addition to the statement—"Felicia Hemans died May 16, 1835, aged 41," the following beautiful and appropriate lines are inscribed thereon, from her own solemn effusion, known as the Dirge:—

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow home beneath?
Soul to its peace on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

Amongst the distinguished persons who visited Mr. Harrison's *studio*, to view this chaste monument to perpetuate the memory of one of Britain's most talented daughters, is the Marchioness of Westminster, and the Miss Luxmores, daughters of the late Bishop of St. Asaph, who considered the verses particularly applicable, for the day before the fair poetess died, she had more the appearance of a spirit than a mortal.

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Galileo before his Judges.

GALILEO GALILEI.

Although quite blind and nearly deaf, the intellectual powers of Galileo, the celebrated Astronomer, remained to the end of his life; but he occasionally felt that he was overworking himself, and used to complain to his friend Micanzio that he found his head too busy for his body. "I cannot keep my restless brain from grinding on, although with great loss of time; for whatever idea comes into my head with respect to any novelty, drives out of it whatever I had been thinking of just before." He was busily engaged in considering the nature of the force of percussion, and Torricelli was employed in arranging his investigations for a continuation of the "Dialogues on Motion," when he was seized with an attack of fever and palpitation of the heart, which, after an illness of two months, put an end to his long, laborious, and useful life, just one year before his successor Newton was born.

It is said that Galileo, as he rose from his knees, after having knelt before the Inquisition to renounce as heretical the truths his genius had promulgated, stamped on the

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ground, and whispered to one of his friends. "E pur si muove."—"*It does move though.*" For a venerable old man who had enlightened Europe by his discoveries, to be seen upon his knees before an assembly of haughty, ignorant bigots, renouncing by their compulsion those truths which nature and his own conscience affirmed to be incontrovertible, was a spectacle that cannot be thought of without indignation and abhorrence.

SONGS FOR MUSIC*.

BY RICHARD JOHNS, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "ASCENSION," "THE WHITE SQUALL," ETC.

I.—I ASK NO PLEDGE.

I ask no pledge—I seek not vows—
My heart in its idolatry
Before thy shrine in worship bows,
And trusting leans in faith on thee.

Sing not of love, the minstrel strain
Soon fades upon the list'ning ear,
And wakes to lighter themes again,
For love makes no abiding there.

Love needs no language when the eye
The all impassioned soul reveals—
Love's sweetest music is the sigh
When softly heart to heart appeals.

II.—THE DREAM IS PAST.

The dream is past—
Oh! for the bitter waking,
When the vacant eye around is cast,
Seeking a vision too bright to last,
And finds the heart left in its aching—
The dream is past—

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Such, such is life!
Youth's fair visions forsaking,
No more earth seems with enchantments rife,
The slumberer wakes to the voice of strife
And the throb of a lone heart breaking—
The dream is past.

And vain, how vain,
Its airy flight once taking,
To think that vision will come again,
Lost are the links of its golden chain
And the heart its lament is making—
The dream is past.

III.—Weep not for Me.

Weep not for me—Weep not for me—
Should the tear of sorrow start
When rest comes for the broken heart?
No! let the wearied spirit flee—
Weep not for me.

Weep not for me—Weep not for me—
'Tis not *now* thy tears can save
The lone and lost-one from the grave;
Thy *smile* of love hath ceased to be.
Then *weep* not for me.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

BY THE LATE CHARLES MAY.

"Hast thou heard aught of Lord Raimonde's approach, Seaford?" said the lovely mistress of Woodstock Park to a confidential domestic.

"Nothing, lady," replied the old man; "didst thou then expect him to-day?"

"To-day, his letter tells me, I shall see him," rejoined his mistress, "yet it grows late; I think I must content myself alone. Go, get me lights, good Seaford, and bring my harp into the green chamber. I feel depressed in spirits, and would fain solace me with a song."

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The lady repaired to her chamber, whither she was followed by the faithful Seaford, with tapers and her harp. Rosamond Clifford, thus left alone, reclined pensively on a couch. The evening was cloudy, and the frequent hollow gusts of wind that shook the lattice menaced the approach of a storm. Often did the ill-fated beauty hasten to the window, and gaze intently on the scene before her. Often did she listen with intense anxiety, as she thought she heard the trampling of horses' feet, at intervals when the howling wind ceased in momentary silence. As often were her hopes disappointed. "He will *not* come!" she exclaimed, in a passionate burst of disappointment. "Perchance I shall not see him more! Oh! love, love, thou tyrant! into what errors and what wretchedness hast thou plunged me! Before I yielded to thy luring and insidious smiles, how happy and how innocent my life! What am I now—lost and betrayed, yet still living, still adoring my betrayer! shunned, despised by all the good, and envied only by an inveterate rival, whose hate and vengeance constantly pursue me. God of mercy!" she continued, raising towards heaven her beautiful eyes, streaming with the bitter tears of remorse, "forgive my indiscretion, and impute my fault to woman's weakness! Yet, oh! how can I ask, how can I hope forgiveness, remaining thus a willing victim; still indulging in guilty pleasures, still exposed to the illicit embraces of—alas! my sovereign! there, there was the fatal spring of all my woes! Royalty, the splendour of supreme power, like the fatal fires that shine to lure to his destruction the unwary traveller in the desert, wrought my ruin; and vanity, whose idle breath but fanned the flame of love, reduced me to my now abhorred condition—a mistress! a minion! Father of Heaven, assist thy poor suppliant to throw from her distracted bosom all the weight of woe and sin that now sinks it deep, deep, aye, deep as hell! Aid me to struggle with unlawful passion—teach me to stifle a forbidden affection; for, in the face of heaven, I swear that my poor heart glows not with unholy and impure desires! Enable me, oh, God! to silence my unwilling heart, and flee this place of sin! Yes, I will see Raimonde once more—the dear disguised Henry—I will tell him, heaven commands me for ever to remove from him. 'Mid a convent's gloom will I pass my few remaining days, in penance and contrition; and tears of remorse shall wash

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away my stains of guilt." She took her harp, and, to a plaintive air, sung the following

SONG.

Yes, I will hush this bosom's sighs
That wildly tell its fears;
Yes, I will dry these streaming eyes,
Enough they know of tears!
My brain may turn, my heart may break,
Yet nought my firm resolve shall shake!
Far from the world away I'll fly,
In anguish and alone,
And for a brief felicity,
Shall years of grief atone;
No more to breathe a friendly name,
With no companion but my shame!

As the last notes of the fair musician's song died softly away, her lover entered the apartment.

None could have recognized, in the counterfeit Lord Raimonde, the puissant second Henry, monarch of fair England's realm. A plain dark green riding-dress covered his manly form, and gave him the appearance of a forest-ranger.

He ran towards her, and, pressing her to his bosom, printed a fond kiss on her pale cheek. "Wert thou beguiling the tedious hours of my absence with a song, my charmer?" he exclaimed; and regarding her with a look of unutterable fondness, added, "but thou hast been weeping, dearest! tell me, has aught given thee pain?"

"My sovereign," exclaimed the weeping beauty, "thou hast been to me a good and gracious master, while I to thee—"

"All that fond woman's charms can make thee," interrupted the king. "But why this coldness, and why these tearful eyes? prithee, Rosamond, dismiss these silly thoughts, and let love, smiling love, bless the few short hours I have to spend with thee."

"Never, my lord!" exclaimed Rosamond, "my heart, my conscience, my God, tell me I must leave thee, I will obey their dictates. Henry, lord of my heart, look not thus frowningly upon me—kill me! here I offer thee my poor

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broken heart: thy dagger will not make it bleed more sorely than it doth now—kill me; but be not angry with your victim!"

She could no more, but sank into his arms insensible. Long did she lie

"In sleep most like to death,"

and long the deeply alarmed monarch feared her life and woes were both at end. Bitterly did he curse the day when, under the mask of honourable love, and as a private suitor, he won upon her heart's unsuspecting innocence.

His efforts at length restored her to animation. He bore her to a couch, and strove, by entreaties and tenderness, to subdue her determination. He told her that, though linked by interest to the queen, his heart was his Rosamond's.

"I was betrothed to *her*, but I love *thee*
By love's own sweet constraint!"

He told her—and truly did the fond monarch vow—that were his haughty Eleanor no more, his crown, his kingdom, should at her feet kneel for acceptance. Vain were his vows, his protestations, his entreaties. Virtue re-assumed her reign in the bosom of the fair penitent, and the wealth of worlds could not seduce her fixed determination.

"Remain but in this place," cried Henry, pacing the apartment in agitation; "consent thou but to tarry here till three days from this; then I shall return; and if, my Rosamond, thy purpose then be fixed, I will no more oppose thy firm resolve. If, three days from hence, thou still maintain thy cruel determination, hard as 'twill be to part—deep as my heart will feel the pang, I will consent to lose thee."

Rosamond acquiesced; and the king, after not much further converse, left her.

The howling storm that roared incessantly without, the sheets of rain that deluged the earth, the vivid lightning, whose unceasing flashes displayed the horrors of the scene, and the pealing thunder that shook, and even convulsed, the ground, could not deter the perturbed monarch from instantly quitting Woodstock. With a single attendant he departed, and Rosamond retired to her sleepless couch.

* * * *

Two days had effected an entire change in the personal appearance of Rosamond Clifford. Habited in a coarse

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black robe, the ample folds of which effectually concealed her lovely form, with a plain ivory crucifix suspended from her neck, the once voluptuous favourite of royalty now spent her days and nights at the altar, or in her closet. Her cheek, though pale "as monumental alabaster," betrayed no signs of perturbation. Within her bosom all passions, save that of deep and penitent devotion, were extinguished. Truly did she seem aided in this trying hour by that divine spirit which she had so piously and fervently invoked.

* * * *

The third day closed calmly and serenely in. Rosamond Clifford marked the westering sun's progressive declension towards the horizon, with a pleasurable feeling of self-approving satisfaction. "Adieu, bright and glorious orb," she ejaculated; "now for the last time I bid farewell to thee, and to the world thy beams illumine. To-morrow's dawn beholds me an inmate of the cloistered convent. The lady abbess has kindly consented to receive a penitent magdalene. Christ has said to me, 'Nor do I condemn thee!' My love for Henry is, methinks, passed like a fatal, yet, I must acknowledge, a delightful dream. The king will soon be here—I will evince that penitence with Rosamond is no light thing, to be conceived and be forgotten. I know his noble nature; he will not oppose, but applaud and further my desires."

She ceased, and, receding from the window of her bower, prostrated herself before the crucifix, and knelt awhile in silent but fervent prayer. Suddenly the door opened. Rosamond arose, and turned to greet, as she supposed, the king.

Gracious heavens! it is her infuriated rival—it is the queen, the revengeful Eleanor! In her right hand gleams a dagger, while her left extends a bowl of deadly poison. A smile of bitter scorn lit up the pale and haughty features of Eleanor, as she thus addressed the trembling Rosamond.

"Woman, dost thou know me? Yes, that blush of shame and deep confusion tells me thou dost! I come not to bandy words with thee. Choose, minion, whether I shall bury in thy bosom this gleaming steel, or wilt thou seek death in this poisoned bowl. Believe me, 'tis composed of subtle drugs, that without pain will straight absorb thy being."

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Rosamond arose, and calmly received the poison from the hands of Eleanor.

"Thus, then, princess, Rosamond Clifford gives thee satisfaction for her many injuries." She drank the contents of the bowl, and resumed, "Eleanor, thou hast been deeply wronged, and it may astonish thee to know that Rosamond most unreluctantly has paid the forfeit of her folly."

The queen, deeply stung by the calm and willing smile of her victim, rushed, with a shriek, from the apartment. Instantly after, Henry entered, breathless. "I saw my queen!" he exclaimed, in a voice of madness, "I saw my queen rush from hence. Rosamond, art thou harmed? speak, speak, my love! tell me, my life, has that fell woman injured thee in aught?"

The ill-fated Rosamond turned on her lover a dying glance of love unutterable. "Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, "I still am thine—the same fond woman still!" She sank lifeless into the arms of the frantic monarch.

Glancing his eye wildly around, he saw the bowl which Rosamond had drained; the horrid truth, in all its overwhelming terrors, flashed upon his soul—hastily snatching the bowl, he swallowed the portion of poison that remained. "It is not enough!" he cried, "it *will not* kill!" and straining the lifeless victim of jealousy to his breast, sank with a deep and thrilling shriek upon the floor.

WE PART.

BY HARRIET OATES.

We part: oh, would that we had met,
 Thy heart, thy hand, as free as mine,
With souls to cherish, not regret,
 The feelings that have made me thine;
Then had I prized each hope that now
Flings but remorse across my brow
 For what must leave no sign,
Recalling with despairing tears
Those dreams of execrated years.

The sun that rose in burning gold
 Was darkened on its way;
And love as deep as mine, untold
 Must wither in decay;

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And smiles, deceiving smiles, hide well
The tale no living lips may tell,
While agony must prey
Upon each thought's uncheck'd career,
With nought to hope, yet all to fear.

Thou canst not feel as I have felt,
For guilt is not thine own;
The cares that o'er my soul have dwelt
Are mine, but mine alone.
And others deem my gladdening smile
Could grief of all its stings beguile,
As if it were unknown—
As if no falsehood could be there
To veil a broken heart's despair.

Farewell! but deem not thou my soul
Can part with thoughts of thee;
For it were vain, as to control
The billows of the sea.
In every scene, through joy, through grief,
My heart nor hopes, nor seeks relief,
Nor wishes to be free;
But to a thousand feelings still
It clings with many a madd'ning thrill.

Naples.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

London Promenade Dress.—Satin pelisse; the colour is a new shade of grey. The *corsage* made high and close to the shape, is trimmed with a pelerine square behind, but descending in a point to the waist; it is bordered with a row of satin trimming set on full. Sleeves *à la Gabrielle*, finished with knots at the upper part. *Ceinture en suite.* The skirt is finished down one side with a double row of trimming corresponding with that on the *corsage*, but broader. Bonnet of dark brown satin, a capote crown, and long deep brim, lined with pink velvet, and trimmed next the face with blond lace arranged in the cap stile. The crown is decorated with bands and knots of pink velvet. Cashmere shawl.

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LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Figured satin robe, the ground white, the pattern in the new colour, *Eau de Danube;* a low *corsage* made to fit the shape exactly, with a shawl lappel of a new form; it is edged with lace set on plain. The sleeves are tight nearly to the elbow, from whence they extend in a very large bouffant nearly half way to the wrist; the lower part is tight. The sleeves and the front of the *corsage* are trimmed with red roses formed of velvet, and the hair arranged *à la Berthe*, is decorated with velvet *nœuds*.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

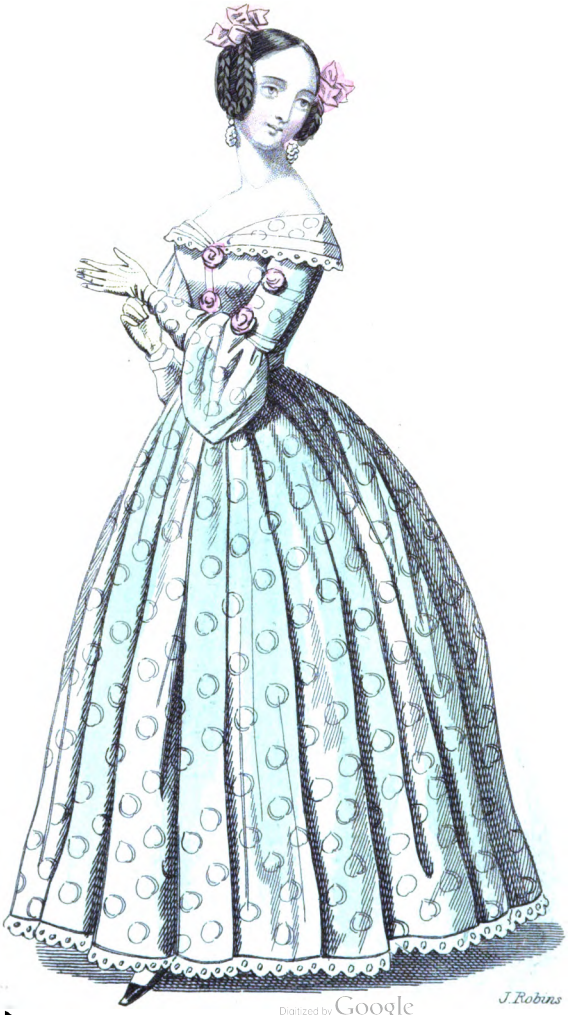
We see, in plain walking-dress, a good many cloaks composed of merinos of either full or sombre hues, and trimmed with velvet to correspond. Their form does not afford any novelty. We notice them merely to recommend them to our fair readers, as being, perhaps, better calculated than any other kind of mantle for the streets of London.

Velvet and satin are the materials most in request for promenade bonnets; black ones begin to be very much in vogue. We see also a good many coloured satin ones, trimmed with black velvet. Generally speaking, the trimmings of promenade bonnets are of a simple kind; they consist either of ribbon or velvet. We see, with pleasure, that feathers and flowers, both so ill calculated for exposure to the humidity of the air, as well as the smoke of our metropolis, are but little adopted in walking-dress, with the exception, however, of some small flowers, that are frequently intermingled with blond lace, which is used to trim the interior of the brim in the cap stile. The brims of bonnets are worn deep and very long at the sides.

Let us now take a glance at the numerous novelties in preparation for carriage dress. We may cite in the foremost rank, a revived fashion—how far it will become a general one we cannot pretend to say—we mean cloth dresses and pelisses for ladies; both were very much in vogue about five and twenty years ago. We have seen one of each ordered by a lady of high rank. The pelisse made extremely ample, with a light *corsage* and sleeves demi large, was composed of very fine lady's cloth, of an extremely soft and light kind. The colour was a rich golden shade of brown; it was lined

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J. Robins

LONDON EVENING DRESS.

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with *gros de Naples* of the same hue, but a shade lighter; it was open in front, and trimmed round with a rouleau of sable, which also encircled the square falling collar and the bottoms of the sleeves. The dress made with a high and tight *corsage*, fitting exactly to the shape, and a little pointed at the bottom of the waist, is fastened behind by fancy silk buttons, and ornamented in front in the stomacher stile, with a row of buttons on each side. The sleeve is made to fit the arm at the lower part, and on the shoulder, but bouffanted in three places in the centre. We should observe that the dress was of the same kind of cloth as the pelisse, but of a bright ruby colour, and the buttons, its only ornaments, the prettiest we have seen.

Black velvet is now very much in request for half-dress hats and bonnets. Those of satin, trimmed with rep velvet, are, however, more in vogue. We may cite, among the prettiest, some drawn bonnets, or rather, we should say, bonnets with the brims drawn, of a large size, and the casings put pretty close together. The crown, set in something like the caul of a morning cap, and high, is trimmed with a piece of rep velvet, which forms a point that a little surmounts it; *coques* of ribbon, from one of which a light sprig of flowers issues, complete the trimming. Velvet flowers are very much in request for satin hats, but not so much so as feathers; a single feather, either white or coloured, with a moderate quantity of ribbon, is a favourite stile of trimming for all but morning bonnets; they are usually ornamented with ribbon only.

The materials of evening-dress robes are of those rich kinds that we have mentioned in our late numbers—brocade, damask, velvet, and satin. The last will always enjoy a certain degree of favour, though not near so much as the three first mentioned. A good many *corsages* are made *à la Sevigné*, that is pointed at the bottom; they are all cut low, but not indelicately so, and the draped and plain ones seem in equal favour. Sleeves are all short, some made tight, but covered with *ruches* of *tulle*, which gave them a moderate degree of fulness, and had a singularly pretty effect. Others are arranged in two or three *bouillons*, for they are not large enough to admit of our calling them bouffants, each being formed by a band and bow of ribbon. We see also a good many quite tight, terminated by blond *manchettes*.

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Blond lace is the material most in request for trimming the robes above described. A good many are trimmed with deep flounces, headed by spiral wreaths of ribbon. Others have a single flounce disposed in drapery, and the points marked by knots of ribbon.

A novelty has appeared in blond mantillas, and also in *manchettes*, which appears very likely to gain ground; they are now made with very little fulness; in fact, they are a sort of *juste milieu* between the full mantilla of former years, and the flat pelerine-mantilla that has been lately in favour. The *manchettes* of the same kind are arched so as to produce a graceful fall round the arm without much fullness.

Caps will this winter be the favourite head-dresses for social parties, and turbans for grand ones. The first have now the cauls higher, and the fronts also deeper, and more expanded than they have been lately made. A good many are trimmed with a mixture of velvet and flowers. Others that have the caul ornamented with velvet partly disposed in drapery, and partly in *coques*, have the flowers disposed in a wreath across the forehead. Blond or *tulle* lappets, which float loosely, are very generally adopted instead of ribbon *brides* for caps. Turbans offer nothing absolutely new in form; they are principally distinguished by the richness or the lightness of their materials. We may cite among the first those that offer a mixture of gold or silver gauze with velvet, the ends of the gauze falling in graceful draperies fringed with gold or silver. Those of white *gaze aérienne*, or *tulle illusion*, are pre-eminent among the latter; nothing, indeed, can exceed the lightness of their graceful and becoming folds. Fashionable colours are fawn, slate, lavender, and other shades of grey; various full shades of red, particularly red currant colour; marron, violet, and dark green; pink, blue, and other light hues are adopted in evening-dress.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS MORNING DRESS.—Green *poult de soie* robe, figured in a darker shade of the same colour. The *corsage* tight, and of a three-quarter height, is nearly covered with a pelerine of the same material, slightly pointed behind, and deeply so in front; it is finished at the edge with folds, and a double fall

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PARIS EVENING DRESS. Jos.ª Robins.

of black lace of a very antique pattern. Long sleeve, made quite tight, and to the exact shape of the arm, and trimmed above the elbow with a double fall of black lace disposed *en manchette*. The extremity of the skirt is finished with a full double flounce of lace. Velvet hat corresponding in colour with the robe; a long oval brim trimmed next the face in the cap stile, with blond lace and flowers. A low crown profusely decorated with ribbons, and two spotted ostrich feathers.

PARIS EVENING DRESS,—White satin robe flowered in the loom in sprigs of red roses; the border of the skirt is trimmed with a full roll of *bouillonnie;* it is of plain white satin, and the *bouillons* formed by knots of rose ribbon. *Corsage* low, square, tight to the shape, trimmed round the bust and in the centre with *bouillonnie*; they form a V in the centre. Long tight sleeve ornamented just above the elbow with a large *papillon* of satin; it is formed by *coques* of rose ribbons, from which floating ends descend; the upper and lower part of the sleeve is trimmed with bands and *coques* of ribbon. The hair is dressed *à la Ninon*, low behind, in ringlets at the sides, and floating curls on the neck; it is decorated with roses and pearls.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The mourning for Charles the Tenth has thrown a damp over the approaching season; it is true it is only partial, being confined among the higher orders, principally to the faubourg Saint Germain; but the noble faubourg, as it is called, exercises a powerful influence over all the rest of the fashionables of Paris, and, until its inhabitants appear in colours, the modes will remain undecided. Let us see, in the mean time, what novelties are in preparation; for as to the mourning, since it cannot interest our fair readers, it is unnecessary to speak of it.

We may cite with confidence, among the new bonnets that will be very fashionable, the *capotes à conlisse ouatées*, or wadded drawn bonnets; they are a most comfortable head-dress, composed of satin or *pou de soie*, lightly wadded, and simply trimmed with ribbon. They differ a little in shape from the other bonnets, sitting closer round the face. Another stile of bonnet that promises to become very fashionable, is composed

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of coloured satin or velvet, rather a large sized oval brim, and a capote crown rather high; the brim lightly turned up, is bordered by a rouleau of swansdown, and the crown is trimmed with satin ribbon, corresponding in colour with the bonnet, and a single long white ostrich feather placed in a knot of ribbon very low on one side. *Peluche* bonnets will keep their ground during the winter. Some of the prettiest of the new ones are white, trimmed with a tuft of jessamine mingled with white oats.

A new mantle has appeared that promises to supersede all the others for carriage-dress and evening wraps; it is called the *Bernous*. The form, introduced into France from Arabia, has nothing in it very singular, except the hood, which hanging low, forms a point on the back; it is composed of satin, made very ample, and its folds drape gracefully round the figure.

Robes de chambre are decidedly fashionable, not merely in *deshabille*, but for elegant home morning-dress. The material most in favour for them is Cashmere, with applications of velvet, nothing is more elegant than a *robe de chambre* of *bleu Haiti* Cashmere, with applications in black velvet.

Some of the new evening dresses are of *tulle* or satin, with applications of velvet; plain low *corsages*, cut round, are most in favour for these dresses. Tight sleeves are in a majority, but it is far from being a decided one, for they are always trimmed in some way or other with knots, *bouillons*, or ribbons, which gives them a certain degree of fullness, more graceful than their late extravagant width.

We may now announce with certainty, that the hair will be dressed decidedly low, and a good deal in the style of Louis the Fourteenth's day. Some of these *coiffures* have the hair arranged in ringlets, both at the sides and round the back of the head. Others have the ringlets at the sides, and a low bow behind, from whence a few ringlets stray into the neck. The ornaments for these head-dresses vary. Some are decorated with a wreath of flowers; others with fancy jewellery. A gold or brilliant comb is also frequently employed, or a bracelet used to encircle the low knot of hair behind. The colours most in favour this month are beet red, crimson, *groscille*, *eau de Danube*, Spanish brown, garter blue, and some light shades of rose colour.

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NOVELTIES.

PARIS is at present extremely gay, in consequence of its being the residence of so many English persons of distinction, and the return from the provinces of the Peers and Deputies for the approaching Session of the Chambers. Lord and Lady Granville, Earl and Countess Grey, and Lord and Lady Canterbury, have already given some very distinguished parties.

MRS. TROLLOPE, so celebrated for her works, is at present at Vienna, where she intends remaining for some time; she has been received in the very first circles. She has been presented by the Spanish Ambassador, Sir Frederick Lamb, to the Princess Metternich, and had the honour of passing a *soiree* at the palace of the Princess. We shall, no doubt, have a new work from her pen, on the domestic manners of Austria.

MISS ELLEN TREE, arrived in New York on the 23d of November, in the packet-ship Roscoe, which left Liverpool on the 25th October.

MR. AND MRS. WOOD netted 1,500*l.* by three weeks' engagement which they fulfilled at the Liverpool Theatre-Royal, immediately after the Manchester festival.

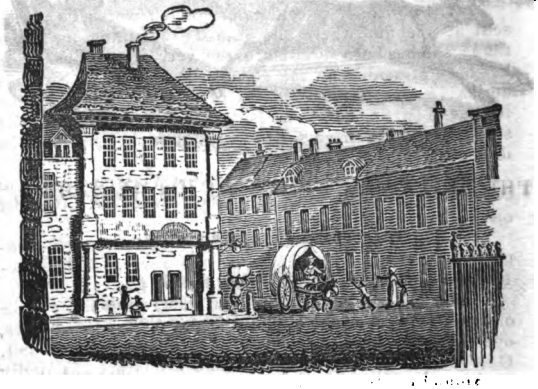
MRS. COLMAN, late Mrs. Gibbs, has presented the Duke of Devonshire with all the manuscript plays, comedies, operas, farces, and interludes, written by her late husband, George Colman the younger, which his Grace has kindly accepted, and intends to bind uniformly with the Kemble Dramatic Library, to which these curiosities are to be added. Colman's autograph manuscripts include some dramas which were unsuccessful on the stage, and are now ascertained for the first time to be written by the author of *John Bull*.

MADAME GARCIA, the aged mother of the late Madame Malibran de Beriot, arrived at Manchester on the 8th of December from Brussels, the object of her long journey being to endeavour to obtain the disinterment of the remains of her lamented daughter. A mother's feelings could not be resisted, and she effected her object. Madame Garcia left Manchester with her melancholy charge early in the morning for London; where they immediately set out for Brus-

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sels by the steam boat. She left De Beriot in an alarming state of illness, which has reduced him nearly to the condition of a skeleton. He suffers seriously from a violent cough, accompanied by spitting of blood.

THE BIRTH PLACE OF DR. JOHNSON.



Lichfield, in Staffordshire, claims the honour of giving birth to many distinguished persons, among which are Miss Seward; David Garrick; Elias Ashmole, founder of the Ashmoleon Museum, at Oxford; Dr. Newton, the celebrated Bishop of Bristol, and author of "Dissertations on the Prophecies;" and the great colossus of English literature, Dr. Johnson, who was born on the 7th of September, 1709, in the humble house above represented, and which stands near the market-place in Lichfield. That his ancestors were poor is evident from an observation he once made to Mrs. Piozzi, in reply to a question relative to his family.—"There is," said he, "little pleasure in relating anecdotes of beggary."

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THE LAPLANDER'S SONG TO HIS REIN-DEER,

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.

Haste, my rein-deer, and let us nimbly go
Our am'rous journey thro' this dreary waste;
Haste, my rein-deer, still thou art too slow,
Impetuous love demands the light'ning's haste.

Around us far the rushy moors are spread;
Soon will the sun withdraw his cheerful ray;
Darkling and tir'd we shall the marshes tread,
No lay unstrung to cheat the tedious way.

The wat'ry length of these unjoyous moors,
Does all the flow'ry meadow's pride excel;
Through these I fly to her my soul adores;
Ye flow'ry meadows, empty pride, farewell.

Each moment from the charmer I'm confin'd
My breast is tortur'd with impatient fires;
Fly, my rein-deer, fly swifter than the wind;
Thy tardy feet wing with my fierce desires.

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Our pleasing toil will then be soon o'erpaid,
And thou, in wonder lost, shalt view my fair,
Admire each feature of the lovely maid,
Her artless charms, her bloom, her sprightly air.

But lo! with graceful motion there she swims.
Gently removing each ambitious wave;
The crowding waves transported clasp her limbs!
When, when, oh! when shall I such freedom have.

In vain, ye envious streams, so fast ye flow,
To hide her from a lover's ardent gaze;
From ev'ry touch you more transparent grow,
And all reveal'd the beauteous wanton plays.

TREASURES;

OR, THE HON. MISS MILDEW'S LADY'S CABINET,

BY M. L. B.

AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH," &c.

"Appealing by the magic of their name
To gentle feelings,—and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold." L. E. L.

"I never cast away a flower,—a little flower, a cherish'd flower."
Anon.

Miss Landon,—and in the Court of Cupid, we shall scarce find higher authority,—has fixed "the age of romance" in woman, at forty, including, we presume, many ensuing years. Now, without questioning her judgment, by endeavouring to prove, that *romance* is a malady afflicting some individuals, from the cradle to the grave, whilst others escape it entirely, we shall simply assert, what few, we apprehend, will be inclined to deny, viz.: that there are periods, in the existence of most persons, and of either sex, in which affection and imagination reign paramount, — halo with their rich delusive colouring, objects otherwise insignificant, and thus render the romance of the heart complete.

"My stick! my dear little stick! where is it?" Once cried a sentimental friend of ours,—who having found it pressed it to his lips, saying, "I would not lose it for worlds!" Then passing his hand over this valuable, which

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was not more than two feet long, and thickly knotted, he added, "for every one of these knots, is the remembrancer to me, of *something* agreeable and important."

We smiled, but not deridingly; for who has not, or hath not had, similar small nothings, the invaluable treasures of the soul?—And alas! we lose one exquisite enjoyment of existance, when we lose the power of *making treasures*, and join the odious faculty of ridiculing those who do!

The Hon. Miss Mildew, a kind-hearted sentamentalist, who might, some twenty years ago, have been "fat, fair, and forty,"—occasioned these pious reflections, by producing and examining the contents of a certain little antique ebony cabinet, inlaid with silver, when we took coffee with her, a few evenings since. This was curiously carved,—was an heir-loom which had been brought from India by an ancestor; and, in short, appeared to us a *treasure* in itself. However, its amiable owner explained, that it was merely the repertory of sundry *treasures*;—viz. odds and ends, sanctified into such by *sentiment*,—which, having valued once, she now and then looked at, casting out those for which circumstances had caused her regard to cease. The examination of this cabinet's miniature drawers, and the comments made upon their contents, being curious, we shall detail what passed:—from some of them, when emptied upon the table, fell an incredible number of folded papers, loose, or tied up in packets, with tape and ribbons of different colours. "These," said Miss Mildew, "may supply us with amusement another evening,—but are too voluminous to be particularly inspected now: they are the letters and valentines sent to me in the days of my youth; the copies of verses composed to and for me, or transcribed to afford me pleasure, by those who could not favour me with originals. For in those days, though we did not keep Melange books and albums, wherein every body might see the compliments paid us, we wrote love-letters, sent valentines, and composed or transcribed poetry. I will observe, when a gentleman favoured a lady in this latter manner, nothing less than an intention to marry her was supposed to be indicated; nevertheless, men are faithless, women credulous, and, though I had often verses presented to me, I am a spinster still. Amongst these papers, are some answers to invitations, together with

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the visiting cards, of certain male favourites, whose writing and names were dear to me, and which I generally abstracted from the note-rack, and card-tray of my parents."

Most of the heroes to which these trifles had in former days pertained, being, according to the lady's account, either "married or dead," we should have considered them, but melancholy memorials of times and people passed away; so did not she, for being sighed over, smiled over, and talked over, they were again consigned to their guardian drawers. There was a Latin note "written by an extraordinary clever young man, to a college chum," which Miss Mildew had never heard translated; some vile scratches on sundry scraps of paper, called drawings, mere unfilled and hideous outlines done by the same, "who had *such a talent* (!!) for doing these little things whilst he was talking," and which were kept as mementos of the conversations which passed between him and our honourable friend, whilst he was doing them. There was a cedar pencil, *treasured*, because Colonel Cyril had, for an hour or two, twirled it about between his finger and thumb; whilst engaged in earnest and interesting discourse with Miss Mildew, and no one, save herself, had touched it since!

Our eyes being attracted by something blue, the sentimental lady informed us, that "This blue sash was given to little Emma Elliott by her youthful uncle, my beloved Henry, as also, this small wax doll; both presents I prevailed on the child to resign to me, for something which she thought better; and subsequently, grateful for my handsome books and toys, she stole for me the lock of her uncle's hair, contained in a locket that I often wear—the shirt-brooch of Bristol stone, which sometimes serves me as a handkerchief pin—these boot-straps, tied round with one of Sir Henry's shoe-strings—and this little French Almanac, which was a curiosity in those days.—Poor Sir Henry Elliott, of all whom I admired, and of all who admired me, in the days of my youth and beauty, he was, par excellence, the beloved. I do not think he ever even suspected this, unless Emma told him; at any rate, he did not return my affection, though I cannot say that I ever met from him with aught but the most respectful attention. How far this is calculated to satisfy a woman in love, let those say who have experienced it; I can't deny

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that it did not satisfy me. This pocket handkerchief, these gloves, this smelling-bottle, gilt button, and old silk purse, are his; and I wonder whether the now popular, magnificent, but aged Governor of Fort Frontier, ever recollects *me*, as connected with some of his earlier days, and what he would say, could he know how I have treasured up these small mementos of him in my cabinet?"

"And this peach-stone?"—

"O! I save that in remembrance of one of the most elegant *tours de discours* I ever heard, and which proceeded from the lips of a French nobleman, as he handed me the identical peach, of which this is the stone."

"And this piece of a china cup?"—

"That reminds me of poor Albert St. Jermyn, a young man of good family and education, but without a penny in the world wherewith to help himself, and who was only a lieutenant in an infantry corps. I believe he really disinterestedly loved me, but my father discouraged his very imprudent addresses; I did not much care about him, and his regiment being ordered on foreign service, he, poor fellow, was unfortunately killed. Previously to leaving England, however, he tried one evening to persuade me to become his wife, and, in the agitation of the moment, dropped his coffee cup to the ground. It broke into many pieces, of which, when helping him to pick them up, I secured one."

Amongst Miss Mildew's similar *treasures*, we observed sundry small packets, containing from one flower, or solitary leaf, to a small bouquet; these were elaborately labelled with the names of the donors, or wearers, and the occasion mentioned upon which, in their fresh and glowing beauties, they were first displayed. We thought, but were too well bred to say so, that these poor dried and faded plants, very much resembled the past delights of which our elderly friend so treasured up memorials!

Directed envelopes of letters and parcels, scraps of flute and violin music, and sundry attempted portraits of gentlemen, the favourites of the hour—in a state of more or less finish—and done in pencil, crayons, or *aquarelle*, were also amongst the *treasures*; none of these sketches were completed—and again, we thought, of the temporary likings and fluctuating fancies of their fair owner! It is singular how

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characteristic of women—ay, and of men likewise, are often their possessions; and we at once detected the unsettled turn of the Hon. Miss Mildew's mind, by the unfinished state of these attempted portraits, to the sketching of which she pleaded guilty.

The articles we have enumerated f rmed but a very trifling proportion of the contents of our elderly friend's *treasure* cabinet; some were really too ridiculous to name, and in noticing these, we have given but a fair sample of the rest. To her, they recalled past years, with their pains and pleasures—to us, they seemed, for this very reason, melancholy mementos, which we rather should have chosen to destroy than to keep; and mementos, too—with deference we speak it—exceedingly absurd. Let us not be misunderstood—that romance of the heart, which renders sacred the most insignificant *something*, when connected by minutest ties, with the heart's best loved; that sanctifying sentiment of devoted abstract affection, which is in woman so natural and graceful; that ideality of the enamoured spirit, which is the reverence, and religion, of Love; this, *this* is to be held in high esteem, as something awful, and divine; something to which few minds indeed attain; and something which, above all, when the unsuspicious and illusive days of youth are "over and gone," is seldom carried, by any mind, on, into the dark and closing years of life. Now, had the Hon. Miss Mildew, in displaying her "*Treasures*" been influenced by this feeling, we should have respected her and them; but it could not have been *affection* which prompted her to collect, from various sources, and to preserve such a farrago of trumpery; because *affection* is allied to *sensibility*, and *sensibility* would have shrunk from the idea of exhibiting them; neither could it have been any sentiment superior to *vanity*—indomitable *vanity*; the first feeling, it is said, that takes possession of the female bosom, and the last, according to credible authorities, that quits it!

Dear readers of the fair sex, in one word, then, we conclude the matter; collect, if it pleases you, your harmless *treasures* still, but never *shew* them, even to any one of the Sophias, Carolines, or Elizas, &c. &c. of your acquaintance, though they be your bosom friends. Be assured, that love, lovers, and love-tokens, which are *silently* accepted or be-

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Painted by H. Howard, R.A. Engraved by W. Finden.

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stowed, by the really sensible, sensitive, and sentimental, are only boasted of, to the disgust of their hearers, and to their own discredit, by the frivolous-minded, selfish, and vain!

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

BY WILLIAM MINOT.

And whither wanderest thou, fair child,
In sportive innocence so free?
Ah! whither wanderest thou, as wild
As is the roving summer bee?
And why dost thou delay to bring
The limpid treasure from the spring?

Such thoughts passed through the mother's breast,
As she sat by her cottage door;
And ever and anon she'd rest
Her eye upon the path before;
But still her sweet child did not come
To bless her humble cottage home!

That child, in thoughtless gaiety,
Has wander'd from the crystal spring!
As she pursues the butterfly
That trembles on its Iris wing,
She thinks not of a mother's fear—
She sees not now that mother's tear.

The butterfly has won the plain,
And she, of her gay prize bereft,
Has sought with eager haste again
The pails which in her flight she left.
And Buff, her faithful dog, is there,
To claim awhile her playful care.

His very attitude is full
Of frolic pleasure, as he stands
Before that child so beautiful,
Awaiting still her least commands;
And she—she graceful bends above,
And smiles a welcome to his love.

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While thus she greets her humble friend,
She twines her hoop above her head,
And quick prepares her steps to bend
To where her mother's low-roof'd shed
Peeps, in its lovely solitude,
From yonder deep embow'ring wood.

A mother's heart awaits her there—
Affection's brightest, purest heav'n—
She is that mother's only care,
Her ev'ry other hope is riv'n—
Her husband died long years ago
But left this child to cheer her woe.

THE WHITE BUCK.

BY A. CROWQUILL.

"Truth severe in fairy fiction drest."

Brightly smiled the morning's sun upon the pleasant knolls, the verdant slopes, and the embowering clumps of chesnut, elm, and oak, which adorned the spacious park of Albert Woodville; and not less fair and dazzling was that beautiful damosel who pricked o'er the dew-spangled greensward upon a sleek, grey palfrey: her bright blue eyes outvying the fragrant violets that were modestly peeping forth as the rosy morn advanced. It was the Lady Cecil Brooke, the betrothed of Albert Woodville, lord of the broad lands of Arrow, which were only rendered more rare by her presence.

Beside her, in a surcoat of apple-green, ran a young page or esquire, conducting, by a silver chain of many links, a stately buck, white as driven snow.

It was, indeed, worthy the rearing of so lovely a mistress; and, with many sweet words, and kinder looks, such as lovers only can justly interpret or appreciate, she presented it to the delighted Woodville, praying him, in her sportive humour, to let the graceful animal become a denizen of the fair park of Arrow.

"Sooth will I, and gladly, sweet Cicely," replied he; "and though thanks be poor for so rare a gift, an thou wilt take in exchange for thy buck—a true *heart*—so be assured

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thou hold'st one in chains more strong and durable than you forged links of wrought silver."

"And, by St. Mary! Albert," responded the lady Cicely, with the most winning tenderness, "I would not yield that one heart for all the deer in King Edward's forest lands!"

So fond a confession naturally produced an ardent rejoinder, and the betrothed pair passed the whole morning together in the blissful interchange of affection.

Happy, however, as that love is said to be that meets return, it is still vulnerable to the shafts of malice; and Albert and Cicely were no less blind than Cupid to the danger which threatened their happiness.

Among the many rejected suitors who had sought favour in the eyes of the Lady Cicely Brooke was one Ralph Bardiston, whose pride being deeply wounded by his repulse, made a secret and solemn vow to avenge the slight. And to this intent, with the most artful dissimulation, he ingratiated himself into the favour, or rather thrust himself upon the hospitality, of the generous Woodville, who would not, in truth, have liked (even had he disliked Bardiston) to have refused his proffered friendship, for he was well known to be held in some esteem by the king; and, in fact, his rejection may, in a great measure, be attributed to the immoral blemish his character had sustained by his addiction to the company and pursuits of that dissolute monarch, Edward the Fourth.

Now, like a dove-hawk, ready to pounce upon his quarry, he hovered over this enamoured and unsuspicious couple, only awaiting a favourable opportunity to prove the bitterness of his malice. Unhappily unrelenting fate too soon put a weapon in his hands, which he lacked not the evil disposition to use. King Edward, being in Warwickshire, was induced by the sinister encomiums of Bardiston, to hunt in Arrow park. The place was admirable for one who loved the sport, but the time could not possibly be more ill-chosen; for Albert Woodville was unfortunately absent on a visit to the Lady Cicely Brooke's father.

Bardiston was well aware of this, and took advantage of the circumstance to throw a suspicion of wilful disloyalty upon Woodville; an odium which he by no means deserved. At the same time the insidious courtier played his part so

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cunningly that the malicious falsehood he wished to insinuate only appeared through the thin veil of an awkward apology, with which he pretended to excuse the non-appearance of Albert, to give his royal visitor a welcome becoming his dignity.

Returning from the chace, no less fatigued than delighted with the morning's pastime, the King was proceeding to Arrow castle to partake of a collation with the steward, in his master's absence, had prepared for the refection of Edward and his train, when suddenly bounding and skipping across the path flew a heard of deer, in the midst of which the white buck, the Lady Cicely's gift, appeared the most prominent, contrasted with the rest of his dark and dappled companions, and, attracting the notice of the king, he vowed, by Diana's brow, that he would wing a shaft at a mark so fair! protesting it was too fair to be stricken by other than a king's hand, and well worth a silver pointed fletch; which he had no sooner spoken than, bending his bow, he took his aim, and the next minute the white buck, mortally wounded, sprang, with a convulsive leap, in the air, and fell lifeless and bleeding on the green sward.

Little did the king imagine how much the graceful animal his skill had added to his spoils was prized by its owner, or, perchance, he would have stayed his too-ready hand. But Bardiston, the only one of the company who really knew the inestimable value Woodville set upon it, was culpably silent; rejoicing in an occurrence which he was conscious would deeply chagrin both Albert and Cicely. And, upon their return a few days afterwards, the malignant Bardiston, with a cruel pleasure, took upon himself the task of acquainting Woodville with the king's visit.

"By'r lady!" exclaimed Woodville, "but Arrow park hath been highly honoured in his highness's presence; and much it grieveth me that I was not present to entertain him. I trust he found sport to his royal pleasure, Bardiston?"

"Marry did he," answered Bardiston, "to his heart's content; and never have I witnessed his highness more truly diverted."

"It is grateful to me."

"But there is one dark cloud in this sunshine," pursued

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Bardiston, interrupting him, "which, albeit of little moment in itself, may cost more than its intrinsic worth in grievousness."

"Hah! pr'ythee what meanst thou?" demanded Albert, looking rather alarmed.

"The King"—

"Can do no wrong," said the loyal Albert.

"The king," continued the other, "ignorant of the worth, and ere a friendly hand or word could interpose—in the ardour of the chace—shot thy favourite buck."

"Nay, say not so," cried Woodville, turning alternately pale and red with the agitation of his feelings, "not my favourite—not my favourite—the gift of my ladye-love? Cupid forbid the cruel deed! His highness surely did not kill it: say he did not!"

Bardiston, with well-feigned commiseration, assured him of the unwelcome truth of what he had asserted.

"Then," exclaimed Albert, waxing wrath, "verily *I wish that the buck and horns were both in the belly of him that did prompt the king to this graceless and wanton act!*"

This passionate wish was not more forcibly expressed than it was carefully treasured up in the memory of the wily Bardiston, who took especial care that it should be forthwith reported to Edward; who, recalling to mind that no one had prompted him to slay the buck, but that therein he was solely guided by his own will, conjectured that Albert's wish reflected obliquely upon him. Whereupon, hastily summoning the author of the report to his presence, what he had at first wrongfully suspected was soon maliciously confirmed as truth; and, Edward, who, in his heartless severity, had a taverner hung up merely for saying he would make his son heir to the Crown (meaning thereby the sign of his house,) was not backward in having the utterer of such foul and treasonous words (as Albert's were misinterpreted to be) arraigned for high treason.

The melancholy consequences of such a misfortune may be more readily conceived than described.

The Lady Cicely was inconsolable, weeping through all the sad days and restless nights that preceeded her lover's trial (notwithstanding all the assurances of her father that

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the king was just and true), till she appeared like the pale spirit of the laughter-loving lady she was wont to be.

On the day before Albert was to make his defence, Sir John Brooke, accompanied by divers of his staunch friends, proceeded to the place of trial, leaving the desponding and spirit-broken Cicely at Arrow Castle to await the verdict which was to prove the harbinger of joy or misery.

The weary day was fast drawing to a close; the dull warm light of a summer's eve scarcely penetrated the stained glass of the oriel window which adorned the Gothic oratory, where the kneeling maiden was devoutly offering up her supplicatory orisons for the deliverance of her betrothed from the toils of his unknown calumniators.

Silence reigned uninterrupted throughout the spacious mansion; for there breathed not a soul therein that did not cordially sympathize in her sorrows.

Burying her face in her hands, bedewed with tears, she appeared for a few moments wholly engrossed in her own bitter thoughts. A deep sigh burst from her lips; when, apparently, the very echo thereof, breathed by some person close beside her, startled and aroused her.

Looking around she discerned, through the dusky obscurity of the place, the tall figure of a man enveloped in a martial cloak. Arising under the influence of some trifling apprehension, she asked, in a voice more tremulous with grief than fear, who it was intruded upon her privacy.

"A friend!" quickly answered the muffled stranger, but with a soothing calmness which gave assurance to her failing courage.

"Then should one coming in such sort, come undisguised?" said Cicely; "true friendship neither needs nor wears a mask. Who art thou? Surely I have no friend who would remain here when he may serve me so essentially elsewhere. Speak, sir, and do not hold me in needless suspence; for, alack! I have neither heart nor patience to endure it now! Who art thou? St. Mary help us!" exclaimed Cicely, as, advancing towards the intruder, he threw aside the cloak wherein his face had been muffled, "Master Ralph Bardiston as I live! What makest thou here? O, where hast thou lain hid so long and so mysteriously! We thought

some grievous accident had befallen thee. Knowest thou of the strait wherein my Albert is now struggling 'twixt life and death?"

"All, all, sweet mourner, all!" replied Bardiston, unmoved by her grief. "Nay, shall I avouch the honest truth, and condemn myself? Yea, fair Lady Cicely, I will deal openly and sincerely with thee, as I have ever done!"

"And how shall thy sincerity condemn thee?" demanded Cicely.

"Even in the matter of Albert's attaint."

"Say'st thou so?" almost shrieked Cicely, recoiling from Bardiston as from the fangs of a poisonous viper.

"Hear me," continued the traitor, with all the cool collectedness of an unfeeling heart: "do not judge me rashly. The hasty speech of Woodville being reported to the king, and my name implicated, I was summoned quickly and privately hence, to answer the queries of his highness's council. Unwitting of their intention, I unguardedly committed myself to my confession, which was recorded and made the chief testimony against the ill-starred Albert!"

"The Virgin aid me!" ejaculated the forlorn maiden, clasping her trembling hands together, while the pearly tears coursed each other down her pallid cheeks. "And wilt thou, thou, his boasted friend, appear——"

"To-morrow!" said Bardiston; "I am bound to do so, under the penalty of a heavy fine. Nay, even my life may pay the forfeit of my failure; and yet much I fear my evidence, strong and irrevocable as it now is, will perforce convict him!"

"And is this thy friendship, to seek me here to tell me how miserable thou canst—how desolate thou wilt render me; or think'st thou there is a pleasure in the certainty of evil? Oh! if thou goest, so hereafter shalt thou be spurned of all honest men and true; and that breath, which shall kill this noble and gentle youth, be deemed worse than the pestilential blight that withereth the blooms ere it ripen to fruit. But surely thou wilt not appear: no, Bardiston, thou hast not such cruelty in thy breast, or it would kill thee with its bitterness!"

"Nay, by the mass! fair lady," cried Bardiston, grasping her unresisting hand, "there is love enough in this heart to

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purify all unhallowed feelings. It is now my turn to ask whether the gentle Lady Cicely hath unkindness enough to let Albert Woodville die, when one word from her lips may snatch him from the impending axe!"

"What say'st thou?" demanded the distracted lady, scarcely comprehending his meaning; "I! *can* I save him, say'st thou? An if it be so, do not offend my true affection, by asking me if I *will!* How can this be done?"

"This hand, lady, can work that miracle," replied the audacious Bardiston; "yield it to me, and Woodville is secure!"

"Monster!" cried the indignant Cicely, snatching her hand violently away from him, "comest thou unfeelingly to insult me in my distress? Avaunt! quit my sight, or I will cry for help. Begone, sir!"

"I obey!" replied Bardiston, with the most imperturbable coolness and effrontery; to-morrow, perchance, may find thee more favourable to my suit!" and, bowing, he left her, plunged still deeper in misery than before.

There was no friend near to advise with or console her in this extremity, and her overwhelming feelings threatened the bereavement of her distracted mind.

The dreadful morrow at length arrived: the tardy morning waned, and Cicely's tearful eyes sought in vain, over the wide plain which lay extended before the castle, the appearance of any human being. Her sight and senses almost failed her. She now reflected, with pain, that she might have saved Albert's life, and bitterly accused her selfishness in letting him perish. At last, when all her hopes were fast fading away, and she was trembling on the very brink of despair, she descried two horsemen galloping swiftly towards the castle. She scarcely breathed as she watched their rapid progress, and recognizing Bardiston, she struggled with her aversion, and tottered to meet him.

"Once more," demanded Bardiston, boldly, "wilt thou save him! Speak, or my ready steed bears me to his death!"

There was no time for hesitation, and, unable to reply, the distressed Lady Cicely placed her powerless and icy hand in his, as a token of her assent. A gleam of delight shot across the dark features of Bardiston, and motioning to his com-

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panion, who was a churchman, the indissoluble knot was tied. Anon, a loud wailing and a mournful cry ran chillingly through the castle, and the next moment Sir John Brooke, followed by his friends, rushed wildly into the chamber, and—the dreadful tale was told. Woodville had suffered! The cold-blooded Bardiston, too, had been the chief cause of his destruction. He had quitted the court immediately upon his condemnation, in expectation of bearing away Cicely ere the tidings arrived.

But death robbed him of his prize; for the little life which grief had left her fled, with her pure soul, from its earthly tenement, to join her lover's spirit in a world of unchanging happiness.

In this true and tragic occurrence Edward certainly proved himself more fearful of his life than tenacious of his honour, which he indelibly tarnished by his unjust and merciless pursuit of this unfortunate and guiltless gentleman, urged to the prosecution thereof by the base calumnies and misrepresentations of a heartless villain.

No atonement could now be made for such an unexampled act of severity.

However, he would probably have never concerned himself further in the matter had not the spirited conduct of Chief Justice Markham, who nobly yielded up his office rather than give his assent to the corrupt and unjust sentence, been loudly bruited abroad, and excited the murmurs of the people. Whereupon, with a mighty show of justice, he solicited Markham to return; and, by his able assistance and penetration, unravelled the facts of this entangled mystery, and the horrid truth bursting upon him, he offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of Bardiston, who had cunningly fled from the vengeance of Albert's incensed friends, and he was eventually discovered, disguised, on board a fishing smack, making his escape to the French coast; and being brought to London, expiated his crimes by a cruel and summary death in the Tower, in the ditch whereof his body was cast as unworthy of a better sepulture.

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THE DEATH OF RUFUS.

BY THE LATE CHARLES MAY.

And that red king, who while of old
Through Boldrewood the chase he led,
By his loved huntsman's arrow bled.
Walter Scott.

"Good morrow, goody," said Alice Mortimer, to the decrepid tenant of the cottage of the glen-side. "I have not forgotten thee," continued the lovely girl, placing on the old oak table a small basket loaded with the produce of her garden and her poultry-yard.

"Bless thee, young lady!" replied Dame Martin, "thou look'st gay and buxom; the morning air, methinks, has given thy cheeks a more than usual glow. I see thou takest not to heart thy family's misfortunes; would but thy brother cease to brood upon his wrongs, thou mightest still be happy even in thy obscurity."

"Poor Henry!" replied Alice, "he is indeed unhappy. I think there is some secret grief oppressing him. Our injuries, indeed, are great, but I am tempted to believe his native firmness would prevent the deep despondency that in his bosom seems a constant guest, did not some other—"

"Ah! maiden," interrupted the old woman, "is there not cause for grief? thy brother has now reached the age that deeply feels his deprivation: has he *not* wrongs? has he not injuries? his father's fair domain ruthlessly despoiled by a foreign invader; think, think, girl, of flourishing hamlets swept away, think of lordly castles levelled with the dust, of noble families thrown beggars on the wide world, a happy race of peasantry despoiled of their little lot of happiness, and all, Alice, *all*, to gratify a tyrant's brutal pride. Were there not fair forests enow for the pleasures of the chase without *this* cruel exercise of tyranny? Ah, Mistress Alice, this Norman lover of thine has blinded thee to all his countrymen's oppression."

Alice Mortimer's cheeks became deeply tinged as the penetrating glance that accompanied these last words made her shrink involuntarily from the speaker. "Tell thy brother,

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young lady," continued Dame Martin, "that I predict a speedy close to his misfortunes. I had a dream last night. I saw a Norman perish. The breast that was smitten," continued the old woman, rising into enthusiasm, "was robed in purple; the brow that faded was wreathed with gold; and the blow that was struck redressed the wrongs of thousands."

She ceased, but after a moment's pause, with a discordant voice and an unusual wildness of manner, she sang the following

SONG.

"The Norman's bugle is wound,
His mates in sport appear,
From hill and vale around,
To chase the forest deer.

"The Norman's sport is done—
What death-groan strikes the ear?
Rejoice! 'tis his alone,
Himself the stricken deer."

Alice could not forbear shuddering at the laugh of triumph that accompanied the close of the song; for she had been accustomed to think the tenant of the glen-side possessed a knowledge of future events that could only be obtained by an unhallowed intercourse with spirits.

The "witch of the glen-side" had been long the wonder of those parts of the New Forest which were adjacent to her cottage, or rather hovel, for it consisted of a rude structure of green-wood, overlaid with dried turf. It was reported, that since the period of the dissolution of her native village, (which had been depopulated by the harsh command of William the Conqueror, in the prosecution of his intention of appropriating the most fertile part of Hampshire to the purpose of a royal forest,) the old woman had been subject to a partial aberration of intellect, and that at periods of her mental abstraction she had denounced various maledictions against the reigning family, all of which had been, it was said, most miraculously verified. Whatever degree of credit was to be attached to these notions, it is certain that Dame

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Martin of the glen-side was a personage of no small importance to the superstitious inhabitants of the neighbourhood. It cannot be wondered, then, that Alice Mortimer heard of her dream with much perturbation. It had never yet been satisfactorily explained to the young lady by what means "the witch" could have arrived at the knowledge of her having received attentions from young Tyrrel, as in all her visits to the cabin, and in all her consultations with the "gifted" Dame Martin, she had never once dropped a hint to that effect.

Alice Mortimer was the daughter of an English gentleman of family, whose estate had been thrown into the New Forest at the earliest period of its formation. Possessing another smaller patrimony on the borders of the forest, Mortimer had retired thither, and sought to bury in oblivion the wrongs he had no power to redress.

His only son, Henry Mortimer, could not, however, forget the blow that had blighted in the bud all his hopes of fame and fortune. Of an aspiring disposition, and strongly attached to his native country, it is not to be supposed that any degree of cordiality could exist between the youth and the young Norman nobles who had taken their residences near Mortimer's estate, for the convenience of prosecuting the pleasures of the chase in the king's forest. From these pleasures, to which Henry was ardently attached, he was prohibited by his English extraction, and his dislike to any office under the Norman government. It will, therefore, we imagine, be readily admitted, that Mortimer and his son were very naturally ignorant of the intimacy existing between Alice and young Tyrrel, the nephew and heir of a Norman knight, whose country residence was in the immediate vicinity. In one of her morning visits to Dame Martin, (who had in happier days been an humble but a favoured dependent upon her father, and her own foster-mother,) Alice had, by some accident, been precipitated into the river, by the side of which lay her path to the "witch of the glen-side's" cabin. From this perilous situation she had been released by the exertions of young Tyrrel. An acquaintance thus began in gratitude had ripened into a warmer passion. Nevertheless, the interviews of the lovers were stolen, as Alice knew too well her father's aversion to

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the Normans to confide to him the secret of young Tyrrel's attachment. This may account for her surprise at Dame Martin being acquainted with the secret of her love. Not a syllable of the "witch of the glen-side's" prophecy escaped Alice Mortimer. Her brother Henry, to whom she took care to relate it, made no secret of the prediction, of the fulfilment of which he entertained not a shadow of doubt.

* * * *

"Hey, Fitzwalter! did'st ever see a gallant buck brought more nobly to the ground!" exclaimed Henry Beauclerc, to a nobleman who was hunting with him, as he sprang from his horse, and with his hanger completed the victory his well-directed arrow had begun.

"'Twas bravely done, your highness," replied Fitzwalter. "But what have we here?" continued he, as a number of horsemen came galloping toward them.

"One would not think their horses have been well ridden to-day," rejoined Prince Henry. As he spoke, a nobleman pushed forward before the rest, and, with a face of terror, declared that his majesty had just fallen a victim to accident or treachery.

"Hey, what!" ejaculated Henry, with ill-dissembled satisfaction. "What is that you say, De la Warre?"

Lord De la Warre repeated his assertion.

"By our lady!" replied Henry, "the villain that hath done the deed shall have his head fly from his shoulders before the sun be down."

"So please your highness," added De la Warre, "I have the arrow which we took from his grace's breast."

"Give it me," cried Henry, and, snatching the fatal weapon, exclaimed, "impossible! It is Sir Walter Tyrrel's crest! *he* is as true a knight as ever broke a lance. My lords! there is some treachery here."

"With your highness's leave I think I can explain," said a young Norman. "But yesterday I heard Henry Mortimer, who lives upon the borders of the forest, predict the sudden and violent death of his majesty. I think he had his information from an old woman who lives—"

"Gramercy, man! what has thy old woman to do with my brother's death?" interrupted the prince. "But thou didst mention Harry Mortime 's name; that youth I've

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seen, and like him not: he is one of those English wolves who took it in dudgeon to have their dens converted into coverts for the gallant deer. He is a neighbour of the noble Tyrrel, and, perhaps with some stray arrow of the knight's, has done this murderous and most traitorous deed. We must take care that this Englishman escape not condign justice. My lords," continued Henry, "let us to his dwelling; if he has there ensconsed himself we have him safe."

The prince mounted his horse, for he had remained standing during his interview with the nobles, and, followed by the whole company of hunters, hastened to the residence of Henry Mortimer.

* * * *

"By heavens, a comely maiden!" said Henry Beauclerc, as Alice Mortimer entered the room into which the prince and several nobles had been introduced. In the absence of her father and brother she had come to receive, as she imagined, the hunting party, supposing them to have been in quest of refreshment after their day's exertions. "A comely maiden!" repeated Henry. "Where is thy brother, lady, for I suppose thou art the sister of young Mortimer?"

"My brother, sir," replied Alice, "is absent with his father, nor do I yet expect his return."

"Then by the mass," interrupted Henry, "'tis e'en as I surmised. Knowest thou not, damsel, that thou hast a murderous traitor for a brother?"

"I know that were my brother here," replied the indignant Alice, "thou wouldst not dare to urge such slanderous accusations."

She was about to retire, when Henry closed the door, adding, in a harsher tone, "when Prince Henry speaks he seldom gains such rude reply. Stay, young lady. If thou this instant confess not whither thy brother is fled, I detain thee, as the accomplice and abettor of the king's, my brother's murderer. This foul and traitorous act thy brother yesterday committed."

Alice, pale and trembling, threw herself at Henry's feet, and protested her brother's innocence. At this moment Lewis Tyrrel entered.

"My lord, I pray thee, distress not that maiden," exclaimed the youth; "I alone deserve thy rage, thy vengeance."

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"Thou! *Thou*, Lewis? Impossible!"

"'Tis even so, my prince," replied Tyrrel, taking from his bosom a packet, which he presented to the prince. Henry hastily tore it open.

It was from the uncle of Lewis, and addressed to Prince Henry. In it, Sir Walter Tyrrel acknowledged himself to be the accidental author of his majesty's death, adding, that, unable to support the calamity, he had retired to the nearest port, and embarked for France, with the intention of devoting the remainder of his unhappy existence to the service of his God, in the Holy Land.

Henry perused the letter, and presenting it to Lewis, added, "Tyrrel, it was an unlucky blow. My poor brother, God rest his soul! had, I fear, much of human frailty. But, Tyrrel, thy uncle begs to recommend thee to our favour. Thou art, I believe, his only heir; his estates, then, shall descend to thee unharmed; and to convince thee how entirely I attribute to an accident my brother's unhappy fate, if thou hast any favour now to ask, it shall be thine."

The nobles present had little difficulty to judge from what cause proceeded this sudden and unusual condescension. Lewis Tyrrel led forward the blushing Alice. Kneeling with her at the prince's feet, he besought a restoration of property equivalent to that of which Mortimer had been deprived.

"Enough, Lewis," replied the prince, "such loveliness can never sue in vain to me."

At this moment Henry Mortimer, followed by his father, entered the room. "Mortimer," said Prince Henry, to the father, "thou owest our family no obligations: we must, I think, attempt to fix thy loyalty on a firmer basis than that which now supports it. Thy paternal estate it is, thou knowest, impossible to restore. I have just promised thy daughter an equal extent of England's fairest ground; this shall be doubled if thou wilt allow thy son to serve under his country's banners. One word more, Mortimer," added the prince, when the astonished father had made his grateful acknowledgments, "one word more, Mortimer; this youth, now Sir Lewis Tyrrel, has, by his honourable conduct, saved thy son an ignominious death, and to him thou owest the favours I have granted thee. Thou canst cancel all thy obligations to him, if I err not. Lewis, come

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hither; fair damsel, thy hand; now, Mortimer, thy blessing on their heads. Thus may England's interests and those of Normandy be blended in one lovely union," added Henry, as the delighted father pronounced his benediction. "And now, my lords," continued he, "let us to Winchester, and may this first act prove an auspicious omen of the first Henry's future reign!"

THE ASSIGNATION.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE HUNT, BART.

Fail not, my love,
To meet me at the appointed hour,
Beneath the grove,
Where hollies weave their glossy bower.

With football light,
That none may hear thy faltering pace,
With veil drawn light,
That none may see thy blushing face.

Haste then, oh haste!
For time drags on most wearily,
The moments waste
Sacred to love, and privacy.

To human eye
Impervious are these mantling trees;
No word, or sigh,
Can sound amid the rustling breeze.

While thus, at even,
In rapturous solitude we lie,
The smiles of heaven
Shall bless our spotless ecstacy.

For when these arms
Around thy gentle form are prest,
No vain alarms
Shall thrill thy pure, confiding, breast.

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When our lips meet,
 And when our glowing cheeks unite,
When our hearts beat,
 Together press'd in fond delight.

Still shall no thought
 Unworthy vestal love arise;
No glances fraught
 With fires unhallow'd light these eyes.

Should our eyes fill
 With rapture's mutual, conscious, tear;
Should our frames thrill
 With man's bold hope, and maiden's fear.

Yet, cease to fear!
 Hope only whispers Hymen's name,
And points how near
 He waves his torch of holiest flame.

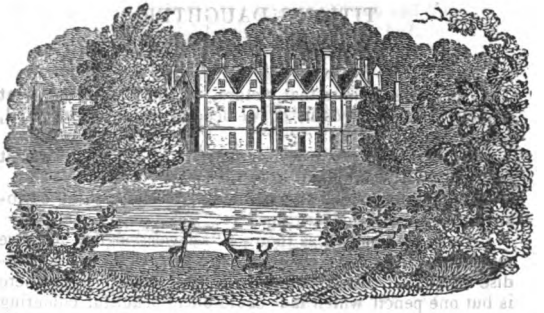
OH! LET ME SMILE, SWEET MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LITTLE LAYS FOR LITTLE LEARNERS."

Oh! let me smile, sweet mother,
 My cheek is pale with care,
And long 'tis since the sun-shine
 Of one faint smile played there!
See'st thou a light unearthly
 Gleam in my sunken eye,
Like the waning lamp, emitting
 Its brilliance but to die?

Oh! let me smile, sweet mother,
 It tells that pain is o'er;
That my freed spirit journeys
 To a brighter—better shore!
Tell him who wrought my ruin,
 When I am cold in death,
That I forgave and bless'd him
 With my expiring breath!

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THE SCENE OF SHAKSPEARE'S DEER STEALING,

The above representation of the venerable mansion of Charlcote, in Warwickshire, derives some celebrity from its being situated in the park where the immortal Shakspeare was taken in the act of deer stealing. The estate has been in the present possessor's family for upwards of six hundred years. The mansion, as it now stands, was built by Sir Thomas Lucy, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and has undergone very little alteration. The building forms the shape of an E. perhaps in compliment to the "Virgin Queen," with whose arms it is decorated.

Here, it is said, our youthful bard followed the "sequestered stag," with feelings very different from those which pervaded his bosom when he made the melancholy Jaques moralize so pathetically upon "the poor dappled fools, the native burghers of this desert city." The severity with which Sir Thomas Lucy prosecuted our bard, provoked his resentment so much that he imperishably handed him down to posterity in the character of "Justice Shallow."

Charlcote is delightfully situated on the banks of the "sweet flowing Avon," and the park is beautifully shaded with stately oaks. The association of Shakspeare's name with this park, renders it an attractive spot to those who make a pilgrimage to the birth place of our divine bard.

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Titian. J. Rogers.

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TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.
MEMBRE DE L'ACADEMIE ROYALE DE PARIS.

"Thou dost admire that picture, Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, of Venice, to his favourite pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"*Si, si, signor;* but whose portrait is it? when was it painted? and where has it been till now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it. Hast thou no curiosity—has no wish to learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well knowest, signor, to prove my descent from Eve, whose failing, that way, lost a paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted this; there is but one pencil which thus could blend beautiful colouring with such free drawing. Signor Maestro, if thou wouldst have thy pictures unacknowledged as thine, thou must ev hang them with the painting to the wall.

"Rank flattery, Giulio, rank flattery! But I believe thou meanest what thou say'st."

"But the portrait, signor, whose likeness is it?"

"As thou art anxious to know, my Giulio, and often playest a trick upon thy master, methinks that I shall *not* tell thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou wilt, but I shall not tell thee *now*.—Call my gondolieri; the day is pleasant, and they shall row me to the Lido."

The painter went on his way, across the Lagune, and smiled as one smiles at a lucky thought or a successful speculation. His musings were pleasant, and, as he lay "at listless length" within the canopy of his gondola, they found utterance in such words as these—"He is a good youth, and hath a proper love for art; he is studious, too, gentle in his manner, affectionate, and hath a warm heart. My Beatrice is a tender dove, and it will be well if she can find shelter on that heart. How he gazed upon the picture!—if he admire the original half as well, the train will soon be in flames. He is a goodly youth."—And with such thoughts did Titian take council, on his brief and pleasant voyage to the Lido.

Meanwhile, his pupil employed himself looking at the portrait more minutely than he heretofore had done. The

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renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence, not alone as a work of art, but as a representation of a character of feminine loveliness more attractive than he had yet beheld in Venice. The portrait represented a beautiful girl, just in the spring of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive casket, and pausing, as it were, in her onward progress, to cast a passing glance at the beholder. The face was one of beauty, but the *naive* and cheerful expression, the hearted joyousnes, the guileless and trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a sort of intellectual loveliness far greater than usually accompanies the mere loveliness of feature. For—though to say so be treason against that sex whom we call "fair"—I fear it must be acknowledged that personal and mental beauty do not often meet in one.

The young artist admired the portrait for some time, and then fell into a meditative humour—a thing unusual for him, for, though he was a Spaniard, he was a youth of a quick and lively imagination, and it is not the wont of such to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which, they think, belong to the more mature season of manhood. The youth thought—and thought—and thought—until, when Titian returned, he found his pupil seated opposite the portrait, with his pencil in his hand, and his head drooping heavily upon his breast. He came nearer, but Giulio did not stir; nearer still, and Giulio breathed heavily; close to him, and touched his shoulder; the youth started up. He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

This, it must be confessed, was a very unlover-like accident; but a *siesta* is a treasure to a Spaniard, and the day was dull, and it was wearisome to be alone, and—if the truth *must* be told—Giulio (who, as a painter, had an eye for beauty) had been up half the preceding night, serenading a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes had facinated him one day as he passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for some six months previous to this incident of the portrait and the slumber. He had come to him without any introduction, but had paid a large sum for the privilege of his instruction. After a time, his love for the art, and his extraordinary progress in it had so far won upon Titian, that he had solicited

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him to become an inmate in his house—for he was lonely now. His son was a wild youth, who was now in Cyprus, having gone there in the suite of the Admiral; and his daughter, Beatrice, was in a convent in the Fruili, of which one of her relatives was the lady-principal. And Giulio Mantoni accepted the invitation, and for three months preceding the day on which this brief tale commences, he had been to Titian kind, and affectionate, and obedient as a son. He was so skilful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded, by his skill and enthusiasm, of what his own had been, at the same age, thirty years before.

Some days passed on, and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at it, but never spoke of it, and Titian thought that there was a meaning in this silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice was at hand; this was Ascension Day, on which the Doge performed the annual ceremony of signifying the power of the Signory over the sea, by casting a golden ring into the waters of the Adriatic. The custom was, at this celebration, for Venice to send out her population, of all degrees, and it was certain that, at such a time, the fairest daughters of Venice could not be absent.

The short voyage of the Doge, from the quay of the ducal palace to the boundary of Lido and Malamocca, was always performed, on this occasion, in a stately vessel, called the Bucentaur, a galley said to be of equal antiquity with these maritime nuptials. This magnificent vessel usually bore a freight of some importance, for besides the Doge, the Council, the chief officers of state, and the Admiral of the port (who acted as pilot), it bore the Ambassadors from the various countries in alliance with the republic. Sometimes, besides the *nobilissimi* and the officials, it bore citizens of worth; and, at all times, the Doge was glad to see by his side the great painter, Tiziano Vecelli, whose works reflected more fame upon Venice, than Venice, even by the utmost largess, could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, followed in the procession, for it was a scene of much beauty and magnificence, well worthy the attention of a painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur was swept on, in a stately manner, by the rowers,

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and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy of the purple velvet of Genoa, richly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's amaze, Titian had by his side a young lady, and when she turned her face towards him for a moment, Giulio saw, to his surprise and delight, that she resembled what he had before beheld—he knew the lovely original of the portrait.

The ceremonial was concluded,—Andrea Gritti, the Doge, wedded the sea—a fickle mistress—with the accustomed words—the pageant was at an end, and Giulio speeded to Titian's house. He found the great artist before the easal, busied, as usual, in some work for immortality. They spoke on various subjects, but Titian made no mention of the young signora, of whom Giulio had had a glance. At last he said that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur, but this, although it almost challenged Titian's allusion to the lady, did not draw any remark from him in reference to her, and, finally, Giulio grew so anxious on the subject, that he added, he had seen with Titian a lady resembling the portrait which he had so much admired since he first saw it.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio? Fall asleep before it in the form of admiration! Well, well, thou needst not blush. 'Tis my daughter Beatrice, and thou shalt meet her anon. But, signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it would be well if thou wouldst take thy *siesta* ere thou meetest her; women, as thou knowest, like not cavalièri who are drowsy; nay, I have not told her *that*. She saw thee, and asked who thou wert, and I told her, Giulio, but not that thou hadst gazed thyself to sleep before her likeness.—Now let us within. Thou wilt like my Beatrice."

And Giulio *did* very much like Beatrice, who, in turn, admired the chivalrous bearing and the manly beauty of the Spaniard. Did I say that she admired?—alas! that is a word all too weak. Woman scarcely knows a medium, in her intercourse with our sex, between indifference and love, and long before she knew of it, she was deeply and devotedly attached to Giulio Mantoni. Her father saw this, and did not check it; he already loved Giulio as a son, and anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would become so, with the consent of Beatrice.

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Very much did Giulio admire the loveliness, the grace, the innocence of Beatrice Vecêlli, but he did not love her more than as a brother. To do him justice, he was all unconscious of the feelings which his attentions had awakened in her gentle heart. He read to her, and talked with her, and sang to and with her, as if she were his dear sister; but she made the almost unavoidable mistake of thinking that these general courtesies, made most kind through the gentleness of his manner, had a particular application. In a word, *she* was wildly, engrossingly in love, and *he*, alas for her, was not!

Two months had passed by since the return of Beatrice to her father's house, and, during this time, the young maiden, flushed with her growing passion (innocent as it was deep), and buoyed up by the hopes which her youth and sex might well be excused for forming, had drank in a draught of delight which made her happy-hearted beyond what she had ever been before. It was at this time that her father completed that picture which has been known as a *chef d'œuvre* in portraiture, and which painters have loved to copy, and engravers to multiply by the *burin*. And, during this time, Giulio was happy also, but still he was not in love with her.

They sate together, now in the month of July, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic, and fanning the curtains of the room like the sails of some rapid barque. It was now mid-day, and all was calm in Venice, as in other cities at the hush of midnight, for the heat of the weather kept even the gondolieri within doors. It was cool, too, in the apartment in which Beatrice and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been drawn down, excluding the sunshine and admitting the breeze. They had been singing together, and it was from the flush of her cheek and the tenderness of her tone, as she closed the cadenza, that Giulio now first surmised what might be the nature of Beatrice's feelings towards him. For some minutes he sate silent, and then, eager to repair the evil he had so unconsciously committed he spoke to her thus:

"You have never enquired, dear Beatrice, *who* or what I was. I consider you as my sister, and it is not well that you should be ignorant of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, merrily smiling, "I will not own

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you as a *brother*, and I will have no mysteries unravelled now. Let me sing you this barcorolle."

"Beatrice," replied he, with such a grave air, that she was suddenly chilled in the midst of her mirth. "Beatrice, this *is* the time, for your sake, as for my own, to have the mystery unveiled, if it be worth the name of mystery. I am not what I seem,—in a word, I am one of the royal house of Spain; my mother was the daughter of a noble of Almaine, my father is the Emperor Charles. To avoid a marriage of *his* choice, having plighted heart and hand to a lady-love of my own selection, I fled from Spain, and became a pupil of your father's, as much for the love of the art as to give my leisure pleasant occupation."

"But he spoke to ears which heard him not; ere he had half concluded, Beatrice was in a swoon.

She speedily recovered, and thus earnestly spoke to him:—"I did not know—I could not—that we had a prince beneath our roof; but, whatever you are, you must quit Venice. It was but yesternight that I heard, at the ridotto at Signor Barberigo's, that the *provveditori* had an order to arrest a Spanish Prince who was disguised and concealed in Venice. I heard it, by mere chance, as I stood near two *nobili* who were talking together, and the arrest was to be made to-morrow. You must fly, signor; neither does it suit your safety or our honour that you remain here. Venice wars with the Emperor—my father is the most honoured citizen of Venice—and the suspicion of having knowingly harboured you would only be equalled by the misery of your capture *here*."

Giulio—or, as he should now be called, Prince Anthony of Leon—seemed astonished at this intelligence. "And whither can I fly?" demanded he, seeking council, in the hour of necessity, from Beatrice.

"You named—you spoke of—you have one to whom your faith is plighted; she must ill deserve it if she cannot shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said the Prince; "it is the daughter of Sforza, Duke of Milan, and with her father, even though he be but a cold friend of my house—nor has he much cause to be otherwise—I shall find safety. And you, Beatrice?"

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LONDON DINNER DRESS.


Feb.y 1837.

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"Of me—nothing; the very moments of your life are almost measured now. Here," added she, tearing off a rich necklace, "here, if you want money with which to reach Milan, take this; I have no need of ornament *now*"

This offer was declined, for the Prince had jewels with him more than sufficient to pay all charges. He saw the necessity of speedy flight, penned a hasty billet to Titian, and then turned to bid farewell to Beatrice. He did not mark that her lips were pale as death, and her eyes glazed, and her cheek and brow astonied like marble. Her hand trembled when he took it, and gently, as one would embrace a sleeping infant, he pressed a kiss upon her brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible determination, which, in the wreck of her heart's hopes, had nerved her to act this dreadful part—to stimulate indifference, while, amid despair, she felt how strong is love. She did not speak or move; and when, in the evening, her father returned, he found her statue-like; she never did speak more. She was like the merchant who embarks his all upon one risk, and, in the loss of that is involved a total ruin. For weeks she lay, helpless as an infant, and at last she died. Her heart was broken. She died, and with her died her father's hopes and pride. Henceforth—and he lived to extreme old age—he lived but for his art; *that* was wife and child to him.

Of the Prince there is little further record. The annals of Venice do not record his capture, so that it may be safely presumed that he effected his escape. But whether he reached his ladye-love—whether he married her—and whether he ever, in after-life, paused to think upon Beatrice, is unknown; but he was kind and gentle, and it is impossible that he could have forgotten one so fair as she.

There is no more to add. This is the whole story, so far as it can now be known, of TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

DINNER DRESS.—Rose-coloured satin robe, a low *corsage*, the front is draped *en cœur*, the drapery goes square round the back. Short tight sleeves, trimmed with a triple fall of English point lace, which forms a very deep ruffle. A large knot of rose satin ribbon ornaments the shoulders, and a smaller one loops the two last falls of lace at the bend of the

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arm. Another knot is placed in the centre of the drapery of the breast, Head-dress, a blond lace cap, a low caul, the front rather high, is composed of a single fall of blond turned back by roses, and a band of ribbon; ribbon only ornaments the caul.

Evening Dress.—White satin robe, figured in a small pattern in fawn colour. The skirt is trimmed with two falls of blond lace, the last of which is headed by a rouleau of lilac velvet. Plain low *corsage* partially covered by a blond lace *pelerine à pointe*, upon which a velvet ribbon is disposed in the form of a heart. Short sleeves terminated by a bouffant, with a velvet knot. The head-dress is a Swedish turban of lilac velvet, trimmed with a gold band, and the plumage of a bird-of-paradise.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

The modes of this season may now, as far as regards out-door costume, be said to be fixed, subject, of course, to those alterations which the weather may produce in mantles, shawls, &c. and to those which the taste of milliners may make in the trimmings of bonnets and hats. Thus the late severe weather brought furs exceedingly forward. Several carriage mantles, lined with fur appeared; and where those were not adopted, very large fur capes were worn; muffs of course continued, for they had already been in use for some time. Since the weather has been milder, satin pelisses, trimmed with velvet, have been adopted by many *élégantes;* they are all made with the *corsages* high and fitting close to the shape, but the sleeves vary a good deal, for while some are made with the sleeves quite tight at the lower part, and with two or three very small bouffants at the upper, others have them tight to the elbow, and the upper part tight at the top, but falling from thence in a large single bouffant, which descends considerably below the elbow. There is still more variety in the mode of trimming those dresses. Some have the velvet of a corresponding colour, others black; the latter are in a minority. We have seen it disposed on the *corsage* in a pelerine of moderate size, rounded behind, and forming points in front as it descended to the waist, the front of the skirt being trimmed in the reverse stile, that is to say, the velvet was pointed at the waist, but broad at the bottom. Others were trimmed all round with bands disposed in a serpentine

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direction, the effect of which was novel and pretty enough. Others had a round velvet collar, and three plain bands of velvet, of moderate breadth, disposed down the front of the *corsage* and skirt, at some distance from each other.

Bonnets begin, we think, to be made with the brims somewhat smaller, though not as yet very visibly so; a good many are made with drawn brims, the lower part of the crown drawn perpendicularly, the centre plain and tight, and the top set in round, and with a little fulness. These crowns are rather high. Some pretty new ribbons have appeared for trimming hats and bonnets; they are black satin, with a little narrow wreath of coloured flowers at the edge. There are but few black satin bonnets, comparatively speaking, but black velvet ones are in great request. The most elegant are those trimmed with a bird-of-paradise dyed black, or else a black *aigrette* mounted in the stile of a bird-of-paradise.

Evening dress is evidently modelled from the modes of our great grandmamas, and has been so indeed for some seasons past; but this year the modifications are in better taste than we have yet seen them; the waist is of an easy and natural length, not drawn down in the stiff and formal manner of a season or two ago; the point before is also of moderate depth; a good many *corsages* are made perfectly tight to the shape, these are trimmed round the top with a fall of blond lace, through which a ribbon is run, confining it closely round the top of the *corsage*, but leading the remainder of the lace full over the bosom. Other robes have the *corsage* draped across the bosom, and trimmed with a row of lace under the drapery, which, passing up over the shoulders, forms a *mancheron* of a new and very pretty kind. Sleeves, in evening dress, continue to be worn tight, but ornamented in the stile we have formerly described, so as to give them a certain degree of fulness. Trimmings are this year, and will continue to be more worn than they have been for several preceding seasons in evening dress. We may cite as among the most novel, velvet flowers, disposed in detached bouquets, *en tablier*; this, however, must be understood only of grand costume, and for very rich silks; or, if for ball dress, of gauzes or crape: velvet, we must observe, has a peculiarly beautiful effect upon crape. For social parties, *bouillons*, disposed in various ways, are in great favour. So also is ribbon.

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arranged either in knots or in a wreath *en coquille*. We do not perceive that trains gain ground; they were expected to do so, and we have still strong reason to believe that they will, but it is certain that at present very few are made, and those only demi trains, which we must reprobate as being at once inconvenient and singularly ungraceful.

Turbans are more in favour in evening dress than they have been for several seasons past. Some new forms have appeared, or rather, to speak more correctly, some foreign forms have been introduced; as the Indian turban, which is generally made in rich but heavy materials, the Circassian always composed of a scarf, these may be made of any material that is long and flexible. The turban *à l'Israelite*, copied exactly from the ancient Jewish costume, and recalling to our minds the fair daughters of Sion, when Jerusalem was in all its glory. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but white is, we think, not so much in favour in evening dress.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS CARRIAGE DRESS.—Pelisse robe of mouse-coloured satin; the *corsage* is made quite high, and trimmed in the pelerine stile with double *coques* of ribbon to correspond, they go square round the back and descend in the stomacher stile at the sides. The sleeves, light at the top, are arranged in three bouffants at the lower part, the centre one is very large, the others small, and terminated by a tight cuff. A manchéron composed of three falls of trimming covers the upper part of the sleeve. A row of double *coques* ornaments one side of the skirt. Green velvet hat, a long deep brim, and rather low crown, the interior of the brim is trimmed with a *torsade* of velvet, terminated by a moss rose at each side. A bird-of-paradise dyed to correspond with the hat, and velvet ribbon decorates the crown.

PARIS SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.—French grey satin robe, a low *corsage* the front of which descends a little, forming a demi lozenge, and partially displaying the *chemisette*. The *corsage* is trimmed with a row of *bouillons* of the material of the dress, which are continued straight down the front of the skirt, Long sleeve *à la Gabrielle*, but with the upper par

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Jos.h Robins Feb.y 1837

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SOCIAL PARTY DRESS.



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trimmed with two rows of *bouillons*. Head-dress, a cap of *tulle illusion*, a very low caul, and small round front terminating in lappets which hang quite behind. The trimming consists of ribbon to correspond with the dress, and a sprig of roses.

Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

The season has now opened in all its brilliancy, evening parties and balls have already commenced, the dresses for which will be found well worthy of the attention of our fair readers, but before we proceed to describe them, we must say a few words upon out-door dress.

Satin bonnets are now, generally speaking, the only ones adopted in *negligé*, they are mostly of the drawn kind, and trimmed with ribbands corresponding in colour, full hues are most in request, the trimming is of a light kind, a bow is placed on one side, half of which descends upon the brim, the other half stands upright upon the crown. Half dress bonnets are either of velvet of light colours, as rose, turquoise blue, and straw, or else they are of satin or *velours epinglé*, wadded and quilted, this latter stile of bonnet is in very great estimation. The brim is round, and sits, generally speaking, closer to the face than that of other bonnets, but having little stiffening it can be drawn either backward or forward, and is usually lightly turned up round the edge, to which a trimming of the down of marabous is attached; a light edging of marabous also borders the ribbon which trims the crown. Velvet hats and bonnets are decorated with feathers, but *plumes parachées* have in a great degree, given place to those corresponding in colour with the hat, or to white ones.

Turn we now to the *toilette de Soirée*, and see what fashion has been doing for it during the last month: some new figured silks, and some satins with applications of velvet have been just introduced, they differ from those already in favour only by the novelty of the patterns, but as novelty is the order of the day, and they have been brought forward by a fashionable house, there is little doubt of their success. Crape, for which some seasons past has not been much in request for ball dresses, is now likely to be greatly in favour. Several robes have already appeared composed of it; some are embroidered in the tunic stile, in coloured silks, either

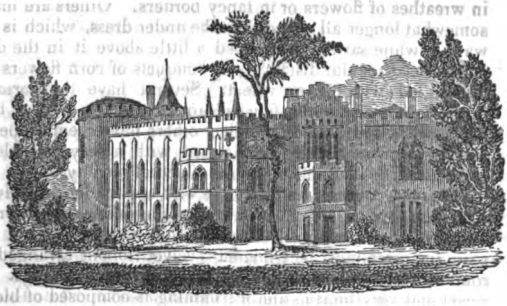
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in wreathes of flowers or in fancy borders. Others are made somewhat longer all round than the under dress, which is always of white satin, and looped a little above it in the drapery stile at regular distances, by bouquets of corn flowers intermingled with silver wheat. Several have the *corsages* made tight, and simply finished round the top with a bias fall of white satin set on double; others have them draped *à la Grecque*, and the back trimmed with a very full blond mantelet. Sleeves offer nothing of actual novelty.

Full dress robes, if made of satin with applications of velvet, have no other ornament, and indeed the richness of the material would not admit of trimming; but where this is not the case, the dress must be trimmed; velvet ribbons arranged in round rosettes, are a good deal employed for trimmings. A novel and very pretty stile of trimming is composed of blond lace, disposed in separate ornaments down the front of the skirt, they are of a round shape, and formed by the lace being gathered in under a satin band which traverses the skirt, and is arranged in a pretty and fanciful manner. Some dresses have also appeared very profusely trimmed with black real lace.

Head dresses of hair for balls are either decorated with bouquets of velvet flowers, or with wreaths or sprigs of foliage also composed of velvet: or what is, in our opinion, the prettiest of all, a single flower with its foliage both composed of coloured gems, placed on one side. If the dress is not for a ball, or at least not for a lady who means to dance, a velvet *chapeau toque* either of a full or light colour, and crowned with white ostrich feathers, or the plumage of a bird-of-paradise is a head dress much in favour. So also is a blond lace cap trimmed with marabouts; this latter stile of trimming for caps is admitted only in full dress, and the effect is extremely pretty, the lace forms a kind of aureole round the face, between the puffs of which the heads of the feathers are arranged; there is no caul, but a kind of very open net work of velvet ribbon through which the bows of hair protrude. A bouquet of those light and beautiful feathers placed on one side of the net work, droops gracefully over the summit of the head. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

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STRAWBERRY HILL.

This beautiful and admired villa is situated on an eminence near the Thames at Twickenham. It was the residence of the celebrated Earl of Orford, better known in the literary world as Horace Walpole. It was originally a small tenement, built in 1698 by the Earl of Bradford's coachman, and let as a lodging-house. Colley Cibber was one of its first tenants, and there wrote his comedy of *The Refusal*. It was afterwards taken by the Earl of Caernarvon, and other persons of consequence, as an occasional summer residence. In 1747 Mr. Walpole became the purchaser; by him this beautiful structure, formed from select parts of Gothic architecture in cathedrals, &c. was built, at different times. Great taste is displayed in the elegant embellishments of the edifice, and in the choice collection of pictures, sculptures, and curiosities that adorn it; many of which have been purchased from some of the first cabinets in Europe. The approach to the house is through a grove of lofty trees; the embattled wall, overgrown with ivy; the spiry pinnacles, and gloomy cast of the building, give it a monastic appearance.

On the death of the late Lord Orford, this mansion became the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Damer, whose works in statuary have rendered her so celebrated.

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THE FOUNDLING OF LIVERPOOL.

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN MACDONOUGH, AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON."

There is no romance like the romance of real life, and such is that now before us. It was on a dark tempestuous night, when the wind raged off shore, and the black waves were hugely swelling and raising their angry crests mountains high, that the captain of a fine vessel, arrived direct from China, with that heart of oak which distinguishes a British seaman in the commercial service as well as in that of the royal navy, resolved, at all risks, on landing personally at the nearest point his letters, and the welcome announcement of the arrival of the ship and its valuable cargo. The boat was got ready, lowered, and manned by four stout skilful hands, when the intrepid captain and the mate of another vessel leaped into her, followed by a passenger, who seemed equally fearless, and eager to gain the shore. After tossing about for some time, buffeted by the hostile billows, they gained their place of destination, and sprung on shore with that indescribably elastic bound which distinguishes the mariner feeling his foot for the first time on his native soil, after a long absence and tedious voyage, and after all the dangers and vicissitudes by land and sea. The boat's-crew and passengers were drenched with salt water, and eagerly made for the first house of reception that presented itself, which was an obscure public-house in a remote part of the town; here, having obtained something like fresh clothing, consisting of a few boat cloaks and blankets, and giving their garments to be dried, they nestled round the fire, and called for something to warm the inner man, as well as the outward form and body of mortality. There is, in a British tar, a something of light heart, which keeps him above water in the storm, and exhilarates his spirits in the calm, more especially when enjoying the comforts of dry land, and indulging in the delights of home and native shore. Content gilds then the humblest fare, and I am convinced that a natural innate feeling of gratitude to Providence warms the bosom at that precious moment. The faithful captain had discharged his duty, and all was calm and self-approving in his peaceful breast; the mate

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had thrown care overboard, since he saw the white cliffs of Albion; the crew were light-hearted easy fellows, and the merchant passenger had the satisfaction of returning home in safety with his wealth, with a mind, nevertheless, full of eventful remembrances, doubtful cogitations, and speculative intentions, mostly bearing on duties to perform, benevolence to exert, an establishment to seek, and a determination to cast anchor in repose for the rest of his life.

When cold and thirst were appeased and provided for, they all looked around them, as men lately arrived naturally do, when one lonely being in the form of a fellow-man, seated in a corner of the tap-room, met their eye. He was poorly habited, or rather in the faded and fast-decaying remains of respectable attire; he was cleanly, yet shabby—necessitous, yet apparently above seeking alms. On the table before him was something wrapped up in the ragged remnant of a silk handkerchief, and at his feet a Newfoundland dog, looking affection in his master's face, in return for a sad regretful glance which he cast upon the poor animal, and which seemed to say, "thou art all fidelity, my poor companion, and scanty is the crust that I can afford thee. Thou hast felt the hand of affliction bruise thee, but thou hast cheerfully borne its stripes; the foot of poverty has crossed thy path, but thou hast still stedfastly and meekly kept on thy humble journey, seeking no new master;" and, breaking silence shortly after, he actually accented, in a low tone of voice, "No, Juba, I will not part with thee, be my fate what it will." The animal here rested his head on his master's knee; never was there a stronger emblem of confidence and dependence, trust, and grateful adherence in return; "no, no," added he, and the dog leaped with joy.

Examining now with tearful eye the article wrapped in the silk handkerchief, he murmured to himself, "And this, too, is hard to part with; it belonged to my dear boy." His features changed, he passed the palm of his hand over his forehead, which as soon as he dropped it met the lips of his faithful follower, and the tear was wiped off by the pressure of them. Clearing his voice, the man of altered fortunes said, addressing himself to the newly arrived party, "Gentlemen, does any one of you wish to purchase an excellent violin?" "No," harshly exclaimed the mate, with a voice

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which the nightly mist and the damps of many a mid-watch had rendered hoarse and hollow,—" no, my old gentleman; but if half-a-crown can be of any service to you and your poor messmate there," pointing to the dog, " you are welcome to it with all my soul; order something to warm your old heart, and never be cast down—life's but a rough voyage to us all; but although you do seem now on your beam-ends, another tide, and a prosperous voyage, may get you off yet. Here," holding out the half-crown in one hand, and a glass of grog in the other, " success to you; its hard work, perhaps, now, but you may bring up with a wet sail yet; here's to you, I say," forcing the money on him.

There was a powerful struggle betwixt pride and actual suffering in the acceptor's mind—honest pride, looking back to his former situation, a respectable and reputable life, and the occupation of a creditable situation in society, on the one hand, and not only the dire personal endurance of want on the other, but the privations and necessities of two who were dearer to him than himself—these had a hard conflict to gain the mastery, but the feelings of a father turned the scale, and, whilst his varying features painted what passed within, he submitted to the humiliation, and accepted the assistance so frankly and so kindly afforded by a worthy son of Neptune. He would have preferred selling something to receiving a donation, because in the first instance he could give a *quid pro quo;* but then the violin reminded him of one who was dear to him, and who once touched its strings, whilst it recalled to his imagination other and happier days. During the time this mental combat was occupying the interior of the fallen man, honest Jack was enjoying the pleasure of doing a good action, nor would he be contented with merely recruiting the sufferer's purse, he insisted, at the same time, on his tasting his grog; a flush of gratitude, raised more from sensibility than from the stimulous of liquor, offered acceptable thanks, when the man of sorrow rose modestly, saluted the company respectfully, and withdrew.

The eyes of the captain and his passenger were, all this time, fixed upon him: in the latter he created an indescribable interest—so much so that he could not part with him thus: an honest man brought to distress is a being of as much interest, sympathy, and respect, as a worthless individual, re-

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duced by vice and prodigality, is a mark for contempt, disgust, and abhorrence. The better to enable him to learn something more of the poor man's story, the merchant-passenger followed him out, and recommenced the subject of the violin. "You mentioned," said he, "that you might be prevailed upon to part with your violin, if we could agree as to the price, and I am certain that we shall not differ on that score."

"Yes," replied the *pauvre honteux*, "I may be obliged to part with it, because my dear children are in want of bread, but it grieves me sorely to see it go out of the family; my poor boy used to gladden our ears with a tune in more prosperous times, and this is all that I have left to remember him, poor fellow! I am sure that it would afflict him if he knew how we were all now situated,—but we shall never meet again."

Here his voice fell below the chord of complaintiveness, to a deeper tone of woe-remembering regret.

"You have lost your son, my worthy sir," responded the merchant, in a sympathizing note: "he has probably fallen in the army, or the navy, or in the merchant service, one of the victims of climate, or the many chances of the elements?" The old man made no reply. "Perhaps," resumed the speaker, "premature decay may have blighted the blossom ere it became a flower; but the rest of your family must console you for his loss, which I think that instrument will only serve to revive, causing a painful sensation; in a word, if you are disposed to part with it, I will give you your own price for it, be that what it may."

"My good sir," said the poor man, "this is too generous; it is nothing else but a delicate way of doing a charitable action; such noble conduct becomes you well; but it would be disgraceful for me, as a man of honour and probity, fallen although I be, to put an exorbitant price on the article, with the view of heavily taxing your benevolence. No, sir; if a guinea will suit your convenience, it is all I ask, the violin is your's," handing it to him with a sigh.

They had now walked on together some distance, without considering if they were travelling the same road; but the fact was that the old man was steering homeward, whilst the merchant was conducted by an attractive power, the full im-

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pulse of which he was at a loss to account for. The instrument had now changed hands, but the companion still remained by the side of its former possessor.

"You have not told me how you lost your son."

"Why, I know not how to answer that question: he *may* be alive," laying deep stress on the word *may*, "but I fear not; he is lost to me; and as his goodness and gratitude so fully repaid me for my affection for him, whilst he was with me, I doubt his present existence, from not having heard of him for so long a period of time. I had a son, do you see, and yet I had not a son; the boy—" Here feeling interrupted his narrative, and he broke off by concluding with, "but this cannot concern you; I am now, sir, at the door of my wretched dwelling; my inclination would induce me to invite you in, and to give you the welcome which you deserve; but I am ashamed of my abode, and my means hinder me from exercising the offices of hospitality to which my heart and my habits incline me." The merchant listened to this with tearful eye, and, pressing the poor man's hand in his, solicited permission to enter his lowly apartment, assuring him that his friendship and acquaintance should not terminate here. With a look of resignation, which banished pride, he accepted the offer, and they both went in together. On the door being opened, an interesting female, humbly attired, but with every mark of former gentility, sprung forward to embrace her father, but, upon beholding a stranger, drew back and hung down her head, partly from bashfulness, and partly from a wounded feeling at beholding a witness of the dire distress under which herself, her sire, and sister were labouring. A glimmering lamp, on a coarse table, shone just sufficiently to enable her to toil at plain-work for a scanty sustenance, and discovered, in a corner, another female on a bed of sickness: this was her younger sister. The dog now frisked and curvetted about the feet of the eldest, and then flew, with a cry of affection, to the other, licking her hands, and springing on the foot of the bed; it seemed as if the poor animal wept a welcome, and announced coming aid to the indigent family.

"This gentleman," said the father, "has kindly accompanied me home; he has also," holding up the guinea, "purchased my instrument. I have, moreover, had a little

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more good luck," alluding to the gift of the half-crown. "You shall sup *to-night*, my beloved children, Heaven be praised!"

The daughter, who had quitted her work-table, threw her arms round her father's neck, and hid in his bosom her tears and blushes—the tear of gratitude and the blush of shame; whilst a smile lit up the features of the sick sister, indicative of the anticipation of a little comfort, and announcing a conviction that he, or she, who looks up trustingly to the Supreme, will not be deserted in the end. I will not describe the merchant's sensations at that moment; for O! what a charm there is in goodness! how justly proud, how highly elevated is he whom Providence permits to be his agent in succouring man—the noblest work of the Creator's hands! what an expansion, what a glow does that heart experience, when, by the touch of the charitable hand, the tear is dashed from affliction's cheek, the cold gripe of poverty is snatched from its victim, and the bonds of thraldom, either of slavery or of want, are broken asunder, and cast away by the liberator sent by the Lord! A short silence enabled the actors in this drama of life to recover themselves, when the merchant (having obtained permission), flew out and returned with refreshments, and, seating himself by the bedside, unbidden, and without apology (for these are scenes got up by nature, in which art hath no share,) drew the table to him, and began to help his new friends; looks were exchanged which spoke volumes of wonder and expression, and of that intelligence of hearts which humanity establishes amongst the sensitive children of men, and which the most trivial acts of courtesy, ay, even a thought, a look, a gesture, or an inclination, willingly partakes of.

The picture of virtuous poverty which the traveller had just contemplated, made too deep an impression on his mind not to confer further benefit on those who formed it; he was rich, a solitary man, unmarried, without home or family, a citizen of the globe, or rather a rich pilgrim seeking an establishment and a place of repose. Liverpool had, as will be seen in the sequel, attractions for him, and claims on his preference, independent of its being a great emporium of commerce, and a focus to which mercantile men might naturally

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draw; when, therefore, these first moments of agitation had passed away, he requested to know the name of the old man in whose future welfare he took so lively an interest; in this he was just preventing the wishes of him whom he had served, and who was, at that moment, about to inquire to whom he owed the benefits thus recently bestowed on him.

"Permit me," said the stranger, "to ask your name."

"I was just about to make the same request," quoth the poor man; "mine is ——."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the merchant, with a look that petrified the whole family with surprise. "And is it you? my more than father, my friend, my patron, my best benefactor!" on which he pressed the old man's hand alternately to his heart and to his lips, and burst into a flood of tears. "Do I see you thus?" resumed he; "I am your child, Henry; the poor lost foundling, the wretched infant, deserted by his unknown and unnatural parents, and who owes more than his existence to your parental and protective hand: but for you I might have perished, nay worse, might have been brought up in misery, vice, and servitude; but you fostered me, loved me, educated me—you instilled rectitude into my mind, gave me a situation in life, and provided the means of earning an honourable independence: to you I owe every thing; it was you who fitted me out and sent me to Valparaiso, which I left and afterwards went to China: all that I have is your's, all that I am I owe to you, nor shall you find me ungrateful; I will still be your son; I can now cast anchor; my fortune is made."

It would be useless, ineffective, to describe the delight of the father and the family; the one, the author of so much good; the other, the early companions of the foundling's childish days; they who, compassionating his deserted state, had added the last lustre to benevolence, that which prevents the weighty obligation from being felt, and lends pleasure to patronage; they had treated him as if they had been his sisters, and now overwhelmed him with expressions of unaltered affection. A long lapse of time, powerfully acted upon by patient, but painful endurance, had quite altered the outward appearance of him who had been a father to him, and who had fallen from affluence to prostrate adversity, from unme-

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rited and unforeseen events over which he had no controul; and although the lineaments of the daughters might have been recognized by him, yet change of attire, the sickness of the one, and the want of proper aliment of the other, made a material alteration; lastly, the idea that they were no more, or had left Liverpool, never having had any tidings of them, nor any answer to numerous communications on his part sent by private hands. Such conveyances very frequently fail, and when we fall from affluence into indigence, few indeed will seek after us and draw us from obscurity on any account whatever.

The merchant took his leave, retiring to an hotel. On the following day he returned, having previously hired a house for him who had proved to him a father: he filled it with every comfort, and had the family removed in the most respectable manner, and made such provision for them as placed them above want, or even self-denials; after this his thoughts turned on himself, and he fixed his abode in the nearest situation in their neighbourhood which he could find, visiting them daily, and passing a great portion of his time with them; for it was his delight to talk over old times—boyish days—and to recall to memory the many acts of fatherly feeling which he had received from the old man; above all, the care which he had taken of his education, the religious principles which he had taught him by precept and practice, and the example of undeviating morality which he had ever placed in himself before his eyes; nor was the subject of the playful moments of childhood passed with the daughters of his benefactor forgotten! their care of him in sickness, their solicitude for his welfare, the trouble and exertion bestowed on outfitting him, a ring and a breast-pin, given by them at parting, which he preserved like relics and produced on his return, and, finally, the dew-drop of tenderness, shed and reciprocated on mutually accenting the word *farewell*. And it is in that short word that volumes lie; we know not until we say farewell how dear the parting object is to our soul, and whether friendship, love, pity, or humanity dictates it, its echo seems of another world; we part, perhaps, to meet no more, and then remembrances rush like a torrent upon the brain; regrets, doubts, dreads, and sad

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forebodings swell the tide of sympathy, until the tear comes to our aid, through which we look a long (at all events an uncertain) adieu to those whose full value was never so duly ascertained. The very removal of the companion of a portion of our life is heavily painful; what then must be the anguish of that bosom whose heart-strings are lacerated when fate, or death, tears from it the only earthly one for whom it seemed to live?

But we are going too far, and must return to Liverpool and to the fortunate foundling. The poor man's transition from sorrow to a life of ease, created a second spring in his existence, the revivifying warmth of which sprung from self-esteem, from the recollection of that glowing charity which was now reflected back upon himself. Time sears and crumbles away our frame more or less gradually and perceptibly; but the heart, like the sun, never grows old till time is no more, and destruction consumes it with the exterior wreck. His eldest daughter, re-established in the outward appearance of good circumstances, grew daily in attractions; whilst the younger one, more the victim of hunger, sorrow, and anxiety, than of decay or sickness, recovered daily, and grew into good health and good looks together. The family and the adopted son passed delightful days in the society of each other; they formed a small circle of acquaintance, into which the captain of the vessel which brought home the fortunate foundling was introduced, and soon became a friend of the party; nor could the good old man forget the true-hearted sailor, who was the first to look with compassion on his downfall, and to offer the first pecuniary relief to his necessities. His lodgings were soon discovered, the small sum was thankfully returned to him, and he was invited as a daily guest either to the family's table, or to that of the rich retired merchant. Nor did his good fortune end here; the captain of the vessel from China, having a deeper interest now at heart than trade or commerce, sent him out to China as first mate, and he returned as captain and joint owner of the vessel.

In the meantime the former captain began to feel that after the stormy passage of youth in quest of an honourable existence, nothing can sweeten the cup of life so effectually as a

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partner in its cares and pleasures. That partner he sought in the person of the old man's sick daughter, now restored to a perfect state of health, and possessing that well disposed mind which can bear poverty with resignation, and meet prosperity with moderation. The captain calculated that such a wife would do credit to a rich man, without being above the economy which a less brilliant state requires; and he accordingly solicited the hand of her who having once been the object of his commiseration, was now that of his fondest hopes. That hand was cordially given to him, with the full and approving sanction of her fond father.

The heart of Henry, the favoured foundling and adopted brother, was not quite whole. Pity is close allied to love: Maria had pitied him, and he felt as if she might love him. The thought was dear to him, and it daily increased, until it became the sole end of his wishes. Fond and sweetly attaching are the ties of brotherhood, fabricated by Nature's hand; but when consanguinity throws not a certain reserve over our looks, our thoughts, and our desires, it requires nice discrimination to keep those bounds of separation which divide kindred hearts, warm, sympathizing, and free. The confidence which brotherly love inspires is the twin offspring of a still tenderer and more hopeful connection, so that hearts inseparable in their feelings cling to every possible means of further virtuous union: a few more romantic views, long walks by moon-light, or lit by the declining sun—explanatory discussions on the word friendship, preliminary addresses not rejected, a deeper suffusion of crimson on female cheeks, a trembling hand, and interrupted accenting of "good night," brought brotherhood to its resignation, and substituted the title of husband in its place. The two couple were married the same day, and at the same altar, and formed the closing scene of our history. Never was paternal blessing given more effectively—never did two married pairs commence their career with brighter prospects of felicity. Here was, indeed, the triumph of gratitude, that virtue which transcends all others, which is so little felt and practised, but which is so forcibly dictated to us by Him to whom we owe all things.

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LIFE A LA MODE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAYS FOR LIGHT HEARTS," &c.

To meet, to know, to love, and then to part
Is the sad tale of many a human heart.
S. T. Coleridge.

To meet in a ball room a beauty,
To fall deep in love at first sight,
To feel that you now have a new tie,
To dance with her all through the night:
To whisper soft words about parting,
To seem in the deepest distress,
To ask for, as she's about starting
And luckily get, her address.

To know she's the dearest of creatures,
To know her papa and mamma,
To know most divine are her features,
To know she can play the guitar!
To know you have made an impression,
To know that her heart is sincere,
To know when you make a confession,
That she has five hundred a year.

To love, or at least to profess it,
Whate'er she may chance to prefer,
Her ev'ry desire, then to guess it,
To be most attentive to her;
To love ev'ry shawl, gown, or bonnet
In which she by chance may delight,
To love each nonsensical sonnet
That she in her album may write.

To part when a year you've been wedded,
If creditors, longer, wont wait;
On "the settling day" you so much dreaded
To part with your splendid estate.
To part with the friends who flock'd round you,
When favours you often bestow'd,
And all of them liberal found you;—
Alas! *this* is life a la mode.

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THE DELUGE.

A SACRED MELODY.—BY J. A. SHEA.

The eternal mountains that beheld
The birth-day of the sun—
Whose tops the circling mists had veil'd,
The clouds had slept upon—
Beneath whose brows the ALMIGHTY's ire,
In fiery bolts was hurl'd—
Whose peaks had heard the peals expire
Amid the shivering world—
Deep in Destruction's day they stood
Beneath the universal flood.

The vengeance of the King of kings
Had rushed upon the earth,
And spread her desolating wings
O'er all of mortal birth;
Man, beast, vale, mount, were in the same
Destructive darkness blent,
And ocean's billowy depths became
The rolling monument
Of all, save those whose hearts remain'd
By the gross crimes of earth unstain'd.

Above the hurried world there rode
A solitary bark,
Bearing the few beloved of God,
The people of the Ark.
And days and months roll'd darkly by,
And yet no rest was found,
But broadly between earth and sky
The waters flowed around;
At length the dove fled forth, but yet
Could find no mountain—minaret.

Again her venturous wing she tried—
For some green summit sought,
The anger of the Lord had died—
His vengeance had been wrought.

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Back to the ark she spread her wing,
Bearing the branch of peace,
Which told them that their wandering
Without a home should cease.
Justice was done.—His wrath expired—
The ark was moored—the waves retired.

Thus grant, oh God! when round life's bark
The overwhelming wave
Of death shall gather deep and dark—
The prelude of the grave—
That pure religion then may be
To us like Noah's dove,
The harbinger of peace with thee
The messenger of love.
And point some shore thy light hath blest
Where our long beaten bark may rest.

ANCIENT MARRIAGE ANECDOTES.

The Babylonians had a law, which was also followed by the Heneti, an Illyrian people, and by Herodotus thought to be one of their best, which ordained, that when girls were of a marriageable age, they were to repair at a certain time to a place where the young men likewise assembled. They were then sold by the public crier, who first disposed of the most beautiful one. When he had sold her, he put up others to sale, according to their degrees of beauty. The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry off the finest women, who were sold to the highest bidders. But as the young men who were poor could not aspire to have fine women, they were content to take the ugliest, with the money which was given with them; for when the crier had sold the handsomest, he ordered the ugliest of all the women to be brought, and inquired if any one was willing to take her with a small sum of money. Thus she became the wife of him who was most easily satisfied; and thus the finest women were sold, and from the money which they brought small fortunes were given to the ugliest, and to those who had any bodily deformity. A father could not marry his

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daughter as he pleased, nor was he who bought her allowed to take her home without giving security that he would marry her. But after the sale, if the parties were not agreeable to each other, the law enjoined that the purchase money should be restored, The inhabitants of any of their towns were permitted to buy wives at these auctions.

Amongst the Cretans, the establishment of the young men was also regulated by the laws. Young Cretans, of mature age, were not permitted to marry as they thought fit themselves. They were not left to the impulse of passion, by which we are so frequently misled in that serious engagement. In forming the contract of wedlock, riches and pleasure were not their objects—those delusive phantoms, which often bring discord, indifference, and regret. In truth, a Cretan married not for himself, but for the state. The magistrates had the right of choosing the strongest and best made of the young men, and of marrying them to women who resembled them in constitution and figure, that a well-proportioned matrimonial union might produce a robust, tall, well-made posterity, whose physical powers would do honour to the nation; defend it; terrify their enemies by their mere presence; and conquer and reduce them to subjection, by their strength and their valour.

By the laws of the Franks, a man was allowed but one wife, and he was rigorously punished who quitted her to marry another. The tie which connected them was indissoluble, and the wife was inseparable from her husband. She followed him to war; the camp was her country; and from the camp the armies drew their recruits. Boys, born and bred amid the din of arms, inured to danger, and already soldiers, replaced the old and slain. They married in their turn, as we learn from Sidonius Apollinaris; who, in describing the rejoicings that were made in the camp of Clodion, on account of a wedding, that the fair young man, by whom he means a Frank, had married a fair young woman; and that the soldiers celebrated their nuptials with Scythian and warlike dances.

The husband provided for his family by his excursions, and by the booty which he shared in an enemy's country. On his return, the chaste caresses of his wife amply recompenced the warrior for the fatigues he had undergone, and

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for the danger to which he had been exposed. A dear and affectionate hand dressed the wounds which he had received in battle; and her obedience and sweetness of manners gave a charm to their society, which lasted as long as their lives. This union was founded on a perfect subordination. The Franks of those remote times were absolute masters in their houses. They could put their wives to death, when they departed from their duty; and it is surprising that if a Frank killed his wife, in a transport of anger, the laws punished him only by prohibiting him for some time to bear arms; a temporary interdiction of his military character.

In consequence of this absolute authority, the wives were entirely dependent on their husbands, and respected them as their sovereign lords. A wife, in the Formulæ of Marculphus, addressing her husband, makes use of terms as submissive as those of a slave: "My husband and my lord, I, your humble servant." The custom of taking wives without a fortune contributed to this dependence; and perhaps our ancestors, more artful, and more politically selfish than those who now deem them barbarians, thought that marrying, without being bribed to marry, would be a necessary counterpoise to the pride of their wives. They preferred a poor and tractable slave, to a rich and imperious mistress, or to a domestic tyrant. It is certain that the Franks, when they were disposed to marry, might be said to buy their wives, as well by the settlement they made on them, which was to descend to their children, as by the presents which they made to them, and to their nearest relations. Thus the wife had her fortune, not from her father, but from her husband.

Erchionalde, Mayor of the Palace in the reign of Clovis II. bought of some pirates a girl of exquisite beauty, named Bandour, or Baltide, whom he afterwards gave in marriage to that young Prince, and from a slave made her the consort of a king. But we must, in justice, observe, that history does her the honour to inform us, that while she was on the throne, she did not forget she had been a slave; and having taken the veil after the death of Clovis, her mind was totally purified from earthly objects, and from any passion for grandeur; and she appeared to forget that she had been a queen.

Among the Gauls, when a father wished to marry his daughter, he gave a liberal entertainment, to which he invited

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a great number of people, even strangers. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the daughter was called in, and from the guests she selected him for her husband to whom she presented water. When the bridegroom received her fortune, he added to it an equal sum of his own. The whole money was then employed by them as they conceived to be most advantageous, and the profits of it placed apart. When either of the two died, the capital, and all that it had yielded, remained for the survivor. Husbands had the power of life and death over their wives and children.

In the primitive ages of simplicity, even princes were inured to labour by a hardy education. They did not disdain employments which are now considered menial and degrading, for those employments were associated with their earliest ideas.

Nausicae, the daughter of Alcinous, King of the Phocions, was commanded to wash her clothes and make all necessary preparations for her marriage. The Princess immediately repaired to the apartment of the King her father, where her mother was sitting near the fire, with her women round her, spinning wool.—Nausicae asked a chariot of her father to carry her clothes to the river to be washed. Alcinous ordered a chariot, to which mules were harnessed. Nausicae's clothes were brought from her apartment, and thrown into the chariot. There likewise was placed, by order of her mother, a basket of provisions for her dinner with a bottle of wine. Nausicae mounted the chariot, and drove to the river, or to the place where they had receptacles of water for washing. The mules were unharnessed, and left to feed on the banks of the river, while the clothes were taken from the chariot and washed; and while they were drying in the sun, they sat down to their dinner.

Solon prohibited the giving of fortunes in marriage: he allowed the brides only to bring three robes, and some furniture of little value. His intention was, to raise marriages from a selfish and despicable commerce, to an honourable union for the increase of the human species—to a humane and agreeable state—to the tenderest and sweetest friendship.

Dionysius, the Sicilian tyrant, from a reverence to this harmonious connection, gave the following answer to his

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mother, when she requested him to marry her to a young man of Syracuse:—"To make myself master of a city, I have been able to force its laws; but I cannot force the laws of Nature, to make improper marriages tolerable to each party."

The custom of the Indian women burning themselves with the bodies of their husbands, originated, according to a passage in Diodorus Siculus, in consequence of the crime of a wife, who had poisoned her husband.

SHOPPING IN INDIA.

BY EMMA ROBERTS.

One of the amusements from which European females are supposed to derive infinite delight (that of shopping) is almost denied to the ladies of India, who can receive little gratification from visiting the dingy depots, in which a multifarious assortment of articles, more distinguished for their variety than for their beauty, are heaped together with a very slight attention to method in their arrangement. People in England are apt to form magnificent ideas of an eastern bazaar, which is, in fact, nothing more than a common market, in which coarse wares of every kind, grain and vegetables, are exposed for sale in open stalls;—the richer productions of Hindostan being secluded in warehouses, and only brought out to persons who intend to purchase: thus the gold and silver stuffs, the embroidered turbans, and spangled scarfs, manufactured at Benares, are not displayed to tempt the passenger's eye; but those who are desirous of becoming customers acquaint the native merchants, who either send samples in boxes, according to order, or receive the visitor in their own houses. The dealers in pearls and diamonds pursue a similar plan; there is, therefore, not many opportunities afforded to people, who are not rich enough to purchase, of even seeing the more precious commodities of the land.

A few of the shops at Calcutta boast some degree of neatness in their arrangement, and present numerous tempting articles, particularly those stocked with the manufacture of China; and up the country, Mr. Hevell's splendid establishment at Dinhpore, comprising farm, garden, provision ware-

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house, and "Magazin des Modes," is the admiration of all Indian travellers. Although to persons accustomed to the splendour of London, there is little inducement to pay a second visit to these dusty emporiums; yet the inspection, by a stranger of a European shop kept by a native, (that is, a shop kept for the sale of European articles,) cannot fail to afford some amusement. That the trade is a thriving one, is sufficiently evinced by the appearance of the Baboo and his principal assistants. He is generally a tall, fine-looking man, in exceedingly good case;—indeed, the rich and the poor, the high and the low Hindostanee people, may safely be arranged into two classes—the fat and the thin. Those who can afford to live in idleness, and to eat large quantities of *ghee*, a sort of butter made of buffaloes' milk, and a principal ingredient in all native dishes, attain to a degree of rotundity very nearly approaching to the aldermanic; while persons with whom money is scarce, and who are obliged to content themselves with simple *kaarees*, a plate of boiled rice, or a cake of coarse flour, are proportionably lean. The Baboo dresses handsomely: an ample turban crowns his good-humoured face, he wears a fine sprigged muslin coat, or, perchance, with his loins girded with an immense quantity of snowy drapery descending to his ancles, merely wreaths his fat shoulders with a long piece of muslin, thrown scarfwise across his body—a common costume of the Hindoos of Bengal; though in the upper provinces they usually adopt the graceful vest worn by the Mussulmans, whose dress is particularly becoming and picturesque,—consisting of wide trowsers, a coat fitted to the shape as far as the waist, and flowing down to the heels, fastened with a handsome sash of muslin or shawl, and not unfrequently worn over a shirt, or under garment, also of muslin. The merchant, or Soudagur,—whose name, if a Hindoo, may probably be *Sankey Doss*, or *Dowbalut Sing*; if a Mussulman, *Maam Bucks*, or some such appellation,—salutes the gentleman of the party, with the usual address: "Well, Sahib, what want?—all things got!" At this sweeping assurance, some luxurious, or perchance unheard of, article is named. The Baboo, shaking his head, yet nothing daunted, with an indescribable chuckle, replies: "All sold." This generally comprises all his English, except that when you complain of the prices of

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his goods, he may say, "Much money for freight—Captain very dear—make little profit—very poor man." His words, though few, are seldom, if ever, mispronounced;—there is a slight Indian accent; but you never hear a native of Hindostan speak the gibberish which characterises the African attempts at English. They take the liberty, however, of making considerable alterations in those English words which they have been compelled to adopt, to designate foreign productions—for instance, muffin is invariably called "mufkin"; and dumpling, "dumpkin," by the native servants.

To return to the European shops. You are ushered into a long, large, dark apartment, supported upon pillars, but having otherwise much the air of a pawnbroker's lumber-room; down the centre are rows of tables, and on these dinner and breakfast services of delph and china are placed, together with chandeliers, lustres, cut-glass dishes, candlesticks, lamps, and a variety of hardware, all covered with dust, and all frightfully dear. Along the sides of the apartment are glass cases, in which a strange miscellaneous collection of articles are displayed: bonnets and gowns, which look as if they had been swept out of Cranbourne Alley—rolls of faded ribbon in boxes—non-descript garments made up of long-exploded lenos, and other antediluvian fabrics, now without a name—cards of dirty blonde lace, mingled with soap, brushes, battledores, bird cages, toilet boxes, and looking-glasses. Then there is European jewellery of the most vulgar description; tawdry brooches, pins, and earrings, with, perchance, a set garnet necklace, and bead negligees, strung in monstrous patterns. Somewhat amazed, you inquire if these goods ever find a sale, and are told that they are frequently purchased by half-caste females, who are extremely fond of European productions, preferring the soiled and faded millinery, and the debased, deteriorated metal, called jeweller's gold, to the manufactures of native looms, and the pure, unalloyed gold and silver worked up into native ornaments.

Hitherto, the Soudagur's warehouse has not offered any thing very tempting, though, should the visitor have met with a disaster in the wreck of the crockery department, he may think himself fortunate in being able to supply the breakages

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at any price; for, excepting at these shops, there is not a glass, a plate, or a tea-cup, to be had throughout Hindostan. The natives cook and eat out of brass utensils; and their earthenware is of the commonest and coarsest description. Here also is to be had, all that the bazaars will not supply: —English vinegars, oils, pickles, preserves, cheese, wine, brandy, and beer. The latter, in stations far removed from Calcutta, is frequently sold at sixteen rupees (two and thirty shillings) per dozen. I have seen four rupees (eight shillings) paid for a wine bottle filled with rape and canary seed; and every thing else is proportionably dear. Half suffocated with heat and dust—disappointed in not finding some simple thing of which you are in want—a pair of scissars, perhaps, or a few reels of thread—and deterred from purchasing the solitary article which took your fancy, because you do not choose to give ten times its value,—you depart disappointed, ordering only those things absolutely necessary for the supply of the table.

ON SEEING A MONUMENT BY CHANTRY,

ERECTED IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL TO THE MEMORY OF TWO CHILDREN.

BY RALPH FERRARS, ESQ.

Whilst freed from pain, dear babes, your spirits fly
To join their kind Redeemer in the sky,
And Earth, within her kindred breast contains
All that of poor mortality remains;
What forms are these, which through the glimmering shrine
Like streaks of dawn o'er Night's last shadows shine?
What magic hand hath broke the midnight gloom,
And still'd in hope the terrors of the tomb?
Sweet, as ere Death to nip your blossoms came,
Or stern Disease had chill'd each gentle frame;
Calm, as when hush'd beneath a mother's eye,
In dreams of love, e'en now, ye seem to lie;
In look, in shape, so innocent—so fair—
We start to see reposing angels there.

To thee, blest Genius, whose creative power
Still brightest burns in sorrow's darkest hour,

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Whose every work, with charms defying art,
Shines the pure mirror of a purer heart—
Though weak, and ah! unvers'd in critic lore,
Fain would the Muse her soul's full rapture pour;
But vain—where Feeling, Genius, Taste, conspire,
And all that see, must envy and admire—
Vain is the homage of a lay like mine;
To loftier harps thy glory I resign.
Let Campbell, Moore, or thine own Allan raise
A tribute, lasting as their Chantry's praise,
In echoing song to latest times reveal
What humbler Bards, alas! can only feel.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

Oh! lady, though thy rank be high,
And mine, alas! be low,
Turn not on me a scornful eye,
Nor bend an angry brow:

Let me but gaze as on the star
That decks the crest of night,
Which, though its sphere be distant far,
Still charms me with its light:

And others may their passion speak
And for thy favour vie,
While love shall only blend my cheek
And breathe but in my sigh,

MADAME MARA.

Previous to his residence at Bath, Doctor Harrington lived at Wells; and one day after dinner, whilst entertaining a circle of musical friends, a German family came under his window, of whom the father played the flute, the mother a guitar, a girl sung, and a boy carried round the hat. The tones of the girl's voice, and her brilliant execution of a piece of music they were well acquainted with, startled and delighted them. The Doctor sent out to desire they would

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come into the hall and repeat it; his family were now made partakers of his surprise and gratification. The Doctor, whose heart was as open to the cry of necessity, as his ear to the finest harmonies of Haydn, then inquired into the circumstances of the family, and was informed that the father, a Mr. Schemling, being disappointed of employment in London, whither he had proceeded from the Continent, had been compelled to this itinerant resource, as the only means of support. The Doctor could do little for him at Wells, which was not a musical place, but gave him letters to some influential persons in Bath, as a means of procuring patronage to undertake a morning concert. There, the girl's abilities did not fail to divest the Doctor's recommendation of its appearance of enthusiasm. She was heard, wondered at, and talked of: some amateurs instantly tendered their services to carry the father's project into effect; bills were printed, tickets issued and purchased; and the Doctor rode over to superintend in person the musical arrangements. The proceeds of this concert were sufficient to enable the family to return to London and thence to Germany, where their daughter, being placed under proper masters, began to develope her powers, grew up, married, and in a few years after revisited England, and, with a comet lustre, blazed upon its public as Madame Mara.

A FEW WORDS ON THE TRANSITORY NATURE OF EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

How often are we reminded from the pulpit, of the brevity and uncertainty of life, and of the little importance we should attach to earthly objects, or to things of an ephemeral nature. We are told that we are placed here for a period, and that we ought so to improve the time allotted to us, that we may look forward in humble confidence, to the hope of a blessed eternity. But, by degrees, precept loses its force with us, though we see daily confirmations of it in example. Not more alternating are the seasons, than are the prospects and the fortunes of humanity. While young and inexperienced, we indiscriminately proffer our confidence to every

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agreeable companion, and, it is only when time has given knowledge, and its invariable accompaniment, sorrow, that we learn how difficult it is to find that noblest of earth's acquisitions—a true friend. Often across our path have flitted the young and beautiful, in all the hey-day of animal spirits, and so gay and lovely do they appear, that we can hardly contemplate the possibility of affliction silencing their merriment, or of death withering their charms. But let a few months pass away and we shall behold those who rivitted our admiration, weighed down with grief, or some fond relative with tearful eyes, and whose heart is too sad to find vent in words, will point mutely, but expressively, to the church-yard, that treasure-house of all that gilded with joyousness the darksome vale of existence. Still, though feelings of regret may touch us for a time, and we may respect these warnings of the transitory nature of life and its pursuits, after the first shock is over, we relapse into apathy, lose our longings for immortality, and rush with a feverish craving after those empty vanities, "the end of which is death."

There are few things which more painfully illustrate how the freshness of exisistence fades, than the formal spirit with which, in after years, we receive an invitation to an evening party, where the mirthful dance, the song, and merriment prevails. We waste time at our toilet, beguiling the minutes by complaining how inconvenient it is to go to a hum-drum party, for which we have no inclination. But go we must, for forms sake; and, at a late hour in the evening, we enter the crowded ball-room. There we walk through a quadrille or two, yet which possesses too little excitement to dispel the sentiment of *ennui*, and after some fashionable small talk we make our *congé*, glad to escape from a scene so little congenial to our feelings.

Oh! for the buoyancy of childhood—for the mental elasticity of youth! Then with what eager delight did we receive a card, which requested "the pleasure of our company to an evening party"—a month hence. And the card whereon was this friendly summons, was placed conspicuously in front of the mirror, and there, day after day, would we look at it with as much admiration, as an R. A. would contemplate a newly discovered gem by Titian. The

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thought of the happiness in store for us, lightened our scholastic labours, and we studied the grammar with as much zest as if it had been the "Arabian Nights"—like Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, we triumphantly surmounted that *pons asinorum*—Entick's Dictionary—and our very arithmetical tables, taught us to compute the hours intervening between us and the elysium of the year. We were in a supreme good humour with every body, and every thing, and gave away our halfpence in a spirit of oriental magnificence to the itinerant suppliants for our charity. And if we did not live upon love or air, we subsisted almost on the brilliant colourings of imagination—our minds being too full to admit of our bodies being in a similar condition. And then what visions of glory visited us in our sleeping hours. Queen Mab conjured up all her brightest spells for us—how far those gorgeous idealities surpassed our most brilliant realities! Anticipation is indeed the paradise of the young—bitter disappointments have not taught them to doubt its maturing powers. At length the long expected day arrived, and, after what appeared an age, the coach too arrived, which was to convey us to our destination. We entered the vehicle, our appetites whetted for the luxuries which were prepared to gratify them, for though good Protestants, to say truth, we had fasted like Roman Catholics for the last two days. "Rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat!" went the massive knocker, and before the echoes had twice reverberated the door opened, and we were ushered into the hall, whence after leaving our hats and coats with the servant, we entered into a small anteroom, where our host and hostess received us with smiling countenances. And then came the maid, bearing a tray of tea and coffee, and delicious rout cake, lumps of twelfth cake, and bread and butter thinner than a wafer. And in our hurry to join the dancers, we took tea for coffee, forgetting also to sweeten it. But that was of little consequence, for being provided with a rout cake, we soon dispatched the somewhat unpalatable beverage. That finished, with the diffidence of a *debutant*, we were conducted into the ball-room, and as the blaze of light and the concentrated glance of a hundred bright eyes burst upon us, we felt our cheeks crimson, and were glad to edge into a corner, which, from its angular form, saved us from being longer the "observed

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of all observers." By degrees our confidence returned, and we gazed with admiration on the brilliant chandeliers and splended fittings up of the suite of apartments. And then we looked at the happy thoughtless beings whose graceful evolutions kept time with the enlivening music.

And there was one fair and delicate girl sitting by us, to whom we ventured to address a remark. And she, not discouraging us, our conversation shortly became animated, and then we found that her mind was as beautiful as her person. She discoursed of the poets and of their works, with a taste that charmed us, and made us oblivious of all beside. We thought but of her whose gentleness made an impression, which though we are now verging in years, time has failed to weaken. And where is she now? Where is that almost sinless image of the Deity? She is with her FATHER whose abode is in the Heavens, and her frail and mortal beauty is in the grave. In the very prime of youth was she called from a world, of which she was one of the holiest denizens. Divine mercy was extended to her, and though her sufferings were tedious, she was "faithful unto death," and won the believer's reward,—"a crown of life."

This is a melancholy theme, yet it shews the mutability of what excites our most fervent admiration—it shews how soon the zest we had for pleasure may be destroyed by time, or by circumstances. There are those, who like us have mourned the faithlessness of friends—have wept over the bereavement of their earliest, their purest attachments in life. Still who shall say, that such are not dispensations of mercy, inasmuch as they tend to wean our affections from the world? When all that we treasure is torn from us, even in the midst of society, a feeling of desolation oppresses the spirit. It is religion alone that will restore to us that freshness of perception, the departure of which is a source of discomfort. Religion will teach us to regard this life as preparatory to one which will endure through all eternity, and will support us under our trials with the happy assurance, that we are travelling to a country where we shall be re-united to our lost friends, and participate in the unalterable blessings of Divine Love.

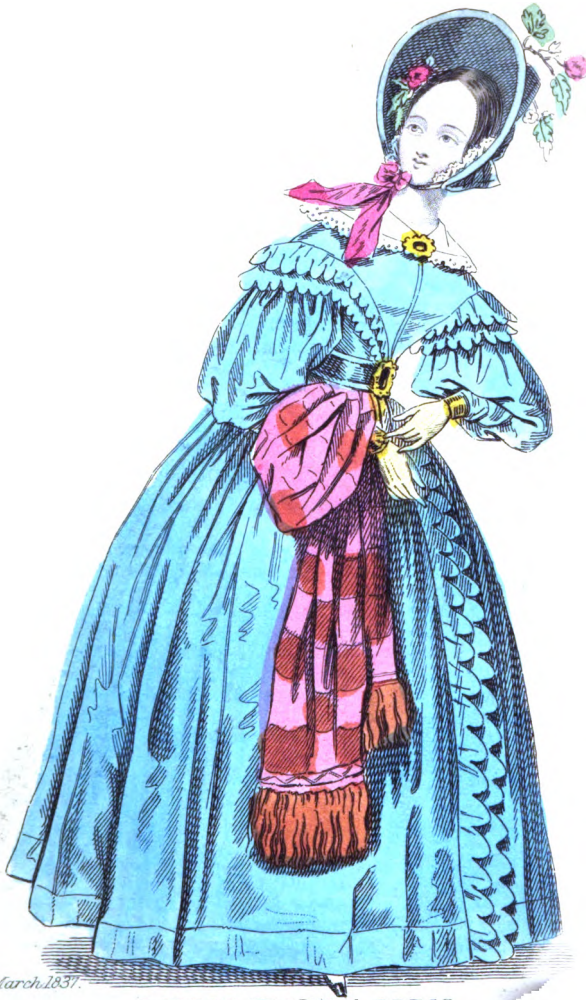
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Jos.h Robins.

ITALIAN OPERA COSTUME.



March 1837.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.

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ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

London Carriage and Walking Dress.—Blue satin robe, the *corsage* made quite up to the throat, and fitting exactly to the shape, is trimmed with a double lappel, cut at the edges in *dents* of a novel shape, it goes round the back and shoulders, and descends to the waist on each side of the front, forming the shape in the stomacher stile. The sleeve is tight a little way below the shoulder, and large from thence to the wrist. A double row of trimming corresponding with the lappel, goes down the centre of the skirt. Slate coloured velvet hat, an oval brim, the interior trimmed at the sides in a very light stile with *blonde illusion*, and a single pink flower, a light sprig of the same flowers, and a band of velvet adorns the crown; the *brides* are attached to the trimming of the interior of the brim, and are of pink figured ribbon. Velvet shawl of a new pattern, lined, wadded, and trimmed with a superb fringe.

Dress for Dinner Parties and the Italian Operas.—Straw coloured rep velvet robe, low *corsage* trimmed with folds *en cœur*, and a knot of ribbon in the centre of the bosom; short sleeves made tight, but partially covered with three falls of trimming of the same material, disposed in round hollow plaits, and surmounted by a knot of satin ribbon. Claret coloured velvet *chapeau toque*, a low round crown, the front arranged in the papillon stile, has the interior ornamented on the left side with a knot of satin ribbon, corresponding with the dress; a very long ostrich feather, the *barbes* of which are mingled with those of marabou, placed at the base of the crown, droops over the other side of the brim as low as the shoulder. Necklace and bracelets; fancy jewellery. White kid gloves, trimmed round the top with a wreath of marabous.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

Walking dress affords us no observations whatever this month; how indeed could we expect that ladies, whose costume would be sufficiently elegant to render a description of it acceptable to our fair readers, would venture out in such dreadfully inclement weather. Carriage dress affords some

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variety, and we shall select from it what we consider most worthy of the attention of our lovely subscribers.

Several large square satin shawls have appeared, they are of a large size, lined, wadded, and trimmed round with a broad band of sable. They are always of dark or full colours, and are worn either with robes or pelisses. Satin continues in favour for both, but the most novel of the latter are of *pou de soie*, with the back and front of the *corsage* ornamented with plaits at the sides, and tight sleeves trimmed with *mancherons* of a triple row, but with very little fulness, and arched in the centre. Where a shawl trimmed with fur is adopted, the border of the robe, or the pelisse, is frequently of fur to correspond. Mantelets continue in request both with robes and pelisses; they are always composed either of black velvet or taffetas, but the former are preferred. The majority are trimmed with sable. A few, but very few, are bordered with black lace.

Velvet, and rep velvet, continue to be employed exclusively for carriage hats and bonnets; we see scarcely any satin ones, and none of any kind of silk: the few satin ones that appear are of the drawn kind, and are only adopted in complete *negligé;* they are trimmed next the face with a very full *ruche* of blond, which is looped back at each temple by a small knot of ribbon, always of a light colour. Half dress bonnets are trimmed either with a bouquet of ostrich feathers of different lengths, or else a single long, curled ostrich feather, placed on the right side, and drooping over to the left; knots of ribbon complete the trimming, the latter is always the colour of the bonnet, but the feather may be either white only, or white tipped with the hue of the head-dress.

Rich silks, those of the damasked and brocaded kind, such as we have so often described, continue in request in evening dress, except for balls, for which crape, gauze, *tulle illusion*, and white satin are employed. The skirts of dresses continue to be worn very wide and long; even those of ball dresses are longer than we have ever observed them. *Corsages* are all cut low, some disposed in folds in the *cœur* stile; others are made tight to the shape, but trimmed with a lappel which forms a *fichu à la paysanne* before, and is retained in the centre of the bosom by a mosaic brooch, or one of precious stones. Sleeves vary exceedingly, but in the midst of the

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different forms that they exhibit, we cannot quote any actual novelty, nor indeed can we expect, so near the spring fashions, that any such should appear. We must, however, observe, that tight sleeves, which it was expected would become general, are very rarely seen, for although some are made so, they are always covered with trimmings, of one kind or another, that disguises their tightness, and renders them more becoming than the immense *berets* that preceded them.

Our readers will recollect that we predicted that trimmings would be in favour, that prediction is accomplished in its fullest extent; marabous, flowers, ostrich feathers, velvet, and beads are all employed in trimmings, and as they may be arranged in any form according to the taste of the dress-maker, they offer a greater degree of variety than we ever recollect. Some of the most remarkable trimmings are of flowers arranged in detached bouquets in the drapery stile, down one side of the dress, and turning back partially round the border, leaving the front of it untrimmed. Another very pretty stile consists of flowers disposed *en tablier*, but attached in such a manner as to form a *bouillon* down each side of the skirt. Feathers are disposed generally in detached bouquets at the bottom of the dress, and if they are of the marabou kind, a wreath formed of their down frequently ornaments the *corsage;* velvet is disposed in points, bands, or *dents de Scie:* and beads are employed either in rows forming a *cordon* of six or eight together, with knots of ribbon or bouquets of flowers placed on them at regular distances; or else they are arranged in waves. each finished by a gold ornament, or one of precious stones.

Turbans are decidedly the favourite *coiffure* in evening dress; crape, *gaze lisse*, cashmere, velvet, and rep velvet are all employed to form turbans. Gold, precious stones, and pearls are mingled with those materials, and in a degree of profusion which often spoils their effect, particularly when they are employed with velvet, which, though it is at present a good deal in favour, is, in our opinion, a material unfit for turbans, for it is too heavy to dispose in folds, if, however, it is adopted, it should be decorated with peculiar lightness; a single ostrich feather, with a brilliant ornament at the base, has a good effect. A bouquet of marabous placed far back, and waving in front over the summit of the turban, is, per-

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haps, still better, but gold bands, tassels, chains, in short any stile of decoration that is heavy, is in very bad taste. Small dress hats are next in favour to turbans; they are composed only of velvet, or rep velvet; an exceedingly pretty one has just appeared in the former, with the brim descending a little on one side, and turned up on the other; it is trimmed with a bird-of-paradise. Fashionable colours for *negligé* are generally of a dark kind, brown, puce, dark green, and violet. Pale pink, light blue, and straw are adopted in evening dress.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS MORNING DRESS.—Robe of *pou de soie*, it is a peculiar shade of pink *glace de blanc*, the *corsage* made quite up to the throat behind, but a little open in front; the sleeve is tight at the upper part, arranged near the elbow in a bouffant, which is surmounted by a double fall of trimming set on full, and edged with narrow white lace. The sleeve is quite tight from the elbow to the wrist, where it terminates with a row of lace set on plain. A row of silk ornaments of the half circle form, edged with lace, are laid one above another on the front of the shirt. Collar of the lappel form of English point lace, encircling the top of the *corsage*, and attached on the bosom by a knot of ribbon with floating ends. Clear India muslin cap, the caul rather high, and cut out very much at the back of the head, the trimming consists of a single row of English point lace, which entirely encircles it, and is turned up before and behind, the ends of the lace forming short lappets which hang loose. Sprigs of flowers ornament the front, and a band of ribbons passes across the caul, and under it, forming a bow behind. White cashmere shawl with an apple green border, and green and white fringe.

PARIS EVENING DRESS.—Robe of white cashmere, *corsage* cut low and tight to the shape, it is trimmed round the top with a fall of antique black lace, surmounted by a puffing of intermingled white satin and rose ribbon, The sleeves quite of the antique form, are nearly tight to the arm to the bend of it, where they are sloped out, so that the back part of the sleeve descends very low and rather full, somewhat in the Venetian stile, but considerably smaller, and rounded: it is

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Jos.h Robins.

PARIS MORNING DRESS.



PARIS EVENING DRESS.

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bordered with narrow black lace, embroidered at the back in coloured silks, and finished with *coques* of ribbon at the bend of the arm. The skirt is trimmed with a deep embroidery in detached patterns in coloured silks, toque of *rose noisette* velvet, the foundation is very low, it is trimmed with a profusion of white ostrich feathers, which droop over the aureole brim, the latter is decorated next the face with puffs of satin. A band and knot of ribbon round the foundations completes the trimming; satin shawl, a black ground figured in a large coloured pattern, it is trimmed with a broad band of ermine.

Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

The influenza has visited our capital in a milder form than it has appeared in England, but nevertheless, it has been in some degree detrimental to the fashions. The medical men prescribe warmth as a preservative against it, thus, when our *belles* do venture out, they are very much wrapped up. The only novelty in these comfortable costumes, is the appearance of cloth dresses, or rather we should say their re-appearance, for they came out in the beginning of the season, but did not take; latterly, however, they have been seen upon some ladies of high distinction, the favourite colours for them are emerald green, polish green, marron, and *bleu Louise*; they are trimmed with a single row of buttons only, and have the body and sleeves entirely tight. The most fashionable *coiffure* with a robe of this kind, is a *chapeau á la Puritaine*, it is composed of grey velvet, and trimmed with satin ribbons of the same colour, and grey ostrich feathers tipped with flame colour. Wadded *capotes* have not gone out as was expected with the frost, on the contrary, they are still the bonnet most generally adopted by our *élégantes*, there is no alteration in their form, but they are now usually finished with a veil of English point lace, and the *ruche* of blond or *tulle* which trims the interior of the brim, is ornamented only with knots of *velours épinglé*.

Balls have commenced with great spirit, the court has set the example which is very generally followed among the *haut ton*. Ball dress is extremely splendid, but it has one great fault, that is, that rich and heavy materials, as velvet, satin, &c. &c., are frequently employed for robes; this is very bad taste, they ought to be left to *chaperons*, or at least

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to ladies however young they may be who do not dance, but certainly *danseuses* should adopt those light and clear materials, that have so pretty an effect when they are agitated by the motion of the dance. One, and we think the prettiest of these rich dresses is of white *velours épinglé*, the skirt is raised a little on one side by a tuft of marabous, and a fringed knot of very pale blue silk, a draped *corsage* and tight sleeves trimmed with pale blue knots. Among the robes of light materials, we may cite as one of the most distinguished, a blue gauze dress striped with silver, it was looped up on each side by bouquets of roses and clematis; the under dress of white satin was trimmed with a narrow wreath of the same flowers, and tufts of them were employed to loop the draperies of the *corsage*, and to ornament the sleeves, in the *bouillons* of which they were tastefully intermingled. Some of the most elegant ball robes are of white *tulle illusions*, over very pale rose satin, they are trimmed with two *tulle* flounces, headed by *ruches* of rose coloured satin ribbon, and each flounce forming a *bouillon*, through which a rose coloured rouleau is passed. We may cite also as being in excellent taste, straw coloured crape dresses, open at the sides *en tablier*, but closed by sprigs of white thorn blossoms. Short sleeve descending nearly to the elbow, and forming three *bouillons* of the half large kind, each *bouillon* divided by sprigs of white thorn. The *corsage* was cut low, and trimmed with a blond mantilla, which was retained on each shoulder by small bouquets *en suite*. There is this year a singular innovation in ball coiffures, many even of our youngest married ladies dance in turbans and small hats. There are also fancy head-dresses to which we cannot exactly give a name, since they cover the head without being exactly of the form either of a hat or a turban. One of these that has made quite a sensation, is composed of green velvet embroidered in filagree gold, with incrustations of pearls and precious stones, and having at the back a *pouff*, and very broad lappets of gold blond. Another much admired head-dress is composed of *torsades* of beads which encircle the head like a net, so that the hair can be seen. The front is trimmed with two superb white ostrich feathers, placed on the right and left side, in such a manner as to form the shape of a V.

Head-dresses of hair are all low behind; and it was sup-

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posed that for balls the front hair arranged in bands, *à la Berthe*, would divide the vogue with ringlets, but the contrary is the case, for the latter are in a very great majority. *Bijoux*, flowers, and feathers are employed to ornament these head-dresses, indeed these three sorts of ornaments are sometimes united in one *coiffure*. The colours most in request are several shades of brown, green, slate colour, and fawn; pale rose blue, *oiseau*, lilac, and apple green.

NOVELTIES.

"QUITE GOOD ENOUGH."—Our own long and esteemed correspondent, Miss M. L. Beevor, has just published a small tract under the above title, which we can, with good conscience, safely recommend, as eminently appropriate for the purposes for which it is intended. "The '*Quite Good Enough*,' and '*I'm not so bad as others*,'" says the fair authoress, in her short preface, "are, unhappily, errors of opinion, and practice too prevalent with the bulk of mankind in every station, but particularly with those, for whom, (especially) this simple narrative is designed; and trusting, that it may tend to rouse some few at least, from a paralysing and fatal delusion; I commend it to the patronage of those, who are in the habit of lending and distributing books to the poor. Experience in this branch of social duty, has taught me, that with the latter, a *story* is far more likely to be read, understood, and remembered, than an *Essay*, and no slight acquaintance with their modes of thinking, and acting, has made me earnestly endeavour to adapt my tale to their mental and moral comprehensions and requirements." In the foregoing, we think her readers will agree with us, Miss Beevor has taken a correct view. Whilst the interest of the story is maintained throughout, every page inculcates some moral or religious sentiment highly honourable to the author.

PANORAMA OF MONT BLANC.——The judgment always evinced in the selection of subjects for this beautiful exhibition in Leicester-square, has ensured it more than the average order of patronage bestowed on the fine arts. Mont Blanc is the stupendous theme which Mr. Burford has, this season, chosen for his able pencil. It is a mighty subject to

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grasp, but, great as it is, it has not eluded the painter's skill. In one minute, we are transported to this region, where are presented vegetation and its antipodes. The chain of mountains, the ravines, the little towns, and the monastic buildings in this sublime region—all start up in rapid succession, and the best proof of the painter's fidelity are the feelings of awe which are awakened at this representation of nature in all her wild grandeur. The Panorama presents, "Immediately in front, the mountain monarch

> 'High o'er the rest displays superior state
> In grand pre-eminence supremely great.'

Its majesty and magnificence, unchanged in countless ages, its vastness here perceptible, and its height strikingly apparent, its white mantled head silvered with everlasting snow, where the foot of man has scarcely ever trod, or the eagle's wing dared to soar, rising with delicate brilliancy, without spot or blemish, in a pure atmosphere, against a deep blue sky: the surrounding elegant and slender needles, and subject Alps, 'sun-gilt spires, pinnacled on roofs of snow,' resembling the cupolas and minarets of some gigantic eastern temple. Directly below, forming a magnificent foreground, the Mer de Glace, and the Glaciers des Bois, and des Buissons, exhibit vast seas of sparkling crystal, and immense pyramids of sea green ice, splendidly illumined, shining in dazzling pomp, and the most harmonious mixtures of light and shade, seeming the effect rather of enchantment than of reality. Then comes a region abounding in the romantic and picturesque; vast and gloomy forests of lofty pine and larch, the rich tints of the luxuriant foliage contrasting beautifully with the delicate whiteness of the snow, torrents foaming over perpendicular cliffs, picturesque cottages and chalets, clinging to the almost inaccessible rocks, mountain, plain, and precipice, in ten thousand varied forms, blended by distance, and softened by the various tints of sunshine and shade. Lastly, at a tremendous depth, the verdant valley presents a fairy-like scene of fertility and cultivation. Nature has here bestowed her treasures with a bountiful hand, the beautiful, the terrific, fertility and barrenness, are finely contrasted; the seasons are united, and every climate brought together; the flowers of spring, the fruits of autumn,

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and the ice of winter, are seen at once under the richest rays of the summer sun."

PLAYING CARDS it is generally believed were invented for the amusement of one of the early kings of the line of Bourbon; but this belief is erroneous. Who the man was that invented these instruments of amusement and folly is not known, neither can we tell in what age they were invented. Our knowledge is limited to the country whence they come, viz. Egypt. The colours are two, red and black, which answer to the equinox. The suits are four, answering to the four seasons. Their emblems formerly were, and still are in Spain:—for the heart, a cup, the emblem of winter—the spade, an acorn, the emblem of autumn—a club, the trefoil, the emblem of summer, the diamond, a rose, the emblem of spring. The twelve court cards answer to the twelve months, and were formerly depicted as the signs of the zodiac. The fifty-two cards answer to the fifty-two weeks in the year. The thirteen cards in each suite to the number of weeks in a lunar quarter. The aggregate of the pips amounts to the number of days in the year.

TINTS OF TALENT.—This is a volume which more than bears out its title—its contributors displaying rather more than the mere "tint" of "talent." It is a collection of agreeable tales and poems, far above the usual standard of verses to which such distinction is often by courtesy awarded. Unlike the Annuals, it relies upon its literary strength for success, and the experiment has certainly answered. Among its contributors are Delta, Horace Smith, Clare, and our own correspondents Miss Beevor and Maurice Harcourt.

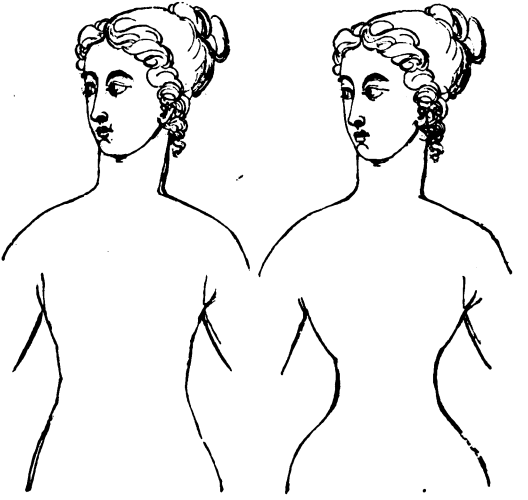
THE JUVENILE EVERY DAY BOOK.—This is a repertory of useful knowledge culled from the choicest sources, and adorned with many illustrated engravings, from which "children of a larger growth" might derive both amusement and advantage.

COULSON ON THE DEFORMITIES OF THE CHEST.—We would earnestly recommend the perusal of a work under the above title, to that portion of our readers which have a rising family of daughters. It presents a faithful but a melancholy portrait of the organic evils which result from the injurious practice of tight stay-lacing. Among the frightful cir-

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plaints of which this foolish system is the source, are enumerated cancer and consumption.

Mr. Coulson simply and distinctly describes the method by which the baneful consequences of physical mal-conformation may be remedied. His book is illustrated with plates of the human structure, which, at once shew the superior symmetry of the form, which has not been compressed by stays, to that of the deluded votary of a vain and destructive habit. The following representation must speak more forcibly than words to every reasonable mind. To use means for contracting the space necessary for containing the machinery of the human frame is very like presumption; and we hope yet to see the period, when fashion will expel the folly of *tight* lacing.



The Natural Waist. *The Artificial Waist.*

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ALLOWAY KIRK.

This is the spot which Burns has rendered immortal by his inimitable *Tam O'Shanter*; to whom, when mounted "on his grey mare, Meg,"

> "—— Glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
> Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze."

The remains of Alloway Kirk lay within a few yards of the road leading from Ayr to Carrick. It is a place of extreme antiquity, but has long been decaying. In the burial ground lie the remains of the poet's father, over whom is placed a stone, which bears the following inscription:—

This stone was erected to the Memory of
WILLIAM BURNESS,
Who died Feb. 13, 1784, *aged* 63 *years, and was buried here.*

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The Poet and his brother Gilbert abbreviated the family name from Burness to Burns.

——————— A name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind,
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed,
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath—
A straw-thatched roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to Heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given!

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour,—
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power. HALLECK.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

The night on which the second reading of the Union Bill was debated in the Irish Parliament, presented scenes which can never be effaced from the memory of those by whom they were witnessed. The terrors occasioned by the late rebellion had not yet subsided; those Protestants who wished to preserve the legislative independence of their country, hesitated to unite with their Catholic brethren, whom they had for centuries viewed with suspicion; the Catholics, dispirited and hopeless, dreaded to renew civil dissensions which had already produced so much bloodshed and desolation; the lower ranks, crushed and broken down by the suppression of the late insurrection, looked on with smothered indignation, dreading lest their murmurs should be punished as treason. The sullen silence without doors was powerfully

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contrasted with the energies displayed within; the supporters of the Union were assailed with torrents of invective, sarcasm, and eloquence, such as were never before poured forth in any deliberative assembly; while the advocates of the measure spoke as if they were unconvinced by their own arguments, seeming, and very probably feeling, heartily ashamed of the business in which they were engaged. The ministry and their friends justly dreaded the excitement which the orations of the popular advocates were so likely to produce; they trembled at every whisper, lest it might announce the beginning of some fierce commotion; they watched every opening of the door, lest it might admit some terrified herald of an approaching mob, or perhaps an irritated multitude prepared for bloody vengeance. One of the patriots had just concluded an animated appeal, sufficient almost to rouse "the very stones to mutiny," and a friend of the minister rose to reply.

Mr. Keily had every right to worship Fortune:

> "She rais'd him from a coachman's fate,
> To govern men and guide the state."

It were long to tell the process by which this worshipful member had transferred himself from the box to the inside of the carriage; enough to say that such a change had been effected; but the circumstances by which he obtained a lovely partner to share his seat in the vehicle cannot be dismissed so briefly. One of the modes adopted by the English government for the extirpation of Popery, was a law, enacting, that if the son of any Papist possessing property should come over to the established church, he should be at once secured the inheritance of all his father's possessions, to the complete exclusion of the rest of the family. For the honour of human nature be it recorded, that very few availed themselves of this detestable enactment, and those who did found themselves shunned by all the gentry of the country, whether Protestant or Catholic. Crosby Moore, the fifth son of a respectable Catholic, had, by a course of degrading vice, provoked the resentment of his father, a gentleman of the old school; and, finding that his calls for money were disregarded, he took the advice of the degraded woman whom he had married, read his recantation, and became, at the same moment, an

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orthodox Protestant, and a wealthy heir. His parents died of broken hearts, his brothers and sisters were thrown helpless on the world, but he had lands and money, and his mean soul desired no other consolation. He was soon, however, forced to endure some bitter mortifications; the gentry of the country refused to hold social intercourse with such a wretch; the peasants muttured curses as they passed him; his amplest alms could scarcely wring from the most wretched beggar a reluctant blessing. He had an only daughter, and being unable to match her with any of the gentry, he gave her to John Keily, Esq. late coachman to the Earl of Clontarf, but now, by virtue of money acquired by unknown chances, M. P. for the independent borough of Dromore, containing three voters, viz. the said John Keily, his butler, and his groom, and one of his Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

After this piece of private history, the reader is fully prepared to appreciate this worthy's oration, from which we have too long digressed. After a long and laboured eulogium on the wisdom of government, Mr. Keily proceeded to a topic almost exhaustless with persons of his class, abuse of the country that gave him birth. In the midst of the stale and hackneyed vulgarisms which he was inflicting on the patience of the honourable house, a groan, then a smothered, though indignant, exclamation was heard from the gallery, and produced not a little confusion. The cries of order were deafening; the speaker's voice, heard high over the tumult, ordered that the rioter should be brought to the bar; the military supporters of the ministry put their hands to the spot where their swords ought to be; the bribed civilians commenced to secure their pockets. After a few minutes the sergeant-at-arms, appeared at the bar, and said that it was only a young gentleman who had been suddenly seized with a fit, and that measures had been taken for his removal to his lodgings. The debate was then resumed, and the interruption speedily forgotten.

The young gentleman whose indisposition had been so ill-timed was borne to the lobby of the house, and it was long before the restoratives that were applied could bring him to his senses. On his recovery he gave his name to one of the messengers who attended him by order of the speaker, Moore

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O'Hara, 9, Trinity College, and departed. Now as we hate all mysteries, we shall take the trouble of explaining the causes of O'Hara's agitation. When Edward Moore, the elder brother of Crosby, found himself robbed of his property, by the iniquity of the law, and the perfidy of his brother, he retired to America, and there married the daughter of Mr. O'Hara, whom similar events had previously driven from his country. Detesting a name which his brother had disgraced, he took that of his father-in-law, and, for a long time, concealed from his children the real origin of his family. At the commencement of the American war, he had four sons grown up to man's estate, who all joined Washington's army, and fell in defence of American independence. The youngest was killed in storming the redoubt that protected the English lines at York Town, and he left behind him a boy three months old, the Moore O'Hara of our history. After the restoration of peace, Edward Moore returned to Ireland with his grandson, having sold all the property he possessed in the States; his altered name, his changed fortunes, and, more than all, the ravages which time and sorrows had made in his countenance, precluded all possibility of recognition; and when Keily gave Mr. O'Hara a lease of the ruins of Moore Hall, he little dreamed that he was letting it to the rightful owner. Brought up in solitude with his grandfather, young Moore O'Hara indulged all the reveries which youthful sensibility and bright fancy inspire: in one of his sporting excursions he was alarmed by a shriek of terror, as he was just about pulling the trigger at a patridge; he threw down the gun, and hastened to console the trembler, whom he found to be a young and lovely female. Before he took the gun again he discovered that the lady was Miss Keily, and he was instantly struck with intense admiration of her beauty, which was not long in kindling into love.

The object of this ardent passion did not, I am sorry to say, merit his pure affections; she was a coquette of the highest head; nay, people do assert that the whole scene of starting and terror had been purposely contrived to attract the attention of the agile sportsman whose figure looked so graceful at a distance. Still the noble feelings and glowing love which dictated the ardent vows that Moore O'Hara at

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every opportunity poured into her ear might have warmed the coldest heart, had not circumstances occurred which diminished their intercourse. During the fearful year of 1798, Mr. Keily was what people then called "an active magistrate;" meaning thereby, one ready to exercise any act of severity and oppression against such as were the objects of suspicion. Tales of bitter wrong were frequently narrated in the old hall, for to old O'Hara the peasantry had been taught, by his uniform kindness, to look up to as a protector. It was with some surprise that the old gentleman saw his grandson, on such occasions, attempt to palliate, and even excuse, some of Keily's outrages: a little inquiry made him acquainted with the cause, and he instantly resolved to send his beloved boy to college; a step which unwillingness to part with the last representative of his once numerous family had long delayed. He made no mention of the cause to his grandson, but before his departure he revealed to him the entire history of his family, and saw with strong presentiments of hope the uncontrollable emotion produced by the narration.

Furnished by his grandfather with letters of introduction to the leading patriots of the day, Moore O'Hara became soon an enthusiast in politics. His attachment to Ireland absorbed all other feelings; even love was for a time subdued by patriotism, and the image of his mistress became less vivid in his heart as the desire to serve his country increased. Perhaps the evident coldness with which he was treated by her when they casually met in Dublin, contributed in some degree to effect this change; perhaps—but let us throw speculation aside, and confine ourselves to the simple fact—the lover was for some time lost in the patriot. O'Hara's career in the University was brilliant in the extreme, and his contributions to the Dublin periodicals attracted notice even at the castle. The minister, anxious to get some person on his side, who could speak in the house, applied to Keily, as an agent to negotiate for the purchase of O'Hara's conscience at any price. Keily applied to his daughter, and with unfeigned pleasure learned the influence that she possessed over the young man. Moore O'Hara was soon a favoured guest at the house—praised, flattered, honoured, and followed. In such intoxication the death of his grandfather was an almost

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unheeded event; perhaps there was even a lurking feeling of pleasure that his dissent could not be expressed against a union which he certainly would never have approved. At length, O'Hara mustered courage to venture on a direct proposal to the young lady, and was told that supporting the political principles of the father would probably ensure the hand of the daughter. With a heavy heart O'Hara left the room; on that evening he went into the gallery of the House of Commons, and the consequences have been already recorded. Though a rigid Catholic, old O'Hara had educated his grandson as a Protestant, at the request of the boy's mother; when, therefore, he heard Keily denounce as bigots and traitors all who professed the religion of Rome, his heart revolted at the insult offered to a creed, one of whose most zealous professors had so long, by his actions, given the lie to such an atrocious calumny, by unwearied benevolence and kindness to himself.

After leaving the house our hero returned to college, and was informed by the porter that an aged gentleman had been inquiring for him, and had been admitted, on his urgent request, to wait for him in his chambers. O'Hara hastened across the courts, and found in his rooms a tall bony figure, wrapped in a military cloak, with a broad brimmed hat, by which the features were completely shaded. After his entrance, there was a long interval of silence. At length O'Hara requested his visitor to be seated: the stranger silently took off his hat, and showed a countenance sufficiently remarkable, but which O'Hara could not remember to have seen before; and yet there was some reminiscence, like the fading recollections of a dream, that acted powerfully on the young man's imagination. O'Hara repeated his request: the stranger replied—

"Before doing so, I must know whether Moore O'Hara has yet consummated his treason—"

"How, sir? do you dare to couple the name of O'Hara with treachery? do you, a stranger, dare to insult me, in my own rooms?"

"A stranger! what, then, have you never seen me before?"

"Never, sir; that is—" Memory again made an effort,

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but the result was complicated and confused. "Never, sir, that I remember."

"But you *have* seen me, Moore O'Hara; before, however, we interchange another word, I must know whether you have become a traitor to your country, and the hireling slave of a detestable faction?"

"Neither, by mine honour!" said O'Hara, warmly. "I have been tried—I have been tempted, but my part is henceforth taken; I fling love to the winds, and clasp my country to my heart; I will never support the enemies of Ireland, so help my God!"

"Heaven register the oath!" said the stranger; "now I recognize my brother's heir. Yes, Moore; you were but a child when I returned from Spain, and found my brother an alien in the house of his fathers, educating you in the hated faith of our persecutors. My dirk was bared against your life—I see that your memory recalls the circumstance. My brother and I parted as deadly enemies. When, in a distant land, I heard that my country was in arms against her oppressors, I returned to share in her fortunes; but before I landed the insurrection was quelled, for the dastard cowards were readier to murder their brethren in cold blood than to meet their enemies in the field. Time and travel taught me to disregard those differences of opinion in religion, hatred of which had once almost led me into crime. I sought my brother, found him on his death-bed, and promised to observe his last commands, which were to watch over your safety. I now present to you three letters; their perusal will complete your cure."

O'Hara started—they were in the well-known hand of his mistress—he took them, saw that they were directed to one of her father's old servants—they proved, beyond possibility of doubt, that she was dishonoured and depraved.

Early on the following morning, O'Hara and his relative passed from the college gates in a chaise, and went no one knew whither.

* * * * *

Twenty-five years after the occurrences we have just detailed, a stranger arrived in the village of Dromore, accompanied by his two sons, and astounded the landord by the

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knowledge of the country which he displayed in all his inquiries. He learned, without surprise, that John Keily, sen. slept with his fathers, (if he ever had any,) and that John the second, a chip of the old block, or rather, as the negro said, "all block himself," reigned in his stead. Of Miss Keily, the intelligence given was, that she had been married to a wealthy East Indian, had been detected in an intrigue with her own servants, had been driven out by her husband, and not received by her brother, and was now, probably, dead, or a beggar. Moore O'Hara, for he was the stranger, heard the fate of her whom he had loved so fondly with bitter anguish; but not without some joy at his own escape. He purchased the estate of his ancestors from John the second, whose extravagance seemed likely to bestow on Beelzebub the wealth which Mammon had given to John the first, and is now one of the most respectable country gentlemen in Ireland.

A few months after he had taken up his residence at Moore Hall, he received a message requesting him to visit a poor woman at the point of death. He was conducted to a wretched cabin, and there, stretched on mouldy straw, half covered by a torn rug, beheld the form of her whom he had so madly loved. We will not record her tale of sin and suffering—bitterly indeed had her crime been expiated. But Moore O'Hara took care to lessen the agonies of her last moments, which were rapidly approaching, by every attention which a generous soul could bestow; and this was the only circumstance that saddened THE EXILE'S RETURN.

ORIGIN OF TRAINS.

The first dresses which had trains were clothes torn, as signs of mourning, which were worn at funerals. In imitation of these ragged habiliments, trains were invented; and according to the dignity of the deceased, the trains were longer or shorter. The use of these long trains, then denominated tails, at funerals, insensibly brought in the fashion of wearing them in other ceremonies. The annalist of the order of St. Francis, Lucas Wadinghus, remarks, that about the year 1435, Pope Eugene IV. gave to the monks of the

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Franciscan order the power of absolving those females who wore long trains; provided that they wore them more in compliance with the usages of the country in which they lived, than from any "evil intention." The *polonese*, once a very fashionable dress, about the middle, or rather the latter end of the eighteenth century, had the skirts drawn through the pocket-holes, so that the train hung out on each side, though tucked up; these *floating* portions were named *wings*, and the middle the train; but this train did not *train* at all. Several ladies murmured at no longer being able to wear a train.

THE MANIAC MAID—A FRAGMENT.

BY THE LATE CHARLES MAY.

"Fair hands fresh flowers are culling
To deck the youthful bride;
The bridegroom's heart is swelling
With triumph and with pride;
Yet, ere those flowers shall fade, or even
Ere night their charms shall fold,
The bride shall be to madness driven,
The bridegroom's heart be cold!
For he who weds the fairest fair
Must many a rival's hatred dare!"

The sybil's omen-minstrelsy
Smote Albert's passing ear—
A laugh of scorn was his reply,
For Albert knew not fear—
He spurred his steed impatient by,
His hour of bliss was near.

Before the altar stand
The happy, noble pair,
Hand closely locked in hand,
Lips breathing mutual prayer.

Breathe it humbly, bridegroom, thou
Murmurest thy latest vow!

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Fated bride, the whispered prayer,
That faintly breaks the listening air,
Is the last, that, soft and slow,
E'er from Reason's fount shall flow!

Young Albert's brow is burning
With rapture and with pride,
As from the altar turning,
He hails his Laura, bride!
She veils her cheek's deep blushes,
In native virtue coy,
While from her eyes fast rushes,
The flood of troubled joy.

Sudden as lightning's flash,
The assassin's dagger gleams,
Fast, from the deadly gash,
The bridegroom's life-blood streams!

From Laura's lips one deep wild cry
Upon the name of Albert calls,
As on his bleeding breast she falls,
And clasps his form in agony.

Chill horror thrills each gazer's frame,
To witness brighter scenes that came—
Aghast they see the maniac maid,
Wild laughing hug the unconscious dead.

Fulfilled the sybil's song of woe—
The bridegroom's heart is cold and low—
The flowers that decked the bride, are now
Twined around her wildered brow!

TIME'S WARNING.

Youth in an idle moment stood,
Time's changing hour-glass eyeing;
The ebbing sand too plainly show'd
How swift the hours, were flying.

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But faster still the thoughtless boy
The sand-heap wish'd to lessen,
And roughly shook the useful toy,
The stream of time to hasten.

Time smil'd to see the youngster's hand
The fruitless effort making,
No faster fell the dwindling sand
For all the angry shaking.

"Such is this dying earth-worm, man!"
Thus I heard Time exclaiming,
"Idly to waste life's little span,
Unceasingly he's aiming.

"He first, just like this idle boy,
Watches my atoms creeping;
Slowly the moments seem to fly—
He deems that Time is sleeping.

"*Then shakes the sand*, to speed my flight,
In folly's circle dancing;
But sees not, till it is too late,
How fast I've been advancing.

"But stretch'd upon the bed of death,
And looking o'er the past,
He'll ask, with quick and falt'ring breath,
Why I have flown so fast.

"Go, youth, improve thy fleeting day,
Time gone is past recalling;
Nor longer strive to speed my flight,
Full fast the sand is falling" H. R.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Here rests old Mammon—hard his fate is,
That folks should read his tombstone—gratis.

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HASSEIN AND YA-O-BI.

A PERSIAN STORY.—BY MRS. HOFLAND.

In the midst of his glory, when the kingdoms of the earth lay prostrate at his feet, and the wealth of unmeasured territories was poured into his lap, Mirimeir, sovereign of Persia (in the morning of his days, and with the rose of health glowing on his countenance) yet breathed a secret sigh for some unknown source of gratification.

Hairiri, his Vizier, was beloved of the Sultan as the brother of his soul, he alone could approach the royal presence in the hour of silence and solitude, and enquire "why a cloud obscured the face of the sun? a sigh arose from those lips that were the disposers of kingdoms?"

"Thou knowest," replied Mirimeir, "that my desire of knowledge is unbounded, that my heart thirsteth for it as the flowers of summer for the dews of evening. Hence have I called to my court the wise and learned of all nations, from the banks of the sacred Ganges even to the Danube. I have laden them with riches, used them with kindness, and exalted them by honours; and hence has the wisdom of grey hairs been poured into the ears of my youth, and the discoveries made by years of wearisome watchfulness communicated to me without the labour of study. "But in one point," continued the monarch, "must my research be for ever in vain.—The Bramins of Indostan will not reveal the sacred mysteries of their religion to any human being, save the members of their own caste, and those initiated into the duties of the priesthood. The mines of Golconda cannot bribe them, nor the hand of power compel them; how then shall the fever of my desires be slaked by the stream of information on that mysterious worship, which remains shut up in those breasts where it is treasured far more than life?"

"O thou, whom the universe obeys," replied the Vizier, "give ear to thy slave; behold my young brother Hassein! He is fair as the rose, graceful as the bamboo, and replete with intelligence. The dialect of every country in India is known to him, and with the insinuating gentleness of youth, he has the reflecting memory of age. Shall he not then go forth, and win with the tongue of dissimulation, that know-

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ledge denied to power by the hands of pride and obstinacy? So shall the will of Alla be fulfilled, and the Sultan Mirimeir be first in wisdom and in glory."

The mighty monarch smiled graciously on this intention, and Hairiri hastened from the royal presence to seek the youthful Hassein, and inspire him with the zeal and diligence necessary for a task so delicate and important, and on the wise fulfilment of which hung the lives and honours of all his race. He was well aware also, that although years must pass before his mission could be completed, but few hours must intervene ere it commenced; for it is not the custom of kings to consider that the instruments of their will, have minds to be strengthened, passions to be assuaged, and affections to be soothed.

The gay Hassein was exercising his javelin in the midst of a circle of boys of his own age, when the Vizier Hairiri called him thence to reveat the will of the Shah, which sent him far from his natal plains, and his beloved companions, and imposed on his ingenuous nature a task from which his bosom turned with loathing; for the face of heaven was not more open than the breast of Hassein. The Vizier was aware of this, and he permitted the sorrow and the anger of youth to exhaust their strength, ere he poured the oil of flattery over his perturbed spirits, and awakened in him that desire of exerting his talents, and accomplishing his object, so dear to the aspiring mind of youth.

When the sun rose on the following morning, Hassein, mounted on an Arabian steed, and attended by two faithful domestics on camels laden with provisions, bade a long farewell to the splendid palaces of Ispahan, and the embraces of that beloved brother who had supplied to him the loss of both his parents. He was yet only in his twelfth summer, but he was tall and graceful as the reed on the banks of Zernbedden, and skilled in the martial exercises and athletic games of his court. His habit bespoke him of high rank, for his scarlet vest was embroidered with gold; his girdle shone with flowers of onyx and rubies, and the soft folds of his ample turban were whiter than the fleecy snow of Caucasus.

But at this time the fire ceased to illumine his young eyes, and the soft songs of Sadi, the poet of Schiraz, thrilled not

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on his tongue. He went forth depressed as an exile, believing that no country was so fair as that from whence he was driven; no hearts so tender as those from whom he was divided: and it was not until he had passed the boundaries of Persia, and entered the delightful valley of Cachemire (the paradise of India), that his eye looked round with delight, and the buoyancy of youthful curiosity stimulated him to enquiry, and rewarded him with pleasure.

The guides and attendants of his journey passed with him through this land of wealth, in which ten thousand villages, watered by streams—sheltered by mountains—and shaded by trees, spread over a vale, rich in all the blessings of life, and where the tiger prowls not, nor the lion roars; where beauty dwells even in the humblest cottage, and the noblest forms are beheld in the commonest occupations of life.

From thence they brought him forward to Delhi, where he first beheld the gentoos, with whom he was henceforth compelled to associate, and first entered those pagodas, where he was commanded to worship. The splendour of the city, the gentle manners of its inhabitants, and the beauty of its neighbourhood, reconciled him to the possibility of residing in a similar place, and the novelty of all around him stimulated his desire of penetrating the country still farther, and investigating all that was most worthy research; under these feelings he now parted with his guides, and abandoned himself to pursuing his way as a fugitive, according to the plan laid down by the Vizier.

In due time Hassein reached the ancient and beautiful city of Benares, where the mythology of the Hindoos is taught in all its purity, by the holy Bramins, whose especial duty it is to instruct the youth separated for the priesthood. To seek some one of these men, to gain his friendship, and obtain his protection, was the great object of the wanderer; and for this purpose he hastily traversed the streets, and with an air of awe and humility entered the pagodas.

Every where was he struck with the appearance of wealth and population presented in the crowded streets of the city, and the beauty and fertility of its surrounding gardens; and he confessed that neither the magnificence of Ispahan, the fertility of Cachemire, nor the splendour of Delhi, could compete with the united beauties of Benares. Full of wonder

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and delight, he hastened from one object of attraction to another, forgetful that his money was exhausted, his task unentered upon, and that he was a stranger and an alien to all around him.

Hassein had visited temples dedicated to Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva the destroyer. He had gazed upon Krishen, Kamaneda, and Ganesa with the elphant's head, and felt as if it were impossible for him to conform to the worship of such monstrous beings, even in appearance; but just as the sun was declining he entered a lofty pagoda, in which one noble image alone filled a shrine, on which was scattered a thousand flowers. Before it knelt one venerable Bramin, whose eye was yet in the fulness of manhood, though his beard was white with the snows of age, and his hand clasped that of a young daughter, of form and countenance so lovely that she arrested the eye of Hassein, as if worthy herself to be the idol of the temple.

The words of the father (poured out to the God Indra, whose priest he was), spoke of sorrow for the loss of a beloved wife, and the tears of his daughter flowed at the mention of her lamented mother, Yet they sought for resignation and expressed submission; and as they arose, consolation was seen on the brow of the father and benevolence sat throned on his lip. He turned to the youthful stranger with a countenance full of benignity, and enquired how he might serve him?

"Father!" said Hassein, making a low salam, and kissing the hem of his garment as he spoke, "you behold in me an unhappy orphan, hitherto estranged from the land, and the religion of his fathers. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father, a Bramin of your own tribe, travelling to assuage his sorrow for her loss, paid the debt of nature in the plains of Persia. In that land have I been nurtured, in the books of the Koran have I been instructed, but although cherished by the Sultan and loaded with kindness by his Vizier, the sage Hairiri, my soul hath spurned even these golden chains, and I have fled hither, as to the land of my fathers, to seek in poverty the rights of my caste, and the religion which is my birth-right. Take me, I pray thee, as thy servant or thy slave, but reject me not, for am I not of thy kindred and thy blood?"

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"Rise, son of my brother!" said Ammiader, in a voice kind and familiar; whilst his child put forth her little hand also to raise him, and in a short time Hassein found himself eating bread in the house of the good Bramin, who accepted him as one sent from Indra himself to supply to him the companion he had lost.

Day after day passed now with the swiftness of a morning cloud, and Hassein soon believed that no country on earth was so fair as Benares; no worship so glorious, or so pious, as that of the God Indra, who is lord of the skies in the heavens, and the gardens upon earth. It was his delightful employment to partake with Ya-o-bi the duty of selecting, both morn and even, flowers of the choicest hues, and to sprinkle them with waters of the purest chrystal, ere the Bramin offered them in sacrifice to that mild and munificent deity, who rejects the blood of every living thing. This offering completed, he studied the sacred Bedas, read in the holy Shaster, or sat at the feet of his master, listening with profound veneration to the unfolding of those mysteries in the sacred volumes which the tongue of maturity alone could teach. Thus was his imagination awakened, his enthusiasm fired, and he became an ardent proselyte to that worship he was born to deride.

In all these hours of an intercourse so endearing and interesting, Ya-o-bi partook, for she was herself sacred, and devoted from her birth to the service of the pagoda. When the hours allotted to instruction were past, she would leave her father to his meditations, and go forth with the young stranger to those gardens of delight that surrounded their dwelling, which was itself as a bower of honey-suckle. Then would she point out whatever was most lovely in the objects around them, or most lofty in the distant landscape; and in turn would listen, with all the eagerness of joy, to Hassein, while he described the matchless flowers of Persia, and the palaces of Ispahan. Then would he sing to her the songs of Sadi, and recite the poems of Ferdusi, until she warbled the former and repeated the latter with a pathos more touching than his own. There were moments when the dove-like eyes of Ya-o-bi filled with tears, as she perused the flowing verses of the Persian bards, when they extolled the unrivalled hue of their own roses, and the soul-entrancing melody of their

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bul-bul, fearful that these charms of his infancy might reclaim the wanderer to his native plains. At these moments the hand of Hassein would wipe away those tears with a brother's kindness, and he would restore her countenance to its brightest smile, by an assurance, "that the rose of Benares growing by *her* side, and the bul-bul that sung above *her* head, were more dear to him than all which Persia boasted or her poets sang."

Ammiader, like many Bramins, was also a merchant and a man of power and wealth. He dealt in diamonds and golden tissues; and when he perceived the down of manhood deepen on the lip of Hassein, he instructed him on the subject of his merchandize, and confided to him the most important projects, and the disposal of the richest bales; and when he had attained the age of sixteen years, he sent him forth to the distant kingdom of Siam, and the Isle of Java, to extend his commerce and increase his substance.

Hassein was naturally courageous and active, and his heart panted to prove its love and fidelity towards a master so munificent, a friend so generous; therefore, he set out on his journey with a gladsome breast, though the tears of the gentle Ya-o-bi damped his ardour. For the space of nineteen moons he prosecuted his journey with a vigour no danger could allay, and a prudence far beyond his years. He returned to receive the praises and thanks of Ammiader, and to perceive that with the garb of early womanhood, his beauteous daughter (lovelier by a thousand graces than before) had assumed a timid and fearful air, and shrunk from him as a stranger. It was now Hassein first began to ask his own heart, "if he were not indeed an alien and a deceiver?" and when again he entered on the service of the temple, his conscience upbraided him as one unworthy the high office he partook. The agony of his soul was visible in his countenance, and the cold drops that bedewed his brow; and Ya-o-bi, forgetful of all but the pity and alarm which filled her bosom, flew to his assistance, and in the tender soothings of woman's kindness, restored his soul to peace.

But day after day the same sorrow returned, for the floodgates of affection were unlocked; and although the kindness of the yielding Ya-o-bi from time to time assuaged his anguish, and opened even the promise of bliss beyond the

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dreams of hope, still was the cup of anguish on his lip, and the cold hand of retribution lay pressing on his heart. A thousand times did he resolve to lay bare the secret of his soul to the Bramin, and beseech him to inflict on him the severest penance; but as often did the dread of being torn for ever from Ya-o-bi unman his soul. Could *he* swell the flood of tears she had already shed for his sorrows? Could *he* bid her blush for the sins of him to whom the fondest wishes of her virgin heart were given? Impossible!

As these grievous thoughts, the offspring of perplexity and sorrow, agitated the bosom of Hassein; the Bramin, Ammiader, approached him with an air of more than his wonted benignity,—"My son!" said he, "why wanderest thou alone in the grove, when all around is silent and gloomy? but why should I enquire, for have I not read the secret of thy soul, and am aware that thou lovest Ya-o-bi with more than a brother's affection? In the modesty of thine own nature thou hast mistrusted the liberality of mine—but know, that the son I received in sorrow, I will honour in joy; for thou hast been to me as the sun which dispelleth the dark mists of the valley, and giveth to us the earth and its beauty. Take then my beloved Ya-o-bi, and with her a portion of my great treasure, and let my aged eyes be closed by the babes of your love."

As these words were uttered by the Bramin, the agony of remorse and the tenderness of gratitude alike penetrated the bosom of Hassein. He fell at the feet of Ammiader, and bathed his curling tresses in the dust before him; tears streamed from his downcast eyes, and his limbs trembled as if the angel of death had shaken him, as he answered,—"Father! thou hast received me as thy son, but I was unto thee as a serpent; for behold I won thy love by a *lie*, and listened to thee for the purpose of extracting that divine knowledge, which I was commanded by my master, the Shah of Persia, to learn. 'Tis true I have become thy convert, my inmost soul is devoted to the worship of Indra, and my heart is solely given to thee, and thy beauteous daughter. Since I entered thy dwelling no falsehood hath defiled my lips—no selfish desires polluted my fidelity, but what availeth the virtue that is planted on a soul capable of iniquity."

As Hassein uttered these words the horror and sorrow of

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the Bramin were manifest in his countenance, which was wild with terror and dismay; for his own sense of culpability in having suffered a stranger, and a child, to deceive him in a point of such infinite magnitude, far exceeded the remorse and anguish even of the deceiver, and when at length words were given him he could only exclaim:—

"Rise, wretched youth, the *murderer* of thy friend, and father! the sacred Ganges, in which I have this very night performed my ablutions, shall to-morrow receive me for a victim. Rise, I have forgiven thee! thou wert young and obedient, and thy sin was not thine own but another's; whereas, thy love, thy diligence, and thy courage, sprang from thy own heart as a fountain of pure waters. Take then the last embrace of the father of poor Ya-o-bi, and"—

"Nay, father, nay! I conjure you do not die," cried Hassein in agony, "it is for me to die, the unhappy aggressor, blest if by a death of lingering torture I may avert the wrath of the Sultan from the house of my father. Provide me, I beseech thee, with the means of instant departure, and send with me two faithful slaves that may repeat to thee the courage with which I meet my fate, and the safety of that knowledge thou hast committed to my breast. So shall the soft tears of the fair Ya-o-bi be wiped by thy hand, and my memory dwell with honour in thy breast.

To this plan Ammiader consented. But he first made a vow to Indra, on his own altars, that if the slaves returned not within three moons he would complete self-sacrifice, though his heart-strings bled with the woes of Ya-o-bi, thus doubly bereaved. and carefully did he even now avoid her enquiring eye, and evasively answer her conjectures.

Three swift dromedaries, accustomed to skim the deserts of Arabia, waited at the rising of the next sun, for the wretched Hassein and his attendants. He tore himself from the abode of Ya-o-bi with an effort to which the courage of despair, perhaps, alone is equal. His brow was stern, his sinews were knit together as with iron, for he went forth to suffer and to endure.

But alas! when the towers of Benares, and the green groves of its gardens were left far behind; when the panting dromedaries demanded rest, and even the powers of youth were in need of refreshment, what were the sorrows of those

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softer emotions which overwhelmed his soul when the soft, idolized image of the lovely Ya-o-bi, or that of her mourning father, stood before the vision of his memory!

At length he arrived at the gates of Ispahan, no longer beheld with any emotion, save that of renewed resolution, and that energy which springs from terrible necessity. He demands an audience of the Vizier, but finds himself conducted to the presence of the Sultan, at whose right hand that faithful minister still waited in the effulgence of royal favour.

The sight of his venerated brother, the remembrance of his early love, almost overcame the powers of Hassein. but he rallied them only the more effectively, when, prostrate at the foot of the throne, he recounted the story of his wanderings, professed his determination to die without revealing the mysteries of his religion, and concluded by invoking mercy upon his kindred, and vengeance on himself as the sole transgressor.

Awful was the pause which succeeded. The eyes of Hairiri were bent in pity on the culprit, as he also fell down before the Sultan, and already did the minister of wrath prepare the silken bow-string for the aged and the young; when, to the astonishment of all around, he whose word was the fiat of fate, thus spake the dictates of wisdom and beneficence.

"In the days of youth the love of knowledge itself is a passion headstrong and untractable; the curb of experience hath fallen on my desires, and the cares of government have restrained my ardour. Arise then, unhappy youth! preserve the secrets thou hast attained, and enjoy the life which I have granted to thee. To night shalt thou feast in my palace, and be honoured for thy courage and thy ingenuousness; to-morrow shalt thou retrace thy steps, bearing presents for the good Ammiader and the fair Ya-o-bi, to whom I then surrender thee."

To the young, ardent and loving heart—the heart which has trembled and wept, and, therefore, can best appreciate the promise of hope and the fulfilment of joy, must we leave the pleasant task of following Hassein once more over the plains of Indostan, and restoring him to beautiful Benares, to his adopted father, and his lond, faithful bride, the lovely and virtuous Ya-o-bi.

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THE MINER'S CORPSE.

But ever and anon, of grief subdued
There comes a token. * *
——— calls up to view
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew,
The mourn'd—the lov'd—the lost. *Byron*

In one of the mining districts of Hungary there lately occurred an incident which partakes largely of the romantic, and is of most affecting interest.

In opening a communication between two mines, the corpse of a miner, apparently of about twenty years of age, was found in a situation which indicated that he had perished by an accidental falling-in of the roof of the mine. The corpse was in a state of softness and pliability, the features fresh and undistorted, and the whole body completely preserved, as is supposed, from the impregnation with the vitriolic water of the mine. When exposed to the air, the body became stiff, but the features and the general air were not discomposed.

The person of the deceased was not recognized by any one present, but an indistinct recollection of the accident by which the sufferer had been thus engulphed in the bowels of the earth, more than half a century, was prolonged by tradition among the miners and country people. Further inquiry was here dropped, and the necessary arrangements were made to inter the body with the customary rites of burial.

At this moment, to the astonishment of all present, there suddenly appeared a decrepid old woman of the neighbouring village, who, supported by crutches, had left the bedridden couch to which infirmity had for some years confined her, and advanced to the scene with feelings of joy, of grief, and of anxiety, so intensely painted on her aged face, as to give her the appearance of an inspired person, also with an alacrity which seemed truly miraculous. The old woman gazed upon the corpse for an instant, and, sweeping the long hair from its forehead, in order to obtain a more perfect view of its features, her countenance became, as it were, supernaturally lighted up; and in the midst of piercing cries and hysteric sobs, she declared the body to be that of a young man to whom she had been engaged by ties of mutual affec-

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tion, and a promise of marriage, more than sixty years before!

In the intervals of gushing floods of tears, and the fainting fits of her exhausted frame, she poured out thanks to Heaven that she had again beheld the object of her earliest affections, and declared she could now descend to the tomb content.

The powers of life were for some time prostrated by her agitated feelings, and she was borne homewards by the villagers; but ere she had proceeded far from the object of her solicitude, she was in a state to join him. Her spirit, as if satisfied, had fled; and the affectionate pair, whom misfortune had rent asunder, were now buried in one grave.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SORROWS OF ROSALIE."

Clear and bright the moon was peeping
From the fleecy clouds of snow;
Near a young crusader sleeping,
Thus a voice was singing low:—

"Perjured false one, who could'st leave me!
Leave thy hapless Moorish maid;
Swear and vow, but to deceive me,
See the price by Neilah paid!

"See these features, palely gleaming
As the moonlight o'er the sea;
These eyes, that late with love were beaming,
Never more shall gaze on thee.

"As dies the shoot that's roughly parted
From its own—its parent tree,
So thy Neilah, broken hearted,
Dies—no more beloved by thee!

"Wounded, when the conflict's rattle
Ceases, *thou* may'st seek repose,
E'en upon the field of battle;
But my wounds will never close.

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" Yet thy Neilah still will love thee,
Till friendly death shall end her woe
While the sun shall shine above thee
Shadows *still* his light must throw."

Starts the warrior, wildly raving,
From the dream that breaks his sleep;
His loved one, with her locks loose waving,
O'er him seems to bend and weep.

Repentant thoughts his mind revolving,
He rushes towards the weeping fair;
Like a flake of snow dissolving,
With sighs his Neilah melts in air.

Madly fought he on the morrow,
Rage and love alternate burn;
Quickly death relieves his sorrow,
Faithless hearts may read and learn!

SONNET.

BY D. S. LAWLOR, ESQ.

I loved thee well, when in thy beauty's blaze
My young eye dwelt on thine. The love, the light
Of thy soul's majesty, surpassing bright,
Were heaven and all to me in those pure days!
Lady! I am not now what I was then.
The loneliness of sorrow and the night
Of misery have been to me—a blight
That well may sweep me from my fellow-men.
My life has been in mourning more than smiles:—
The spirit's crush—the heart's ruin—the tears—
The listlessness of grief have mock'd my toils,
And been to me the " starlight" of my years:
Then wonder not if never now my hand
Can wake the lyre, sweet love, at thy command.
Killarney.

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THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY CAPTAIN MACDONOUGH, AUTHOR OF "THE HERMIT IN LONDON," ETC.

> The heart that loves truly never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close;
> As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
> The same look which she turned when he rose.
>
> *Moore.*

Aurelia was decidedly the belle of her village, when a detachment of our regiment was quartered there: she was far from being regularly handsome, for neither stature, brilliancy of expression, nor regularity of feature, constituted her such; she had, nevertheless, something very captivating about her. She was fair as the drifting snow, ere it has consorted with the earth beneath, mild as an April shower, gentle as the plaintive bird of night; she was also what to many is more attractive than all this—the fairest and first of her humble circle, and the object of interest and admiration of her neighbourhood. Like the snowdrop, she had no sunbright charms; but then she stood almost alone in the parterre—the emblem of early spring—and was a magnet amidst chilly desolation, or the solitary star of comfort and guidance in surrounding obscurity. Her father was easy in his circumstances, and hospitable, so that it became a desirable thing to a soldier in humble country quarters to be received in the family; whilst it was an affair of rivalry to render our attentions welcome to his pleasing daughter. Every cap and feather was set at this object, church and market, parade and village ball, were all made use of for this desirable end. She was sung at, danced at, and rhymed at; but the day was speedily won by our captain of grenadiers, whose splendid person, like a legion of invincibles, carried all before it.

Bold Henry (so I shall from delicacy only call him), like Cæsar, appeared, saw, and conquered, so that a match was very quickly made up, and the fair village queen and a few thousand pounds became the victor's prize: he afterwards got field officer's rank, and left us. Subsequently to that he sold out, and our first place of meeting was in a sister kingdom, where he seemed to live happily in retirement with his pretty little wife and three young children. I met him after-

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wards at Bath, dancing and doing the pretty to pass for a single man; next in London, in a handsome equipage, with a fine woman. I then saw him in France, the gayest of the gay, and shortly after domesticated with a buxom widow. In the early part of our hero's life he had inherited considerable property, which, from expensive habits, he dissipated in a few years; the village belle's marriage portion was scarcely a *dejeuner à la fourchette* to him; his military income ceased with his selling out; and, like an able general, he retired upon a strong position, and protected himself from the annoyance of the enemy by the dower of his comely companion. Was this well done? The sequel will prove.

Poor Aurelia adhered to him in fortune and misfortune, in good report and evil report, in his many aberrations, for he was as great a flutterer as a butterfly in ladies' bowers; in a word, she was unalterable in all the chances and changes of life, concealing his follies, and receiving him still the same. His permanent desertion was a severe blow, for she had endured dire privations with him. Nevertheless, as the children grew up (and they were females), she invented a thousand pretexts for his absence, in answer to the many anxious inquiries of "Where is papa? Why don't he come and see us? Why has he left you, mamma?" He was abroad, he was sick, he was shooting, he was busily employed in military duty; in fine, every reason but the real one for his non-residence at home. The time now came when a larger scale of education was required for his daughters, brought up hitherto by their mother; and, after a thousand fruitless attempts to bring about a return, even of a temporary kind, or an interview with his faithful partner, he agreed to meet one of his daughters, to make the final arrangements for their departure to the continent, and to bid adieu to her whose person had become almost forgotten by him. The meeting was to take place by night, to avoid publicity, and for fear of clamorous creditors.

This circumstance struck Aurelia as a favourable opportunity to try once more the eloquence of suffering woman. Her own light and small figure did not differ materially from that of her eldest daughter, who was slight, like a growing branch, and tall for her years. She accordingly veiled herself deeply, and, taking Maria's cloak and bonnet, proceeded

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to the place of rendezvous. "Is it you, Maria?" inquired the unnatural parent in the darkness of night. "No, Henry," replied Aurelia, "it is she who once was dear to you; who never shrunk from poverty to administer comfort to you; nor ever, up to this blessed moment, loved you one jot the less for all your coldness, neglect, or aversion. Look on me, Henry! let that arm (clinging to him) once make me proud again; spurn not from you her who, like the ivy, withers, and falls in dejection to the ground, when severed from its natural support, for habit is second nature, and you were many years ago the beloved support of my adoption. Cast me not entirely off, Hal; be my friend, correspond with me, see your children, and, if you will not give them your protection abroad, promise us a day when we may hope again to be united!"

To this feeling appeal the estranged husband only answered by rebukes for having thus taken him by surprise, and by the assurances that they could never live happily together again.

"If I have survived your love, Harry," exclaimed she, "refuse me not your pity. Speak to me, let us talk of our dear children, discuss their interest, plan their provision. I have friends who, if we only *seemed* to be together, would afford us assistance. I implore you——" With this she cast herself at his feet; but he, pretending that her attitude might draw the attention of passers-by, and create a scene which (to use his expression), she had artfully got up, tore himself from her, with the simple promise of a small sum of money to be sent for his children's journey, and a command that they should depart in twenty-four hours.

Some years after this, I fell in with the family, at full growth, promising, talented, and well-principled, living in the utmost harmony, and combining the resources of painting, music, and languages, from whence to draw an honourable and frugal existence. I had scarcely been ten minutes with Aurelia when she said, "My good friend, you say nothing to me about Henry, do not fear to mention his name, it still sounds sweeter in my ear than any other; I love him with unabated devotion; how is he? where is he? how does he look? is he still handsome? I am sure he will be ever so in my eyes: I forgive him: he has been the spoiled child of

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admiration; I always think that some day he will return; and if he does not, why—" here was a mournful pause— " why, in the language of the French song—

' Le cruel il me quitte,
Il me laisse sans appui,
Je l'aimai tant avant sa fuite,
Oui—je l'aime encore aujourdhui.' "

She could proceed no farther, and I found my only means of not becoming womanish myself was to rise suddenly and to look vacantly through the window on the town, until we both had recovered our position before the struggle. Harry grew sickly and infirm; every mirror was an accusing evidence to him of the flight of mispent time; the eye of beauty no longer beamed on him, warm smiles no longer welcomed his approach; the tongue of flattery was mute, and he stood alone without a friend; other flatterers occupied his place in gay circles; and lastly, the widow's support ceased with her existence. A vindictive wife would have left him to poverty and scorn, for he sought neither assistance nor reconciliation; ordinary wives would have afforded him a scanty subsistence embittered by reproach; what did Aurelia do? she took him back, and hugged him to her bosom.

I was sent for by her to a retired cottage, where I found him, surrounded by his family, pillowed on a sofa, and reclining his head on his partner's arm. He had broken a blood vessel, and was in a great state of debility; every comfort, however, seemed to be about him, and as Aurelia supported and encouraged him, the smile of assumed cheerfulness was at great varience with the trembling grief-drop quivering in her eye-lid. " He is vastly better," said she to me, " since yesterday, and oh! how happy he has made us since he has come to the cottage; bless him, he has given us all fresh life." He blushed, and here she wiped off the cold perspiration from his forehead, kissing it at the same time, and making use of the same handkerchief to dry her dewy cheek. " Brother soldier," said he to me, extending his arm, " it is all over with me, the day is lost; I wish I had come here sooner, you see—" he groaned, clasped Aurelia to his heart, and expired.

The group—yes, the group—it would be hard to describe

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it; a painter might throw down his brush, and I must cast away my pen; it can serve me no longer; the feeling mind must finish the picture, and fancy the rest; the rough outline may, however, serve as a lesson to wives who still may reconcile and save, whilst hope and life remain, and it will be an accusing monitor to those husbands who pass from absence to alienation, and from alienation to hostility; who, weaned by pernicious pleasures, wander until the precipice is before them, and return becomes impossible. May every wife be an Aurelia, but never be tried like her.

THE WOODLAND SEAT.

The primrose flower was smiling sweet
Where wither'd foliage rustles now,
When last within this calm retreat
I heard the thrush sing from the bough,

Still down the gray rock flows the stream,
And I can trace, methinks, the tone
Whose silvery softness, like a dream,
Sooth'd my young heart in moments gone.

The song is hush'd—and mute are those
Lov'd ones who linger'd with me here;
The darkness o'er their slumber grows,—
Oh joy thou bringest many a tear!

Thou mossy seat, where oft we've play'd
On thee in sorrow let me kneel,
While falls dim ev'ning's solemn shade,
And weep the wounds no art can heal.

Around me is decay—the flowers
Of mind and matter both are fled.
The cold wind sighs through leafless bowers—
Sails the black rain-cloud overhead.

Haunt of my childhood, fare thee well!
Perhaps I may return to die
In thee;—and where their green graves swell,
Join the lov'd forms of memory.

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STOPPING THE MOUTH.

The phrase of stopping a person's mouth, who, from being a professed enemy, is brought over to our interest, first came into vogue in the reign of James I. It is said to have originated in the following laughable incident:—

Gondemar, the Spanish minister, had dealt out his bribes to the ladies as well as the gentlemen of the court, in order to make them speak favourably of the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain. The nation, in general, were against the marriage. Gondemar applied his master's treasure to remove the prejudices of the courtiers of each sex. He became, through this means, so great a favourite with the ladies, that as he passed in his litter to the court, they would approach the balconies, or windows, to pay him their compliments.

Lady Jacobs had a house in Drury-lane, which was at that time a fashionable part of the town. Gondemar passing one day by the house of Lady Jacobs, her ladyship approached the window: Gondemar bowed most profoundly; the lady returned the compliment only with a gape. Gondemar ascribed this to a sudden fit of yawning; but yet he thought she might have expressed some token of respectful salutation. He was resolved to try her the next day, and accordingly ordered his coachman to drive by her house Lady Jacobs appeared at the window; Gondemar stopped, and bowed with all the graciousness imaginable. His civilities were returned only with an extended mouth; she even opened her mouth wider than she had done on the preceding day. Gondemar was now satisfied that this must be something more than a fit of yawning: he sent one of his gentlemen to Lady Jacobs, to know the reason of her conduct, as he had not been accustomed to experience such affronts from the ladies of England. Lady Jacobs said, "It was very true that Gondemar had purchased some of their favours at a dear rate, but he should consider, that she had a mouth to be stopped, as well as the rest of her countrywomen."

Gondemar taking the hint, sent her a handsome present, which cured her of her gaping disorder; and whenever he afterwards passed by her house, she was sure to drop him a most becoming curtsey.

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ON PROMENADE DRESS.

Jos.h Robins,



Apr. 1837.

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ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PROMENADE DRESS.—Pelisse of drab coloured *pou de soie*, the *corsage* made plain behind, and in crossed drapery in front, is made quite high. The sleeves made tight from the elbow to the wrist, are finished at the wrist by a trimming of the same material cut in *dents de scie;* the upper part of the sleeve is decorated with three falls of trimming set on full; the upper one is ornamented with a novel heading. A garniture in *dents de scie* goes down one side of the skirt. Bonnet of *gros d'Afrique*, a new shade of *poussiére*, the brim deep, and descending low at the sides, is trimmed in the interior with blond lace, and red roses: *Plumes panachées* and pink *ruban royal* decorate the crown. India muslin collar embroidered, and trimmed with lace.

EVENING DRESS.—Rose coloured *velours épinglé* robe, the *corsage* is low, and fitting close to the shape. Short tight sleeves finished with blond lace ruffles of the antique form. *Fichu à la Paysanne*, also of blond lace. Turban of *gaze orientale*, the foundation is low, the front of a moderate height, and crowned with a boquet of white marabouts. One end of the gauze richly fringed, turns full round the back of the turban at the bottom, and floats upon the neck.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

We have, as yet, very little change to notice, either in carriage or promenade dress, which, indeed, cannot be wondered at, considering how cold and gloomy the weather is. When, however, the sun does peep out, we observe that mantles are replaced by shawls in promenade dress; we have seen also a few mantelets introduced into it, they are either of velvet or black *pou de soie*, and are always worn with boas. Muffs have quite disappeared, except in very cold days indeed.

A few spring bonnets have appeared for promenade dress, both in sewed Italian straw and *pou de soie*. The former are of an open shape, with large brims, the interior trimmed in the cap stile with blond or *tulle;* some have it intermixed with very small knots of ribbon, others with flowers; but we observe that the flowers are smaller and fewer in number than those that have been recently employed, the crowns placed very backward, are trimmed with satin ribbon, the knots are

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voluminous, but not high. White, straw colour, and green seem to be the favourite colours for the trimmings of these bonnets; they are also the hues most in favour for those composed of *pou de soie*. We have little alteration to notice in the latter, except some increase in the size of the brims; the crowns are in general trimmed with flowers. We have, however, seen some, and these we consider the prettiest, trimmed with ribbon, and a drapery edged with narrow blond disposed in folds across the crown.

In carriage dress, the robes still continue of rich materials, but mantles are almost entirely laid aside; they are succeeded by velvet or chenille shawls, both of which, we may announce with certainty, will be worn till the season is far advanced; or else by mantelets of silk or velvet, trimmed with swansdown: this elegant fur is almost the only one adopted for boas in carriage dress. The only actual novelties that we have to notice, are in hats and bonnets. We have seen some of the latter for undress, in *pou de soie*, and *gros d'Afrique*, of light colours, as white, *oiseau*, very pale blue, and rose. The brims of these bonnets are larger and more open than those at present adopted; a good many are trimmed with satin ribbons; others are trimmed with *pou de soie* ribbons, with a narrow satin stripe at the edge. The crowns are low. Generally speaking, the interior of the brim is trimmed with *tulle*, or blond only, which is looped back at each temple by a small knot of narrow ribbon. Drawn bonnets are expected to be in favour for undress, but for undress only; they have the crowns placed very backward, and somewhat of the helmet shape, the curtains at the back as deep as ever, and the trimming consisting of a simple band of ribbon at the bottom of the crown, is disposed in a knot of four *coques*, with floating ends on one side. The interior of the brim is trimmed in the stile of a close morning cap, with a full *ruche* of *tulle* only. Several half dress hats have appeared, both in rice straw, and very fine Italian straw. The shape expected to be most fashionable is that *à la Glaneuse*; the crown is low, placed very far back, and the brim, which is very large, goes entirely round the back of the crown, supplying the place of a curtain: this is, in our opinion, extremely unbecoming; a curtain, to be at all graceful, should be flexible, shallow, and disposed in full folds, all

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which requisites are wanting in these hats. The crowns are trimmed with knots of ribbons placed at the sides, and a bouquet, or sprig of flowers inserted in the knot. One of the most elegant of these hats is of rice straw, trimmed with *pou de soie* ribbons; they are white, figured in a perfectly novel pattern with lilac; sprigs of lilac are inserted in the knot, one of which traversing the brim, forms a bouquet in the interior of it next the face.

Evening dress still continues of a rich kind, but though heavy silks and even velvets are worn for robes, those of lighter materials, as *pou de soie*, gauze, and crape are already in a majority, which every day will increase. Nothing certain can yet be positively known as to the forms of robes, but, we have great reason to believe that the changes in them will be slight. Open robes, so fashionable during the winter, will be positively laid aside, and we have good authority for saying that *corsages* will take a more modern form, that is, that the seams down the sides of the front, and the points at the bottom, will go out. As to the sleeves of dresses, we have reason to believe that very little, if any change, will take place in them; it has been tried in vain to bring up tight sleeves without ornament, or at least with no other decoration than a *manchette*, but it was soon seen that this stile would neither suit dress nor undress; in the latter it was ungraceful, in the former it was not only ungraceful, but devoid of elegance, consequently tight sleeves are voted out for toilettes of all kinds. When we say this, however, we by no means intend to say they will be made large; on the contrary, both short and long sleeves will be made to sit close to the arm, but then the accessories, such as *bouillons*, flounces, and various other modes of trimming, will always give them a certain degree of fulness, and when tastefully disposed an elegant finish in evening dress.

Turbans still retain their vogue in evening costume, particularly for grand dinner parties, but those of velvet and cachemere have given place to crape, gauze, and India muslins. A good many are ornamented only by the graceful, light, and rather high folds in which the fronts are arranged, and an end of the muslin fringed with gold or silver, which floats upon the neck: this ornament is very much in favour; we mean an end of the material floating on the neck; it is

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sometimes fringed, sometimes embroidered, and accords perfectly with the bouquets of ostrich or marabou plumes, and gold pins, or *chefs d'or*, that are employed to decorate many turbans. Head dresses of hair will be more in favour for young ladies, and the rich stile in which they have been decorated during the winter, will give place to wreaths or bouquets of flowers, all those of the season of a small and light kind, will be in request, but large flowers, with the exception of roses, will not be considered fashionable. The new spring colours are straw, lilac, the lighter shades of green and blue, very pale pink, and different shades of drab.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Dinner Dress.—Robe of ruby satin, the *corsage* half high and tight to the shape, is trimmed with a small pelerine of English point lace, and ornamented down the front with velvet knots corresponding in colour, and of a novel form. The same stile of trimming, on a larger scale, is continued down the front of the skirt. Short tight sleeve trimmed with a *manchette* of a double fall of English point lace; a row of *coques* of ruby ribbon is placed between the falls, and another surmounts them; knots of ribbon complete the trimming. The turban is composed of a cashmere scarf, the border and the ground of which are alternately displayed in the folds; one end richly fringed falls upon the neck.

Evening Dress for a Grand Party.—Pea green figured *pou de soie* robe, it is of one of the new patterns, The front of the skirt is ornamented *en colonne* with white satin attached by narrow green rouleaus, bands of green ribbon are disposed in the demi lozenge form on the white satin; they are each finished with a knot in the centre. The *corsage* draped *à la Sevigné* at top, and very slightly pointed at bottom, has the draperies ornamented with knots of ribbon, and the back trimmed with a cluster of *coques* of ribbon. The sleeves plain in the centre, but bouffanted at top and bottom, are also trimmed with ribbon. *Coiffure à la Princesse* of hair arranged in full clusters of ringlets at the sides, and high interlaced bows at the back of the head. The ornaments are a gold bandeau of a novel form, and a bouquet of long, curled, white ostrich feathers.

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Apr. 1837.

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Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

Approaching as we do at the moment we write, to what was formerly the three glorious days of Longchamps; days by the bye, which gave *Constitutions of Fashions* to all the nations of Europe, we ought to have a long list of novelties to lay before our fair readers: such, however, is not the case, the spring fashions are like the spring itself, backward. The little that is new, however, we have gleaned by great industry and research, and shall now proceed to lay it before our fair readers.

It is generally understood that drawn bonnets will be partially adopted in undress, for which also those of plain straw will be in favour; *paille d'Italie* and *de riz* will enjoy their usual supremacy in half dress, into which *pou de soie*, and *moire* will be admitted, but neither of the latter materials are expected to be very fashionable. If the hat or bonnet is composed of *moire*, the ribbon that trims it must be plain, but if it is of *pou de soie*, the ribbon should be watered, as to those destined to rice and Italian straw hats, they are of various patterns and colours, and of the richest kind. The hues that our *élégantes* are beginning to adopt for their spring hats and bonnets, are straw colour, and pea green satin is at present more employed than any of the new materials, and it is generally supposed, will continue in favour during the month of April. Plain straw colour, and green and white figured satin, are the most in request, the favourite trimming for either is a bouquet of white lilac.

We may cite as the novelties *par excellence* of the Longchamps *modes*, the *capotes* of *tulle* embroidered in *point d'esprit*, they are yet too light for the season, but there is no doubt, that when the weather becomes a little warmer, they will be very fashionable. And the *chapeaux* of rice straw, the brims large and perfectly round, are trimmed with a blond *ruche*, the crown is ornamented with a bouquet *à la Duchesse* of very rare flowers placed at the bottom of it on one side, so as to droop upon the brim. Several new materials have appeared for robes, we shall cite as the most *distingué* the *poult de soie Lalagée*, the foulards *Ddju*, a material which does not crease, and drapes beautifully, and the foulard *Picciola*, remarkable for the beauty and delicacy of its colours, striped silks of a

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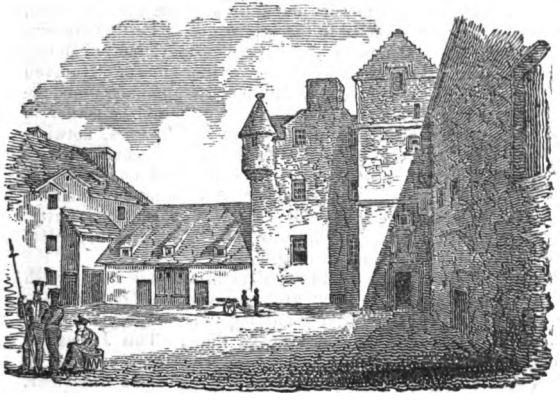
new description, called *Fleurs d'Ossian*. These are all intended for dress and half dress. The *tissue de Glasgow* in silk and wool, is an elegant material for promenade dress, for which also there are several new patterns of *mousseline de laine*, and jacconot muslin. We observe that the latter are all of the small and delicate kind.

It is impossible yet to say any thing positive as to the form of robes, but we have no reason to think that the skirts will diminish either in length or width. It is expected that a marked distinction will be made in the forms of sleeves in dress and undress robes; this has been talked of for some time and indeed partially executed, dress sleeves having latterly been all made tight and short, but loaded with trimmings, which gave them a certain degree of fulness, but we have also seen a number of undress sleeves made tight, and with some trimming. The latter to be in good taste should be always long, and with very little ornament.

Rich materials are still in a majority in evening dress, except for balls; white *velours épinglé* is in particular request, and so is white satin, the latter is indeed adopted for dancing dresses. Trimmings of the *tablier* kind are much in request for the fronts of these robes, we may cite as the prettiest among them those formed by a row of knots of ribbon on each side, with a flower in the centre of each. Tunics of crape, *tulle*, or *Organdy*, are the most in favour for ball dress. Some are worn over white satin under dresses, others have the under dress the same as the tunic, but over a white satin petticoat. Those for grand balls have the border embroidered in gold and silver, and coloured silks; a more simple but very pretty stile of decoration for social balls, is a narrow *ruche* of white or rose gauze ribbon, the border of the under robe trimmed to correspond, and the short tight sleeves partially covered by three *ruches*.

Head dresses of hair are expected to be more generally adopted this season in evening dress, than they have been for some years past, one of the most elegant ornaments for a *coiffure en cheveux* is a wreath of that delicate wild flower the picciola, with a foliage of two shades of green. The colours that will be in favour are lilacs, *oiseau*, pea green, azure blue, pale rose, *poussiere* and *écru*.

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GOWRY'S CONSPIRACY,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LAWRIE TODD," ETC.

One of the most inexplicable conspiracies in history is that of the Earl of Gowry against King James; the circumstances were briefly these. On the 5th of August, 1600, as James was taking horse in the morning to hunt in the neighbourhood of Falkland, he was accosted by Alexander Ruthven, the brother of the earl, who, with an air of great importance, told the king, that he had met an unknown man, of a suspicious appearance, walking alone in a by-path, near his brother's house at Perth; and, on searching him, had found under his cloak a pot filled with a great quantity of foreign gold; that he had immediately seized both him and his treasure, and, without communicating the matter to any person, had kept him confined in a solitary house, until he should know his majesty's pleasure, for which purpose he had come to Falkland. James immediately suspected the unknown person to

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be an agent of the pope, or the King of Spain, who had supplied him with money to excite commotions in the kingdom.

The king offered to send one of his servants with Ruthven, and a warrant, directed to the magistrates of Perth, to receive the fellow and the money into their custody, and to detain both until his pleasure should be farther known. Ruthven opposed this expedient, and, with many arguments, urged the king to ride directly to Perth and to examine the matter in person. Meanwhile the chace began; and James, notwithstanding the delight he took in that amusement, could not help ruminating on the strangeness of the tale and on Ruthven's importunity. At last he called him, and promised, when the sport was over, to set out for Perth. The chace, however, continued long; and Ruthven, who all the while kept close by the king, was importuning him to make haste. At the death of the stag, he would not allow him to stay until a fresh horse was brought to him; and, observing the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar preparing to accompany the king, he entreated him to countermand them. This James refused; and though Ruthven's impatience and anxiety, as well as the apparent perturbation in his whole behaviour, raised some suspicion in his mind, yet he consented to set out for Perth.

When they had arrived within a mile of the town, Ruthven rode forward to inform his brother of the king's approach, though he had already dispatched two messengers for that purpose. At a little distance from the town, the earl, attended by several of the citizens, met the king, who had only twenty persons in his train. No preparations were made for his entertainment. The earl appeared pensive and embarrassed, and was at no pains to atone, by courtesy and hospitality, for the bad fare with which he treated his royal guest. When the king's repast was over, his attendants were led to dine in another room, and Ruthven whispered him, that now was the time to visit the prisoner! but he wished that his majesty would get rid of the earl, his brother, by desiring him to entertain the other guests.

When the king left the room he desired to be attended by Sir Thomas Erskine, but Ruthven ordered that gentleman not to be called, and conducting his majesty up a staircase, and then through several apartments, the doors of which

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Ruthven locked behind him, led him at last into a small study, in which stood a man clad in armour, with a sword and a dagger by his side. The king, who expected to have found one disarmed and bound, started at the sight, and enquired if this was the person! but Ruthven, snatching the dagger from the girdle of the man in armour, and, holding it to the king's breast, said, "Remember how unjustly my father was executed by your command. You are now my prisoner; submit to my disposal without resistance or outcry, or this dagger shall instantly avenge his blood."

James expostulated with Ruthven, entreated and flattered him, during which time the man in armour stood trembling and dismayed, without courage either to aid the king or second the aggressor. Ruthven protested that if the king raised no outcry his life should be safe; and moved by some unknown reason, retired, in order to call his brother, leaving the man in armour to take care of the king, whom he bound by an oath not to make any noise during his absence.

While the king was in this situation, his attendants growing impatient to know whither he had retired, one of Gowry's retainers entered the room hastily, and told them that the king had just rode away to Falkland. All of them instantly rushed out into the street, and the earl, in the utmost haste, called for their horses. By this time Ruthven had returned to the king, and, swearing that now there was no remedy he must die, offered to bind his hands. Unarmed as James was, with a spirit unwonted to his character, he scorned to submit to that indignity, and, closing with the assassin, a fierce struggle ensued. The man in armour, as formerly, stood amazed and motionless; and the king, dragging Ruthven towards a window which he had just persuaded the person with whom he was left to open, cried out, "Treason, treason, help!—I am murdering!" His attendants knew his voice, and saw at the window a hand which grasped the king's neck with violence. They flew with precipitation to his assistance; Lennox and Mar, with the greater number, ran up the principal staircase; when, finding all the doors shut, they endeavoured to burst them open. But Sir John Ramsay, entering by a back stair which led to the apartment where the king was, found the door open, and rushing upon Ruthven, who was

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still struggling with the king, struck him twice with his dagger, and thrust him towards the staircase, where Sir Thomas Erskine and Sir Hugh Herries met and killed him, he crying, with his last breath, "Alas! I am not to blame for this action." During the scuffle the man in armour escaped unobserved.

With Ramsay, Erskine, and Herries, one Wilson, a footman, entered the room where the king was, and, before they had time to shut the door, Gowry rushed in, with a drawn sword in each hand, followed by seven of his attendants well armed, and, with a loud voice, threatened them all with instant death. They immediately thrust the king into the study, and, shutting the door upon him, encountered the earl. Notwithstanding the inequality of numbers, Sir John Ramsay pierced Gowry through the heart, and he fell dead without uttering a word. His followers, having received several wounds, immediately fled. Three of the king's defenders were likewise hurt in the conflict. A great noise continued at the opposite door, where a number of persons laboured in vain to force a passage; and, the king being assured that Lennox and Mar were among them, it was opened on the inside. Unexpectedly finding the king safe, they ran towards him with transports of congratulation, and he falling on his knees, with all his attendants, offered solemn thanks to God for so wonderful a deliverance.

The townsmen of Perth had by this time taken the alarm, and upon hearing that their chief magistrate, the Earl of Gowry, was killed, surrounded the house. James ordered them to be admitted, showed them the dead bodies of the earl and his brother, and informed them both of his danger and escape. Having received this satisfaction from the mouth of their king, their fury subsided, and they dispersed. On searching the earl's pockets for papers that might discover his designs and accomplices, nothing was found but a small parchment bag, full of magical characters and words of enchantment; and, if we may believe the account of the conspiracy published by the king, "While these were about him, the wound, of which he died, bled not; but, as soon as they were taken away, the blood gushed out in great abundance." After the strange adventures of this busy day, the king returned

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to Falkland, having committed the dead bodies of the two brothers to the custody of the magistrates of Perth.*

Notwithstanding the minute detail which the king gave of this conspiracy, the motives which actuated the two brothers are entirely unknown, and the narrative labours under great inconsistencies. The words of Ruthven to the king give some ground to think, that the desire of revenging their father's execution had instigated them to this attempt; but, whatever injuries their father had suffered, they could not reasonably impute them to the king, whose youth and subjection, at that time, ought to have exempted him from being the object of resentment, on account of actions which were not done by his command. James had endeavoured to repair the wrongs which the father had suffered, by benefits to his children; and Gowry himself, sensible of his obligations, had acknowledged them with the warmest expressions of gratitude. Three of the earl's servants, being convicted of assisting in the assault on the royal attendants, were executed at Perth, but they could give no light into the motives which had prompted their master. Andrew Henderson, the earl's steward, upon a promise of pardon, confessed that he was the man in armour; but he was as much a stranger as the rest to his master's designs, and did not know, according to his own

* The accompanying view representing the scene of this tragedy, the palace of the Ruthvens, Earls Gowry, in Perthshire, is now annihilated; its last possessor was William, Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was presented by the magistrates of Perth, in 1746. The duke soon afterwards disposed of it to government; it was then used as barracks for a company of artillery, but being found incommodious, the whole was demolished, with a view to the erection of more convenient military quarters on its site. It was situated on the west bank of the river Tay, in a line with the streets called the Water-street and Speystreet, the first being towards the north, and the other towards the south. From the wide gate in the front the whole length of the south street was in view. The east and south ranges of the building were of a date immemorial. They were the property of Elizabeth Gray, Countess Dowager of Huntley, at the time of her death, which happened in the year 1526. The walls were uncommonly thick; within one of them, in the east range, were two dark closets, which were discovered in removing the stones, in 1807; one of them contained an urn full of human bones, in the other was found an urn, in which was a quantity of dust, perhaps of papers consumed by age: on the ground floor of the same range was discovered a pit, one of those places of concealment and destruction so common in ancient castles: most of the buildings of the west and north sides seem to have been added by the lords of Ruthven.

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declaration, for what end he had been placed in the study? What renders this mysterious transaction the more unaccountable, is, that the two brothers were young men of excellent character, more learned than is usual among persons of their rank—generous, popular, and more religious than is common at their age. It appears almost incredible, that two young men of such distinguished virtue should revolt all at once from their duty, and attempt a crime so atrocious as the murder of their sovereign. It appears still more improbable, that they should have concerted their undertaking with so little foresight and prudence. If they intended that the deed should remain concealed, they could not have chosen a more improper scene for executing it than their own house. If they intended that Henderson should have struck the blow, they could not have pitched upon a man more destitute of the resolution necessary for that purpose; nor could they expect that he, unsolicited and unacquainted with their design, would venture on so desperate an action. If Ruthven meant to stab the king, why did he withdraw the dagger after it was pointed at his heart? The whole account is liable to many other objections, and the conspiracy must ever remain an inexplicable mystery in the annals of Scotland, unless we suppose, that, owing to some personal consideration, the king himself had a motive to wish for the death of Alexander Ruthven, and that the whole conspiracy was on the part of the monarch and the dissolute courtiers by whom he was surrounded.

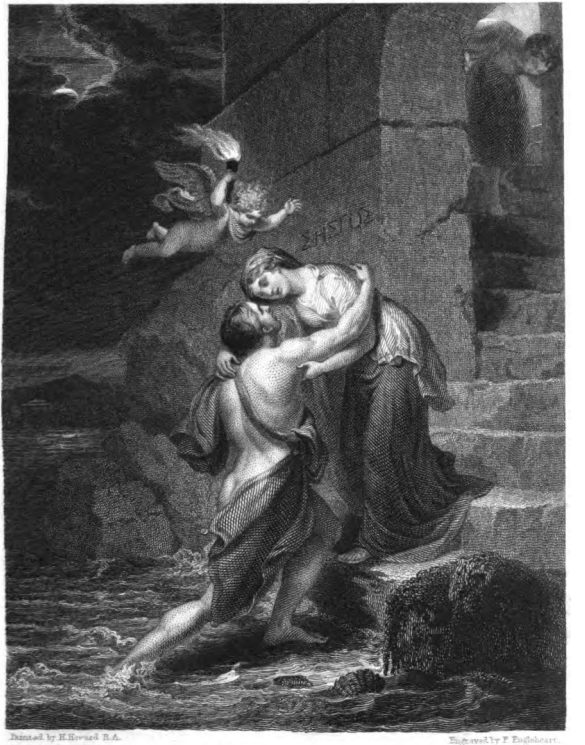
ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Why, lover, why
Such a water-rover?
Would she love thee more
For coming *half seas over*?

Why, lady, why
So in love with dipping?
Must a lad of *Greece*,
Come all over *dripping*?

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Painted by H.Howard R.A. Engraved by F. Engleheart.

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Why, Cupid, why
Make the passage brighter?
Were not any boat
Better than a *lighter*?

Why, maiden, why
So intrusive standing?
Must thou be on the stair,
When he's on the *landing*?

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT,

AUTHOR OF "POOR-LAW MELODIES."

The churchyard where the weary rest in peace,
Where man from sorrow knows a sweet release,
Beneath whose diadem of summer flowers
Sleep hearts, once in fond unison with ours;
Presents to those who yet awhile may stay,
A sad memento of life's yesterday.
The world where Sin erects her brazen throne,
Where modest Virtue is almost unknown,
Where Hope and Joy, which Eden made more fair,
Have driven been by Sorrow and Despair;
Where all things mark the progress of decay,
Presents a faithful emblem of to-day.
That land where shineth the Eternal Light,
Where Glory's dawnings are undimmed by night,
Where we again shall meet the friends of youth,
Refined by grace, and beautified by truth;
Where Love Divine disperses every sorrow,
Is what no mortal yet hath seen—to-morrow!

SPRING.

Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues, with sweetest fragrance stor'd;
Where'er she treads Love gladdens every plain;
Delight, on tiptoe, bears the lucid train;
Sweet Hope, with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth from Summer skies.

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THE FLOWER OF LLANGOLLEN.

BY THE LATE CHARLES MAY.

Amy Griffith was the fairest flower that graced the vale of Llangollen. Many a bright face and airy form had the crystal stream reflected, that ran dimpling before the cottage of her parents, yet none so faultless, none so fair as her's. Many a light and fairy foot had softly brushed the dewy heath, and pressed the green turf of Amy's native vale, yet never had the daisy's slender head arisen from so light a pressure as when Amy Griffith tripped over it. The violets that bloomed around her humble home seemed to smile more beautifully there, as if they had caught her blue eyes' heavenly ray; and the brier, which, wreathed with honeysuckles, twined around her trellised porch, might have stolen its soft breath from Amy's lips, or left on them its kisses, without adding to their fragrance? while cheerful as the lay of the lark, that carolled above her cottage, was Amy's early morning song.

Many a loftier roof than that of Amy Griffith's parents rose in Llangollen, yet none contained so rich a treasure; none saw beneath it such happy parents and so dear a maid: she was their joy, their hope, their all. Happy in their love, happy in her own innocence, the source of happiness to all around her, Amy Griffith lived in blissful, enviable obscurity. Her guileless bosom was a stranger to woe; or if, perchance, another's suffering awoke a momentary sigh, or if misfortune's tears called forth in sympathy her own, that sigh, which ruffled for a time, subsiding, left her bosom in calmer purity, to more lively impressions of delight; and those tears, those precious drops of purity, when wiped away, gave to her blue eyes a heavenlier lustre, a brighter and more cheerful ray.

The transient pain her bosom knew was like the rude caress of the wild fly, when rifling the rose of its sweet breath; a boisterous salute, which only serves to make the kisses of the next wanton gale seem softer still. Endeared to all the inmates of the vale by her virtues and her loveliness, Amy Griffith saw herself admired and beloved, while the simplicity of her heart kept her a stranger to the cause. The aged

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peasants saw with wonder and with pride the beauty and sweetness of the lovely cottager.

Few indeed were there who had not reason to bless her kindness. Were the labours of the fields toilsome to their age enfeebled limbs, Amy Griffith would share with them their toils, and lighten their labours with her songs. Did sickness or decay of nature confine them to their pallets, Amy Griffith was the first to "listen to their tale of symptoms." With her little basket laden with the choicest productions of her garden, Amy was often seen tripping towards the house of sorrow—there, by her endearing attentions, soothing and supporting the sinking head of the sufferer, or pouring "oil and wine" into the wounds of conscience; dispelling the glooms of terror before the cheering beams of the gospel, and brightening the doubts and fears of penitence into "a sure and certain hope!"

The companions of her youthful joys, the virgin daughters of the vale, loved her too dearly to envy her transcendent superiority; while each fond mother breathed a prayer to heaven that her own plentyn* might be, like Amy Griffith, the prop of her parents, the pride of her kin.

Many a wealthy peasant had sought to transplant the flower of Llangollen from the cottage of her birth to his own more spacious home; from the bosom of her parents to that of his eldest-born. Many a young cottager had sworn to love none other than the vale's fair flower; and adventurers had climbed the mountain's rugged steep that skirted the vale around, to lay at Amy's feet some beautiful kid that he had snared. Amy's gentle heart would chide him for robbing the mother of her young; but she would rear the trembling stranger, sooth it into confidence by caresses, and teach it to prefer the shelter of her paddock-shed before the bleak bare mountains of its birth; while the lover's sufficient reward would be to see his present tended with the greatest care by his soul's idolized mistress. Many a wild and impassioned song of nature and of love might Amy have heard in her praise; but she heard them not, she heeded them not, she turned from the language of their lays.

The song of *one* alone she loved—her praise from the lips of *one* sank like dearest melody upon her delighted ear.

* Child.

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Owen Glynn was the youth blessed with her esteem and preference. By preserving her life, he had commanded her gratitude; by his virtues he had won upon her esteem and respect. The tale of Amy Griffith's acknowledgments to Owen Glynn is short.

One of her favourite kids had proved faithless to its mistress, fled from her protection, and sought a distant mountain. Amy pursued the fugitive, and, nimbly climbing the rugged ascent, at length came near her ungrateful favourite, which, on hearing the well-known voice of its mistress, suffered itself to be attached, a willing captive, to her girdle. Descending with its mistress by the mountain's winding path, the impatient animal, springing suddenly forward, dragged the unwary Amy from her footing, precipitating her into a deep and rapid stream, which foamed like a cataract beneath. Few had been the days of Amy Griffith, short had been the blooming hour of the flower of Llangollen, had not a young hunter, who, with anxious and admiring attention, had watched the beautiful maid in her descent from the mountain-top, plunged into the stream, and at the hazard of his own life, rescued the sinking beauty from destruction.

That youth was Owen Glynn. He conducted Amy to the cottage of her parents, calmed their anxious fears, and received their warmest thanks; but Amy's speaking eyes were his richest, his dearest reward. Often did the youth renew his visits to the cottage, and each succeeding one beheld him more enamoured, and more esteemed by her whose esteem was dearer to him than life. Often did he rove with the lovely cottager the enchanting scenes around her native vale; far more enchanting rendered by her presence. But the delightful hours of spring's smiling season are often sullied by the lingering frowns of winter. The lay of the lark is saddened by the dreary storm. The rose blooms but a while, the lily flourishes not for ever. Woe follows upon bliss, as certainly and as sadly as night on dying day. And thus the flower of Llangollen was doomed to droop.

Morgan, Owen Glynn's kinsman, had long noted with the eye of jealousy Amy Griffith's affection for the youth. Stung with the hatred of a base and grovelling soul, he caused the baron, Owen's father, to be apprized of his first-born's attachment for a peasant's offspring; heightening the tale with all

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the aggravating circumstances that malevolence could suggest. A creature of Morgan's conveyed the intelligence, and the wily plotter saw the success of his machinations answer his most sanguine hopes. That his eldest born should disgrace himself by an alliance with a peasant, was revolting to the feelings of the father. That the heir of Llangollen should sully his noble blood by a union with one of the meanest of his dependents, could not, even in thought, be a moment endured. The soul of the aged baron, high and impetuous, looked down, like his own time-blackened castle, upon the humble inmates of the vale, as the eagle, from his eyrie height, upon the peaceful dove.

Indignant that his favourite boy should, as his pride supposed, demean himself so unworthily his illustrious ancestry, the baron, having secretly made the necessary arrangements for an immediate departure, commanded his son to quit the home of his fathers for a distant land; and quit it, too, without a last farewell of her he loved. Owen knew too well the stern, unrelenting disposition of his father to complain or demur. Distracted by conflicting passions, he left his father's hall, his native land, without a farewell of his Amy, and departed into comfortless exile.

Amy had scarce time to wonder at his ceasing to visit the cottage, when she heard that he had left the castle. She knew not what to think or fear; had he but bidden her adieu, she should not, she thought, have been unhappy. Yet did not the maiden repine, nor yet reproach his infidelity; and while pride forbade the tear to flow for one who had slighted and contemned her, love, pure devoted love, taught her to forgive him who had, she thought, proved so faithless, and so undeserving her regard.

Pale, languid, but resigned and unmurmuring, Amy strove to moderate her parents' grief. When their regret for her disappointment betrayed itself in tearful complaints or passionate bursts of indignation, "Weep not, my dearest parents, till you see *me* weep," she would exclaim, while her pale, very pale cheek, showed the smile it wore was but assumed, and her glazed, sad eye, that the tears were ill-suppressed; "and, oh! do not reproach him till you know he is false, nor then, till you cease to value my peace."

Meanwhile the unhappy Owen (who had written to his

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Amy, explained his abrupt departure, and vowed unalterable attachment, but in vain, for Morgan had intercepted the letter), left his native land, and soon, very soon, the dreadful tidings came that he had found a soldier's grave. Amy Griffith sank not, when the tale that blasted every hope reached her ear.

One tie still wound around the heart that would else have burst. That tie was the love she bore her parents. For them she still lived, still lived to woe. She even appeared calm; nay, she sometimes strove to appear cheerful; but the vain attempt betrayed the secret of her soul's malady.

Now she felt, she was convinced, he never could have been untrue. Many a day, and week, and month passed away, ere Morgan could endeavour to reap the fruit of his treachery, and to address Amy Griffith on the subject of love. Often had he sought her society, and by descanting upon the virtues of her ill-fated lover, with the apparent warmth of friendship, had insensibly gained upon her esteem. Many a melancholy, and yet pleasurable, hour had she beguiled with the supposed friend of her lost Owen, in consecrating his memory.

Often had that false friend mingled his fictitious tears with those of the sorrowing maid, till, imagining that grief had softened by unrestrained indulgence, and that the esteem he had sought to inspire her with, might have ripened to a tenderer feeling, he opened the secret of his heart, pleading his friendship for the lost Owen, who now in heaven, he said, looked down with approbation, and sanctioned their union.

Amy, pale but composed, declared that her heart had known but one impression, her affections but one object: that being, though now no more, was united to her in the indissoluble bond of memory. She acknowledged her esteem for Morgan, her gratitude for the honour he had intended her, but she durst not prove unfaithful to the memory of Owen; and she entreated Morgan, if he esteemed her, never to renew so distressful a subject.

Baffled and discouraged, but not utterly hopeless, wanting sensibility to respect the wounded feelings of a generous mind, Morgan entreated the influence of his kinsman, the ill-fated Owen's father. The aged baron (who, since the

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loss of his son, had noticed Amy Griffith, and on whom the modest virtues of the drooping flower of the vale had wrought a favourable impression), readily undertook to engage her parents in favour of his kinsman.

Morgan's possessions were ample, and his fame was fair; for he had sufficient duplicity to conceal from the world the base and grovelling passions of his soul. Amy's parents could but feel flattered by the offer of his alliance, and, knowing she entertained the highest respect for his character, (so entirely had he wrought upon her credulity, and so effectually worn the mask before her,) they united their entreaties with those of the baron, and urged them with the forcive appeal to her filial affection, that to see her the wife of Morgan would brighten the shadows of their declining years, and make their death-bed happy.

In vain Amy declared that happiness was to her an empty name. In vain did she implore permission to indulge her griefs alone. Her gratitude for the kind condolence of Morgan, the respect she owed the baron, but, more than all, her duty to her parents, all were urged as powerful and resistless inducements to compliance. Filiel piety prevailed; and Amy Griffith consented to be led to the altar,

"To glad her parents' hearts, and wring her own."

As the day appointed for the nuptials approached, she summoned all her fortitude, and strove to appear cheerful. The day decisive of Amy's destiny at length arrived. She arose from her sleepless couch, and returned with a smile of assumed contentment her delighted mother's caresses.

* * * * * *

Amy trembled as she gave her hand to Morgan to be conducted to the altar · she repressed her feelings, thought of her duty to her parents, and proceeded,

All were on their knees at the altar, when a beautiful spaniel which Owen Glynn had, in happier days, presented to his Amy, having followed the carriages from the castle, burst into the chapel and fawned at the feet of its mistress. The appearance of the animal seemed to recall recollection, in its fullest powers, to the mind of Amy.

Pale and disordered, she sprung from her knees, exclaim-

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ing—" When all, when Amy is unfaithful, this faithful animal still cherishes the memory of its master. See, it is come to reproach me of infidelity to Owen. Mother—father—forgive me! I cannot—indeed I cannot kneel at the altar, pledge my vows, and give my hand to another, while my heart is wholly and unalterably Owen's."

Her friends were about to remonstrate, but were interrupted by an unexpected occurrence.

Breathless and exhausted, a youth rushed into the chapel; he had heard Amy's last words, and, flying towards her, caught her to his bosom, while these hurried accents trembled from his lips:—" Still, still unalterably Owen's! still, still, my Amy, my own Amy! bless thee for those words—they assure me thou hast not forgotten thy long, long absent Owen!"

Overcome by her emotion, Amy had sunk insensible into the arms of her lover. Astonishment seized all present. But how was that astonishment heightened, when Morgan, throwing off all disguise, rushed upon the defenceless youth with his dirk!

Owen nimbly avoided the thrust, and smote the villain to the ground. He fell upon his own weapon, and a deep and lingering groan, succeeded by an awful silence, told that the wretch had ceased to live.

Little now remains to be told. Owen Glynn had been wounded and made prisoner; thus giving to the wily Morgan (who, by his emissaries, received timely information), an opportunity of circulating the report of his death. After lying many tedious months in a foreign prison, an exchange of prisoners restored him to his home. The duplicity and villany of Morgan were detected by the confession of one of his creatures, and condignly punished in the manner described.

Owen Glynn was once more the idolized son of his father, the acknowledged lover of Amy Griffith, who again bloomed, in ripened and reanimated charms, the fairest flower that graced the vale of Llangollen.

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COMMISSIONS.

BY M. L. B. AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH."

Lady Elmwood.—I'm not sorry, Isabella, that you have accepted the Arundel's invitation, because 'twill afford you an excellent opportunity of executing a few commissions for me, which I find it impossible to make Elmwood comprehend, or trouble himself about; as the cut toilette-glass, and the lamp-burners"—

Miss Fitzroy.—Pray, Grace, don't trouble *me*—

Lady E.—Thou most unsisterly of sisters! Were *I* going to town, would I not——

Miss F.—Shop for me every day, and all day long—I know you would; but I speak on the Arundel's account, not my own—I go to them for a few days only; they are quiet, home-loving creatures, and, constantly residing in London, have no idea of the thousand-and-one wants and wishes of us poor country mice, and the impossibility of their gratification by our Corydon shop-keepers.

Lady E.—'Tis time then, Bell, that you enlighten them a little on these matters.

Miss F.—My only fear is, that if I absent myself daily from their house, to *parcourier* the streets and shops of London, they'll think I make visiting them a mere matter of convenience, and so never ask me again.

Lady E.—Poh—and take Emma Arundel out shopping with you; 'twill amuse her, poor girl——

Miss F.—No, it will not; none of the Arundels ever are, or ever will be amused with shopping.

Lady E.—Unhappy people! But can't you execute my commissions, Isabel, with your own?

Miss F.—Perhaps I can; let me hear them.

Lady E.—They are not many. [*Takes a note-book from her work-box and reads.*] Watch to be repaired, at Stalschmidt's; ditto, ruby bracelet; amethyst sevigne, and pearl ear-ring: you must find out a good working-jeweller to do these, for I'll not have Lawson touch a trinket of mine again; the opal drops from my brooch as if he had never had it to repair; and I've lost the fine central emerald of my diamond

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ring. By the way, you may as well go to a few jewellers, see what ornaments are in vogue, and coax Elmwood to give me some.

Miss F.—A-hem! *Some!*

Lady E.—But mind, Bell—no Mosaic, no paste. Nothing but fine gold and real stones. [*Reads.*] At Harding's, get me six pairs of the finest, strongest, and most beautiful ribbed silk stockings; six ditto open-worked; two dozen beautiful French cambric worked handkerchiefs; look also at their winter cloaks and muffs; ask if boas are likely to continue in fashion; and if there's any thing new in furs and wadded pelerines.

Miss F.—Why, Grace, 'tis the heighth of summer!

Lady E.—But winter will come; and those great London shops have new stores of things for all seasons, pouring in every month; and we, *m'amie*, shall not then be in town to see and to choose them. I want you, too, to find your way to Holmes's in Regent-street, and Everington's in the City, about shawls, but will talk to you further respecting them ere you go. When at Maradan's, choose me——

Miss F.—I'm by no means sure that I shall purchase my new bonnet of Maradan; Lady Dormer has strongly recommended me to——

Lady E.—Lady Dormer is a perfect quiz in—(apropos, don't forget to call on the Dowager van de Winckle, Miss Schnapps, and Mrs. Sneyd) *costume*; according to her taste, I should expect to come out a second Mrs. Noah, However, I don't limit you to Maradan, though she now knows my style, should you see anything likely to suit me elsewhere; three dress caps too——

Miss F.—Dear Grace! I wish you wouldn't ask me to find you a bonnet; what can suit you but that which you fit yourself?

Lady E.—And am I in town, or shall I be, to make so desirable an experiment? Or Elmwood, being one with myself, shall he leave his official duties to fit bonnets for his wife? There are the poor dear children too—but they must be an after consideration.

Miss F.—For them, Grace, if I may be allowed to give an opinion, I should recommend straw, simply and neatly trimmed; not the silks and velvets of a fashionable *chapeliere*.

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Lady E.—Well, I want at Delcroix's four five-and-six-penny bottles of Bouquet du Roi; and a guinea bottle of the finest Persian Otto of Roses. At Rigge and Brockbank's, four bottles of their delightful Bouquet de Delices; two of their Extract of Flowers for the hair; and a case of veritable Eau de Cologne—*de Jean Farina*. At Atkinson's, get me three bottles of Rowland's Macassar Oil, three of their own Fluile des Amandes à la Rose, four pounds of their best old brown Windsor soap, two squares each of almond, cocoa-nut, rose, camphor and violet——

Miss F.—Are you going, my dear sister, to set up a store?

Lady E.—Hush! I'm obliged to think of visitors as well as of myself; look at the new perfumery of these people, and bring me a bottle of anything *very choice*; ask them for *sachets*, which perfume linen with the odours of cedar, or sandal-wood, not musk. I also want to know whether combs are worn so high as they were, and whether plain or cut; and, above all things, don't forget three pint bottles of best Eau de Lavande aux Mille-fleurs, really smelling of flowers, not spirit. For myself, I dislike Lavender Water, but it still has its admirers, and greatly saves extracts and esprits of a more costly description.

Miss F.—I'm glad to find, Grace, that anything like saving enters your head; I was beginning to believe that you'd banished the word from your dictionary.

Lady E.—Go to Cramer's, Chapell's, Goulding's, and any other of the great music-publishers, and buy me some of the best new music recently come out, vocal and instrumental.

Miss F.—But what? Can you name song or lesson?

Lady E.—No; you may just bring me anything; 'tis ten chances to one if I ever try it; still, for the sake of one's friends and own credit, 'tis necessary to buy new music in one's drawing-room, as well as new books and prints.

Miss F.—Shall I bring you an addition to your Scrap-book?

Lady E.—By all means; a few beautiful engravings of fancy subjects, and Arcadian landscapes. Also, three or four coloured prints, as nearly resembling rich, deep water-colour drawings as possible; not tinted lithographs, because they are generally so coarse as to make me fancy that having

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been struck off too roughly to sell plain, this defect has been (endeavoured to be), obviated by a coating of colour. Neither, Bell, do I admire these things in vile taste, by which country innocents are often beguiled—painted line engravings.

Miss F.—Nor do I: well, rely on my selection, you know I am considered to possess a taste for the Fine Arts, and you may safely trust to it for a super-excellent contribution to your Scrap-book.

Lady E.—I have commissions for you at Ackermann's and Newman's, being woefully deficient in drawing materials.

Miss F.—Dear Grace, I hope you've nearly completed your list; I don't believe, as it is, that I shall be able to execute one-fourth of the commissions you've named.

Lady E.—You must, Isabella; my only reliance is upon you. Elmwood, as I've told you, won't lift a finger or stir a step to help me. Find out the original makers of gold and silver frame tablets, for mounting drawings. I want half a dozen of each; also, dear, do try to discover the address of that Italian florist, whose name has unfortunately slipped my memory; but (*you* know)—Signor Puz— Balz—ette, —itta, —otto— something—whose flowers are so natural! Nevertheless, don't ask the Arundels, and other individuals of our acquaintance, his name, and where he lives.

Miss F.—[*Sighs*] And why not?

Lady E.—My dear Isabella! is it possible that you don't see the impolicy of allowing your acquaintances to claim, as general property, your own peculiar *marchands*? Fully am I resolved, at least to prevent, by awful silence, touching the whence I have my finery, Lady Muddle, Mrs. Twaddle, and Miss Addle, from dressing *en* duplicate, triplicate, and quadriplicate of myself. At the same time, should you be able to learn, from unquestionable authority, the names and locations of fashionable *artistes*, *modistes*, and *marchands*, with whom we are yet unacquainted.

Miss F.—[*Yawning*] A-a-h—ha-a-a—Grace, have you done?

Lady E.—DONE? Why, my dear, there's a whole host of things for the children, and the poor, to come next!

Miss F.—Then pray excuse my hearing what these are.

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Lady E.—Why? you can't get them unless you know.

Miss F.—And I don't mean to get them.

Lady E.—[*With surprise.*] Isabella! Come—you joke!

Miss F.—Methinks, Grace, the joke is on your side, for you certainly can't be serious in wishing me, instead of spending a few days with the Arundels, as I am invited to do, to spend them in the streets and shops of the Metropolis, buying half London; and when done, how am I to convey the precious cargo to you?

Lady E.—Cross creature! I verily believe you *like* to thwart me, because you're angry that *I* am married, and you are still single.

Miss F.—Recall those words, Grace; they convey a taunt which ought never to have escaped your lips to a sister—to a woman! As to thwarting, had your demands on my time and attention been moderate, happy should I have been to comply with your wishes, but—I have told you—I go to London to visit the Arundels, not to live in the shops.

Lady E.—You're like the rest of the world, Bell, very good humoured and obliging until put to the test, by the requisition of actual service.

Miss F.—And you, Grace, are also like the rest of the world, in asking "an inch" and "taking an ell;" in requesting, under the innocent "will you execute for me a few commissions?" that I should weigh myself down with a burthen too heavy to be borne!

Lady E.—Then you positively won't oblige me?

Miss F.—I positively can't.

Lady E.—O Bell! you unfeeling creature—what, then, will become of me, the dear children, and the poor, if you don't procure the things we want?

Miss F.—And O Grace, you thoughtless creature, what will become of you and me if I do? Look over your list, my dear sister, and see if you be not encouraging a taste for lavish expenditure! retrench, I beseech you, in these articles of jewellery, perfumery, new music, frame tablets, &c. which you *do not want*; let me know what you *really* do, and which, if the list be much abbreviated, I will endeavour to procure; but positively, *as it is*, I'll not stir a step out of Mrs. Arundel's doors on your errands. Surely, for the poor people's woollens, flannels and cottons you needn't send to

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town? Wilks, here, has always supplied you well; and, if you consent to keep the children in straw bonnets, they don't yet want new ones. Excuse me, Grace; I see what demon tempts you; not the positive *lack* of most of the articles you have named, but the charm of spending money—the magic of *Commissions to Town*.

THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS.

BY ROBERT STOREY.

Half screened by its trees in the Sabbath's calm smile,
The church of our fathers how nobly it stands!
Oh! villagers gaze on the old hallowed pile,
It was dear to their hearts—it was raised by their hands.
Who loves not the place where they worshipped their God?
Who loves not the ground where their ashes repose?
Dear even the daisy that blooms on the sod,
For dear is the dust out of which it arose!

Then say, shall the Church which our forefather's built,
Which the tempests of ages have battered in vain,
Abandoned by us in supineness or guilt,
Oh! say, shall it fall by the rash and profane?
No—perish the impious hand that would take
One shred from its altar, one stone from its towers!
The life-blood of martyrs has flowed for its sake,
And its fall, if it fall, shall be reddened by ours.

SUMMER SONG.*

BY W. LAW GANE.

Gentle ocean, cease to rave,
Summer winds are blowing,
Check each froward rising wave,
Curb their swell and flowing;

* These words have been set to music by Mr. Nathan, and will be shortly published.

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Painted by J. Russell. Engraved by T. S. Engleheart.

POOR OWEN.

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O'er the golden sands roll light,
As fairy feet in summer night,
When tripping from their flowry caves,
They dance to the music of thy waves.

Gentle ocean, softly flow,
To the morn a pillow;
On thy breast she loves to glow,
To sport upon the billow:
And on thee reflect their light
A thousand orbs, with glory bright;
All is fair around thee, ocean,
Calm every wild and fierce emotion.

POOR OWEN.

In that part of Herefordshire which approaches the ancient principality of Wales, there is a secluded valley which has not escaped altogether the notice of travellers. A small stream—too insignificant to have been marked on our maps—wends its way, in serpentine evolutions, through it; and, from the frequent interruptions which are occasioned by the irregularity of the bed over which it runs, its waters emit a gently pleasing sound, which may be said to add considerably to the romantic beauty of the place. The rocks which environ it, though abrupt, are not very high; and the natural ruggedness of the spot, its remoteness, and want of fertility, have effectually prevented the erection of any kind of habitations, unless when a band of gipsy vagrants make it their temporary abode. Though somewhat barren, it does not want the attraction of rich and varied vegetation. Here and there spots are covered with wholesome grasses, upon which the cattle of the farmer feed; and amidst the rocks, and along the margin of the stream, trees grow in great profusion. In summer, nothing can be more romantically attractive than the place; and, with somewhat of an oriental fancy, the neighbouring peasants call it Eden Dale.

About twenty years ago public attention was attracted in a particular manner to this secluded spot: a poor and lonely man, full of years, and indebted to the charity of others for

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the means of subsistence, erected for himself, in one of the natural recesses of the dell, an humble abode. The little dwelling betrayed in its construction much of that taste which we might suppose induced its owner to select for his residence a place so remote from the haunts and footsteps of men; an overhanging rock secured it against the effect of storms, whilst its perpendicular base formed the abutment, against which the rude rafters were raised. The roof was thatch and shingles; the shed had no window, and the door was lowly and ill-secured; the approach to it was intricate and circuitous, and the site appeared to have been chosen for the express purpose of avoiding the eyes of men. Still, when discovered, it bore an air of neatness; a woodbine was taught to climb the rude wall; and a few flowers were planted in an artificial bed before the door. The interior, notwithstanding an appearance of penury, was cleanly kept; and although deficient in furniture, there was enough to show that humble comfort was not altogether excluded from the shed.

Secluded and solitary, however, as this abode really was, the appearance of the inmate indicated nothing of ascetic or cynical habits. Age had thinned his locks and furrowed his cheeks; but the hand of Time, in passing over his countenance, had not defaced those looks of kindness and humanity which are always agreeable, but which, when seen on the face of an old man, are peculiarly interesting; the more so, perhaps, because so seldom found amidst those deep traces which care and years are sure to leave behind them. He had about him nothing of the misanthrope: his eye was devoid of that ruffian fire which is supposed to prompt the daring to desperate deeds, and the brow which overshadowed it was neither compressed nor pursued by sullen thoughts or disappointed hopes. The lover of his kind was stamped upon his forehead; and over his venerable countenance was diffused that holy placidity which is generally the companion of religious hope. When he spoke his tone was subdued: and even his manner of addressing others evinced a mind more accustomed to solicit favours than to busy itself with morbid speculations or unsocial musings. Retiring, however, his habits undoubtedly were; but they were those of a man who chose to be absorbed in his own feelings, rather than of one who, from any strong hatred, shunned society. When acci-

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dent brought any one to Eden Dale, they were invited to his shed; and when conversing with the young, the associations of other days would rush upon his memory, and his venerable countenance would brighten up with recollections of the past. At such times he would mention some of the incidents of his history, and they were eventful; for "he had been a soldier in his youth," and had "fought in famous battles." Of himself, however, he was wont to speak but seldom; but the traditions of his country—for he was a Welshman—with which his mind was stored, he was always willing to pour out for the amusement of all who chose to listen to him; and his superstitious lore was highly prized by his visitors.

In general, however, he was to be found seated in or near his humble hut only in the morning or evening. The intermediate part of the day was occupied in soliciting a small pittance from the humane of the neighbourhood; and the gentleness of his manner, and the kindness of his look, seldom failed of interesting those who could best relieve him. The parish officers were then less assiduous in the suppression of mendicity; and the kind esteem in which he was held secured him from an untimely incarceration in the workhouse. A similar sentiment of regard in the proprietor tolerated his residence in Eden Dale; and all felt so pleased with the good old man, that he was known throughout the district by the name of Poor Owen. The epithet "poor" was used more for the purpose of expressing the feelings of the speaker towards him, than as indicative of his condition. The very children participated in the general respect for his humble worth, and the approach of poor Owen was sure to awaken in them feelings of gladness: the old peasants were fond of conversing with him, and the younger part of the community delighted to listen to his legendary histories. At such moments the kindlier feelings of his nature would glow within him; his eyes would assume an unwonted brightness, and even a faint smile would play about his lips. It was observed, however, that the moment the excitation ceased he relapsed into his usual calm of sombre resignation; but this trait in one so aged excited no surprise.

When Owen first became a tenant of Eden Dale, he had with him a little girl: she was an only grand-daughter, her father and mother were both dead, and the old man seemed to

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regard her with more than a parent's fondness. She merited all his affections; and when in her twelfth year, the wife of a neighbouring farmer, compassionating her situation, undertook to instruct her in the duties of a housemaid. She grew up in all womanly perfection; acquired the good opinion of her mistress, the esteem of her fellow-servants, and, as might be expected from the bloom on her cheeks, the attention of more than one rustic beau. The guardian of her infancy, in this hour of prosperity, was not forgotten; if she did not rock the cradle of his declining years, she laboured to diminish its inquietude: the little residue of her earnings was freely given to promote his comforts; but as these were insufficient for his support, and as he did not wish to profit by parochial law, he was still necessitated to make his humble appeals to his patrons.

Within the circuit of Owen's rounds stood a cottage, distinguished from the generality of such habitations, in Herefordshire, by an air of superior comfort and elegance. It was surrounded by gardens and paddocks, and well-cultivated fields; and the house itself had rather the appearance of being the residence of a retired tradesman than the dwelling of a toiling peasant. Such, in fact, had originally been the case, and though economy had evidently been studied in its erection, there was an indication of outlay about its exterior which could hardly be expected from a proprietor whose only support was his individual industry. The windows were well glazed, the glass was kept clean, and a rich vine, in climbing the wall, spread over the casement that look of rustic comfort, which, in an Englishman's mind, is associated with the name of cottage.

For nearly twenty years Owen was in the habit of calling weekly at its door, and during that long period he was never repulsed with harshness. The inmates expected his visit on each successive Monday as a thing of course, and seldom failed to provide for him something that might induce him to return. At length the master of the mansion died, and his family removed to a distant part of the country. The cottage remained for months untenanted, and Owen was not aware it had been let, when, from the mere force of habit, he found himself, one Monday morning, standing before the door. The sight of a little girl, with an animated intelligent coun-

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tenance, and a rosy-cheeked boy, whose face beamed with an innocent and joyous beauty, awoke him from his reverie. It now flashed upon him that the cottage had received new inmates; and as the children appeared, from their manner and dress, to belong to a class somewhat above that of peasants, he signified his respect for them, and intimated the purpose of his presence, by taking off his hat, and extending the hand which held it.

It was the beginning of autumn, and the children were regaling themselves with the first offerings of that delightful season. On seeing the suppliant posture of the aged mendicant, the little fellow, from a generous impulse of humanity, arose to present Owen with his portion of the fruit; and his sister, approving of his benevolent purpose, seconded his intentions by sustaining him on his toes as he strained to reach the poor man's hat. Owen blessed the lad with the pious unction of one who prized a blessing, and with a smile, which bespoke the breathings of his heart, declined the proffered donation. The generous contest brought to the door the mistress of the mansion; and on casting her eye upon the good-natured aspect of the mendicant, she approved of her son's charity, and as Owen still declined the fruit, she presented him with a more substantial offering.

The look and manner, no less than the fair eyes and beauteous countenance of the boy, riveted the poor man's attention. He gazed upon him with a benevolent rapture; and a tear of joy stood in his dimmed eye, as the child courted his caresses. He could have willingly forgotten his age, and descended to infantine familiarity, but, casting a look upon his worn garments, he gave a deep sigh, and, remembering the disadvantage of his condition, he once more blessed the smiling boy and departed.

The scene, however, had impressed itself deeply on his mind: he could not forget the cherub lad for whom he had obtested heaven; and he felt himself interested in the boy, without being exactly able to give any definite reason. In his walks he was in the constant habit of looking upon children beaming with beauty, and joyous with superfluous health; but he had never met with one whose countenance gave such anticipations of future greatness as the rosy-cheeked boy of Vine Cottage. He retired to rest with the

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image of the boy before him; he arose next morning, and the scene of yesterday was involuntarily recalled. Obeying a strong impulse, he stored the bag that hung by his side with such fruits as he had collected for the children of his patrons, and bent his footsteps towards the residence of the little stranger. The boy recognized him as he approached; and, perhaps, flattered by the commendations and caresses of the preceding day, betrayed his satisfaction in the haste in which he announced to his mother the presence of poor Owen, for they had already made themselves acquainted with his history, so far as it was known in the neighbourhood. Eager to remove from himself the imputation of having returned so speedily, from mercenary motives, he spread before the delighted children the contents of his bag, and, having witnessed the gladness with which they had been accepted, he took his departure. Day after day he paid a visit to Vine Cottage, and always for the same purpose—that of gladdening his aged eyes with the sight of happy innocence, and of contributing to the harmless indulgence of one of nature's choicest works—a manly boy.

During his first visits Mr. Wentworth, the tenant of the cottage, was not at home, and, when he returned, he did not view the partiality of poor Owen for his son with the same feelings of kindness as his wife had manifested. Misfortune had made him somewhat morose; the world, he thought, had wronged him; and, misanthropic from adversity, he was sceptical respecting the disinterestedness of individuals. Owen was a professed mendicant; and beggar and knave had long been, in Mr. Wentworth's vocabulary, synonymous. He neither understood his motives nor desired his visits: his child could not profit by his attentions; and to guard against the possible consequences he prohibited Owen from again approaching the cottage. His wife had long felt the necessity of acquiescing in her husband's determinations; and, on this occasion, she did not feel inclined to offer any opposition. Her little son missed the daily presence of the old man, and made one or two anxious inquiries respecting his absence, and then, with the privilege of childhood, turned to his toys and forgot his aged friend.

(To be concluded.)

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SINGULAR SUPERSTITION.

FROM VICTOR HUGO'S "DERNIERES JOURS D'UN CONDAMNE,"
TRANSLATED BY M. L. B.

An absurd thing then occurred to me. A man came to relieve my old *gend'arme*, whose hand—selfish ingrate as I am—I had not even pressed. Now, another replaced him, —a fellow with low forehead, buffalo eyes, and ungainly figure. Beyond this, I paid him little attention, but, with my back turned to the door, and seated before the stable, I endeavoured to cool my burning forehead with my hand, and many thoughts troubled my mind.

A light slap on my shoulder made me turn my head: I was alone with the new gend'arme who addressed me nearly in these words:—"Criminal, have you a good heart?"

"No!" said I,

The bluntness of my reply appeared to disconcert him, and with some hesitation he observed,—"Nobody is wicked for the pleasure of being so."

"Why not?" I replied, "If you've only this to say to me, leave me, or come to the point at once."

"Pardon me, criminal," he answered; "two words with you only; say, if you could make a poor man happy, and it cost you nothing, would you do it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Are you come out of Bedlam? You've chosen a singular vessel from which to imbibe happiness.—*I* make anybody happy?"

He lowered his voice and assumed a mysterious air, which by no means detracted from his idiotic appearance.

"Yes, criminal! yes, happy! yes, fortunate! This you can make me, and thus: I am a poor gend'arme; the service is heavy, and the pay light; I am obliged to have a horse, and its keep ruins me. Now, to make up for it, I put into the lottery; one must have some calling, but even in this I cannot gain, unless I have good numbers. I have, by every means, sought sure ones, but I always fall short of the right by one; if I stake on 76, it turns up 77, and in vain have I continued to stake money on the same number, it never comes.* Patience, if you please, I have nearly done. Now,

* There are ninety numbers, four of which are drawn every month. Suppose you play upon No. 14, there are eighty-nine chances against

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a favourable opportunity occurs to me. It seems, pardon me for naming it, criminal, that you are to die to-day; and it is certain that dead folks, who have perished as you will do, know all about the lottery beforehand. Will you promise, therefore, to come to-morrow evening (this is what you can do) and give me three numbers—three good ones—Hey? Peace—I've no fear of apparitions, and this is my address, —*Popincourt* Tavern, staircase A, No. 26, at the end of the gallery. You'll know me again, wont you? But come this evening, if 'tis more convenient to you."

I should have scorned to answer the ideot, only a foolish hope just then crossed my mind; in a position desperate as was mine, a man sometimes fancies he could file a chain with a hair.

"Hearken," said I, playing a part as much as he could do, who is about to die, "I can indeed make you richer than a monarch, by the gain of millions, but only on one condition."

He opened wide his stupid eyes.

"What?—What?—Any thing to please you, criminal.

"Instead of three numbers, I promise you four,—only change dresses with me."

"If it be only that," cried he, beginning to undo the top buttons of his uniform. I rose from my chair, observed all his movements, and my heart beat strongly, for I already beheld the doors open before the uniform of a gend'arme, and the square, the street, and the prison behind me.

But my man already wavered:—"Psha! said he, isn't it to leave this place?"

I saw that all was lost; but nevertheless ventured a last wild, useless effort.

"Do it," said I, "and your fortune is made!"

"Ah, well!—no!" he interposed, "think of my numbers, in order to make them good, you must be dead."

I sat down again dumbfoundered, and more utterly lost to hope than I had ever been.*

you. You may stake from one franc to any sum upon a number; if it comes out, you receive 260 times your stake.—*M. Tarver.*

* This excerpt, from a work by the celebrated French novelist, Victor Hugo, appears in "Le Caméleon," a monthly periodical, edited by Mons. J. C. Tarver of Eton, a magazine which, with the great advantage of a marginal translation of idiomatic phrases, *which no dictionary gives*, we can cordially recommend to all French readers.

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MRS. BILLINGTON.

"This lady made her *debût* in Dublin with Daly, and failed; she now accompanied her husband to Waterford, with a view of merely singing for benefits and at concerts. Billington was a pleasant and clever man, and I introduced him to the house of a great musical amateur in Waterford, to whom Mr. Rice had given me a letter. Cubit our singer I also took there; and as we were beginning to get up some difficult pieces of music, and wanted a female voice, Billington asked permission to bring his wife, whom till this moment no one had heard of.

"Young and lovely as she was then, I need hardly describe what was the impression she produced on our party, by a union of the most musical science with the greatest natural gift which the annals of English singing can boast of. Our astonishment was equal to our admiration; and the next day I told Vandermere, who went with me to Billington's lodgings, and heard her sing. There, without an instrument and in a low room, she pleased him sufficiently to obtain the immediate offer of an engagement; but her failure in Dublin had so discouraged her, that she was fully convinced at this period she should never succeed on the stage. The cause of failure being very obvious, (that timidity which people of genius at all times feel in their outset,) I volunteered my services to read to her one or two singing characters, as a means of inducing her to study them: my offer was cordially accepted; and but a few mornings had elapsed before she was not only perfect in the words, but the spirit of Rosetta and Clarissa. A stage-rehearsal was now resorted to, and she soon became *au fait* 'to the business.' On this acting groundwork, she collected confidence, and gave the manager leave to put her name in the bills. Her success at Waterford was equal to her deserts; yet, strange to say, at the conclusion of the season she was unprovided with an engagement; and Billington knowing my destination, came to me, to use my interest with Mr. Palmer in procuring him (only) a situation. I accordingly wrote to Bath, and received an answer that the arrangements for the orchestra had been long since completed, but that if Mr. Billington and wife

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would join the company, on the ground of making themselves useful, Mr. Palmer would give them three guineas a-week, till something better presented itself. Billington carried this letter to his wife, with the view, as I imagined of accepting the offer: what circumstances interfered, I know not; but in the Passion-week of the winter following, when rode up to London to shake hands with some old friends, I met Billington accidentally, and went home with him to congratulate his wife: she had appeared in London, and established herself as the first female English singer of the age."—*Bernard's Retrospection of the Stage.*

VILLAGE EPITAPHS

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF BREMHILL, WILTS.
BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.*

ON A YOUNG WOMAN WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

Our pastor plac'd this humble stone; beneath
Lies one more victim of untimely death:
Stranger, approach and read—it tells a tale
Of silent duty in life's lowly vale;
Of one, her aged parents' only care,
Never beheld without a parent's prayer.
Her pale consumption smote in youth's fair bloom.
How wept the few who follow'd to the tomb!
Her mother most, and husband—for she left
An infant and a husband, both bereft;
He as it smiles, that infant shall behold,
And weep the more for *her* who here lies cold.

ON A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER,

Who died two years after her father, but in the same week of the year, and buried in the same grave.

"Oh! Mother, I will rise and pray,"
With feeble voice, she cried,
"For this, dear mother, is the day
On which poor father died."

* The amiable and truly christian pastor of Bremhill, has published a second series of his "Little Villager's Verse Book," from which we have extracted these plain and simple annals of the poor.

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Jos.h Robins



May. 1837.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.

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Faintly she spoke—she knelt—she pray'd
Her eyes with weeping dim;
And, ere seven days had pass'd, was laid
In the same grave with him.
Oh! when all worlds, before their God,
In trembling hope shall stand,
She shall awake from the same same sod,
And smile at his right hand.

ON AN OLD SOLDIER, AGED NINETY-TWO.

A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse and this recording stone;
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to strav,
Danger and death companions of his way.
Here, in his native village, stealing age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past, of names of high renown,
Or brave commanders long to dust gone down!
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Though ninety winters on his head had snow'd.
His country, while he lived, a boon supplied,
And faith her shield held o'er him when he died.
Think, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,
Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.—Robe of one of the new Spring muslins, a white ground with yellow stripes; it is finished by an embroidered border. Canizon of clear muslin made high and close to the shape, with a round full cape of a very novel form, embroidered round the border. The sleeves quite tight at the lower part of the arm and on the shoulder, are ornamented in the centre with double bouffants. Hat of very fine Leghorn straw, lined with quadrilled gauze, and trimmed with green figured gauze ribbon and a sprig of flowers.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—White *tulle* robe over a blue *gros de Naples* slip, the *corsage* is trimmed with a superb blond lace flounce, headed by a row of blond lace turning upwards: the effect is very novel. *Corsage* cut low and square,

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seamed at the sides and pointed at the bottom; it is trimmed in a novel stile with blond lace and *coques* of white ribbon round the top, and a row of lace is set on round the bottom of the waist. Three double biass falls set on with moderate fulness in the *volan*, stile decorate the short sleeve. The hair arranged in a knot of Apollo behind, and in soft braids at the sides, is decorated with a wreath of wild flowers, a sprig of foliage descending from it droops upon the neck.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

The weather is still so very unfavourable to the display of summer costume, that scarcely any novelties have yet made their appearance, but they are in readiness, and our fair fashionables only wait for warm and bright sunshine to throw off the *demi saison* costumes in which they are still enveloped, and appear in the light and tasteful attire of spring.

We may cite, among the new materials that will be decidedly fashionable, the papyrus: let not our fair readers be alarmed at its antique name, for it is really a beautiful material, and perfectly calculated for a spring robe, as it unites the brilliancy of silk with the softness of cashmere, and the lightness of cambric; it has, besides, the very great advantage of never creasing! it is of different patterns, and calculated both for half dress and evening dress. A still richer material, and calculated for grand costume only, is the *satin alphie;* it is twilled and glazed with white on a coloured ground, which produces a light and transparent shade, like the surface of water. The most novel and beautiful among the light materials, is a kind of gauze cachemire, which perfectly merits its name, Ariel, for it has all the transparence in which the fancy of a poet might deck a sylph; it is quadrilled in white upon light and delicate colours, as blue, or pale pink. This pretty material is calculated for social parties. The *mousselines caprée*, also a transparent cashmere material, are of large patterns on white or coloured grounds; they are flowered in bouquets of orange blossoms, myrtle, or aloes, with their warm foliage. Very few printed muslins have made their appearance, nor are they expected to be much in favour; the few that have come out are of large patterns, and it may be taken as a general rule, which will admit of few exceptions, that patterns will this year be very large, and the colours both vivid and in great variety. White muslins

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are expected to be very fashionable, but not till much later in the season.

Very little alteration is expected to take place in the make of dresses. The pelisse robe form will be a good deal in favour in half dress, as the *corsage* will be partially covered, either by a mantelet of the same material, or one of lace, or embroidered muslin, when the weather grows warmer; it will be made to the shape without ornament. The principal change is expected to be in the sleeves. Some have been already introduced, made quite tight to the arm, but ornamented with *ruches* in such a manner as did not add at all to their volume. We have seen also some others decorated with puffs placed in a spiral direction, and so small as to take off but little from the tightness of the sleeve. Generally speaking, however, there is great reason to think that sleeves of moderate fulness will continue to be fashionable in half dress, though they may not be in a majority.

Scarfs, light summer shawls, and mantelets, both of taffetas, embroidered muslin, and lace, are expected to be very fashionable in carriage dress. The new scarfs are of a larger size than those usually adopted; the patterns are very rich both in gauze and cashmere. Shawls are either of the half transparent kind, or of *cashmirienne*, and of uncommon beauty.

We have, as yet, little to say on the subject of hats and bonnets. There is no doubt that rice straw will maintain all its usual superiority; *moire* is also expected to be very much in favour, as is also a new and very rich material, *reps de Venise;* it is a silk of uncommon beauty. Some of the most elegant hats that have already appeared, have large brims standing out very much from the face, and leaving it quite exposed. The principal alterations appear to be in the crowns, or rather the backs of them; the curtains are excessively low, and hang much more gracefully without leaving the neck uncovered, We see also a good many hats cut in a peculiar manner behind, so that the back of the brim supplies, in some degree, the place of a curtain. The new hats are for the most part ornamented with bouquets of early flowers, such as mignionet, violets, primroses, heliotropes, and lilacs. These bouquets are of a round form, and placed low. We must observe, however, that though feathers are not in a majority, several of the most elegant hats are deco-

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rated with them, or rather, perhaps, we ought to say with a mixture of feathers and flowers. A new kind of shaded feather, called a *folletts*, is likely to be much in vogue; so are also marabouts. We should observe, however, that the former are employed to trim the crowns of hats only, but the latter, besides being used for that purpose also, are very frequently employed to decorate the interior of the brims of hats, with a mixture of flowers, in which case the crown is generally decorated with flowers only. We may cite, as an example of this stile, and one of the most elegant that has fallen under our notice, a hat of white *moire*, trimmed next the face with marabouts mingled with roses; the crown was decorated with a sprig of white lilac, which drooped upon the brim. Fashionable colours are apple green, lavender-bloom, different shades of straw colour, azure blue, cherry, pale pink and drab.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Dove coloured *gros de Naples* pelisse. The *corsage* is made quite up to the throat, but without a collar; it is disposed in folds on each side, and ornamented in the centre with *agrafes* of a new form, composed of ribbons to correspond; they are continued all down the skirt. The sleeves are tight at the bottom, in the centre, and on the shoulder, but trimmed above the elbow and below the shoulder with two bouffants of moderate fulness. Drawn bonnet of pink *pou de soie*, the brim extremely large, is lightly trimmed in the interior at the sides with blond lace; the crown placed horizontally, is decorated with ribbons to correspond, and a round bouquet of violets. Square shawl of green *pou de soie*.

FRENCH OPERA DRESS.—*Tissu memphis* robe, the ground a rich cream colour; it is watered and figured in ruby and green; the border is trimmed with a double flounce edged with a rouleau of light green satin. The *corsage* is ornamented with a *fichu Heloise* formed by a bias *volan* surmounted by a *bouillon*. The sleeve is tight at the lower part, and finished by a pointed cuff; the plaits are confined at each end by a rouleau of green satin; the upper part of the sleeve is ornamented by three *volans*, the lower one descends below

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Jos.h Robins.



FRENCH OPERA DRESS.

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the elbow; a rouleau round the top, and a rosette at the bottom of the waist, completes the ornament of the *corsage*. Green *pou de soie* hat, a round, deep, and very open brim; the interior is trimmed with blond, lightly intermingled with green foliage; the crown placed backward, and rather high, is ornamented with a bouquet of green shaded feathers and green ribbons.

Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

If ever Fashion could be said to be at a stand-still, it is at the present moment, for although, despite of the weather, some summer toilettes have appeared, we cannot by any means pronounce, with positive certainty, as to what the summer fashions will be, when once the weather permits them to be universally adopted. What we know for certain is, that some of the first houses in Paris have entered the lists against each other as to the form of hats and bonnets, some having been made with very large brims, and others with very small ones. We shall see which party will be victorious, but certainly the contest will not be decided for at least a month to come. We must, however, in justice to the large brims, observe, that they are the most numerous and the most elegant up to the present moment. We shall cite, therefore, those that appear to us the most worthy of notice. A hat of pea green *moire*, the brim of which extended somewhat in the curtain stile round the back of the crown; it was trimmed with *rubans gothique* to correspond, but of gauze, and of uncommon richness, and that beautiful flower the hyporis, which is expected to be very much in vogue this season. Another hat, also of *moire*, is of straw colour, and trimmed with a beautiful feather of a perfectly novel kind; it is an *oiseau de Paradis marabout*. A third hat of rose coloured *reps de Venise*, was trimmed with a feather and *rubans marabouts*, both to correspond; the interior of the brim was adorned with a bouquet of violets of Parma. Some gypsy hats of rice straw, the crown trimmed with a band of rose coloured *rubans marabouts*, which was tied in a full knot on one side, and a bouquet of moss roses placed in the knot, have been greatly admired, and we may, without hesitation, declare that these hats will be in vogue during the whole summer.

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We scarcely remember a season in which summer materials were so various or so beautiful in quality; those of the half transparent kind, and of the finest Cashmere wool take the lead for *negligé*, and even for half dress. We may cite, for the first, the *foullards Bardes*, though they can scarcely be classed as half transparent, being a rather close but very slight material, plaided in the antique Scots patterns, such as the bards of the old times might be supposed to have worn in traversing their native mountains. The colours are grave, indeed sombre, and if truth must be told, the material derives its beauty from the romantic associations connected with the ancient traditions of Scotland. *Salamporis*, *mousselines*, *cachemire*, and *lotistes de laine*, and *de soie* may be called novel, from the infinite variety and beauty of their patterns, but it is particularly in those of the *mousselines de laine*, that the greatest taste and invention has been displayed. Some small and delicate patterns, both quadrilled, striped and flowered, are admirably calculated for *negligés* and half dress; it is probable, however, that they will be very little used for the latter, as large patterns are expected to be the order of the day, and certainly some of the new ones are of uncommon beauty, but yet we must protest both against their size, and the great variety of colours employed in them. A robe of this kind is not unbecoming to a tall fine woman, but it perfectly disfigures a dumpy *belle*. The sleeve most in favour for half dress robes, is that made tight from the shoulder to the wrist, but with the upper part trimmed with three or four full frills of the same material. *Manchettes*, which round a little on the hand, are now indispensable with these sleeves. As soon as the weather permits light robes to be seen, those of organdy lined with coloured silk will be very much in vogue. This is certainly an old fashion revived, but it will be rendered in a great degree new, by the manner in which these robes will be trimmed.

The Spanish stile is for the moment triumphant in evening dress, but it can be only for the moment, as silks of striking colours, trimmed with black lace, must assuredly disappear with the cold weather. Fashionable colours are pea green, emerald green, red and grey, lilac, lemon colour, *écru*, and various shades of rose, blue and fawn colour.

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THE ANCIENT GREEK HERO'S PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

My love, and my dear ones, we part but to meet,
When our foes shall be trodden like dust at our feet;
No fetters, no tyrants our souls shall enslave,
While the ocean shall roll or the harvest shall wave.

We go; to return when the strife shall be done:
When the field shall be fought and the battle be won;
When the sceptre is smitten, and broken the chain,
We come back in freedom, or come not again!

No fearing, no doubting, thy soldier shall know,
When here stands his country, and yonder his foe;
One look at the bright sun, one prayer to the sky,
One glance when our banner floats glorious on high!

Then on, as the young lion bounds on his prey;
Let the sword flash on high, fling the scabbard away;
Roll on, like the thunderbolt, over the plain;
We come back in glory or come not again!

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STANZAS.

MY PORTRAIT.

O'Shaughnessy.—"A mighty pretty dialogue that,
Where one has all the talk!"—
The Red Branch.

Is this my likeness? Let me on it gaze,
Since I ne'er saw before my counterfeit!
These lines are then my features, this my face—
My second self—with which this Art would cheat
Me with its lights and shades, and thereon trace
My very look, and tell me, "thus thou art,"
When every moment's wing is changing some small part!

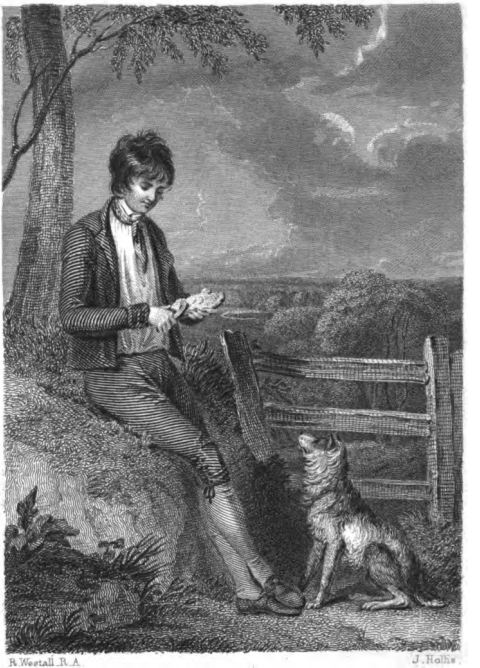
Away vain skill!—'tis thine alone to show
Some fixed look, that's cold enough to sit
An hour upon the eye;—thou art too slow
To catch the moment's gleam upon it lit,
Whose whole bright life is in one sparkle!—No!
That which is essence, thou canst never bind
Down to thy purpos'd fixedness!—Paint me then the Mind!

Let it, in words and thoughts that breed their kind,
Live, and be noted or remembered;—all
That else is of me, perisheth; the wind
That whirls my dust, will have respect but small
For its external features,—the poor rind
That cased the fruit,—worthless, but that it held
The spirit, that to noble thoughts or deeds impelled!

Thus have I looked, ye say:—well, and how long?
Once—or again; when—why—and shall I e'er
Seem thus—all thus?—No answer:—am I wrong,
Then, when I call thee cheat?—O! passing air,
The breath of vapour, or the sound of song
Were record surer than thy lines and hues;
—And yet men name thy Art, child of another muse!—

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R. Westall R.A. J. Hollis

THE PEASANT'S DOG FOUND.

Joseph Robins, Bride Court, London

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—Paint me no portrait of myself!—if o'er
My likeness any gaze, when I am gone,
If aught but my mind's thoughts,—it sure were more
To me, to have it live in flesh than stone,
Canvass, or metal, leaving the world my own,
Again to leave behind his own: and thus to give
To far posterity the proof that we did live!

—Thus have I thought, perhaps should always think;
Yet human vanity—thy mother meet!—
Even at the eye, delights the draught to drink
Of flattery, which self-love makes always sweet;
Not Caliban would at a mirror wink;
And every pimpled chin look less unruly
On canvass placed, in truth,—than it doth truly!—

Yes, I will own't, I pant to have that name
Which makes the hearers of its sound desire
To know, if that its owner's brow's the same
As other foreheads; or if some strange fire
Is in the eye that sees, where all seems tame
Light, life, and beauty; and I happier hold
Those who in brass and marble live, than they who roll in gold!

THE HAPPY PEASANT.

I envy not the mighty great—
Those powerful rulers of the state,
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expense of ease.

Far happier the peasant swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed,
On rushy pillow hangs his head.

No wild ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast;
His faithful dog and artless fair
Are all his hope and all his care.

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LINES

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON VISITING HER NATIVE PLACE.

Yes, go; for bright as Eden's bow'r,
The scenes that childhood lov'd;
Where, 'midst the bloom of many a flow'r,
Thy fairy footsteps rov'd;
While floating dreams of new delight,
O'ershadowing breath'd repose,
And grief was as the dew-drop light,
That hangs around the rose,

Yes, go; for blissful is the tear
That softly trembling plays
O'er forms in joy, in sadness dear,
The friends of early days:
Who lov'd with thee to gaze awhile
On heaven's own arch of blue,
Where groves and gold-ting'd islets smile
On lakes of ether hue.

Yes, go; but oft that voice shall steal,
Like angel-strains above,
With soothings soft as infants feel
When hush'd in arms of love.
Its tones might lull despair to rest,
Breathe fragrance o'er the grave;
And, like the tree divinely blest,
Drop sweets on Marah's wave.

Then fare thee well!—Some glimm'rings bright
Yet cheer that withering sound;
As moon-beams dance with purer light
When all is dark around.
Oh yes! for sweet the parting sigh—
Beyond expression sweet!
That whispers, whilst its murmurs die,
Ye once again shall meet.

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POOR OWEN.

(*Concluded from page* 170.)

In about a month after Owen had ceased to visit Vine Cottage its inmates were thrown into a state of great alarm: the boy was missing. Search was anxiously made for him in the immediate neighbourhood, but without effect; and inquiries were extended with similar success. The maternal apprehensions burst out in audible grief, and Mr. Wentworth, who doated on his boy, though more restrained in his expressions was not less anxious for the restoration of his child. The people of the neighbourhood sympathized with them, and assisted in a systematic search, which was now resorted to. The day, however, advanced, and no tidings of the little fugitive.

The vehement sorrow of his relatives precluded them from viewing the case dispassionately, but when the diligence of their friends had been exhausted they began to conjecture respecting the proper methods to be pursued under the urgency of the circumstances. Were there any gipsies in the neighbourhood? None had been seen for weeks. Were there any beggars? Yes. Poor Owen was seen that morning in the neighbourhood of Vine Cottage. Here was consolation: all willingly concluded that Owen had imprudently carried the little fellow to his hut; and would, no doubt, speedily return. The harshness of Mr. Wentworth had driven him to this expedient to gratify his kindly feelings for the child: but though this conjecture satisfied others it did not allay the apprehensions of the parents. The father hurried to Eden Dale, but found the shed untenanted; the door was closed; he forced it open: but there was no appearance either of the mendicant or the boy.

Something like a conviction of horrid wrong now flashed upon him; and, in the hasty reasoning of a diseased mind, he at once assumed that the child was murdered, and that the benevolent-looking beggarman was the wretch who had perpetrated the deed. In this conclusion he found, however, but few to coincide; the peasantry could not do such violence to their estimate of Owen's good qualities as to suppose him guilty of an unprovoked and deliberate murder; they had no doubt that he would establish his innocence, and, when evening approached, they went in a body to Eden Dale.

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On their arrival they found the shed untenanted, and one of them, more curious than the rest, entered it. In a moment he returned, in a state of fearful alarm, bearing in his hand the half-burnt fragments of a child's dress. Mrs. Wentworth sprang forward, seized the remains of her son's frock, gave a wild scream of anguish, and sank upon the earth. Here was evidence of a fearful crime; and, on examination, the hearth presented corroborative proofs of Owen's guilt. There could now be no question of his having done a deed of darkness, and his unusual absence from his hut, at such an hour, served to confirm the revolution which had now taken place in the minds of those who had, a few hours before, most firmly believed in his innocence. Mrs. Wentworth was removed to her cottage; her boy was lost to her for ever, and curses, loud and deep, were poured upon the wretch who had extinguished life in a being so sweet and fair.

There are storms in which individual character, as well as the stoutest barks, are sure to suffer shipwreck; and an adverse opinion having once gone forth it would seem to render the public mind incapable of receiving any but the most unfavourable impressions. The eccentricities of your life, your most innocent amusements, and your accidental habits, are brought in evidence against you, and even your personal friends cannot resist the force of the popular notion. They may sympathize with, but they will hesitate to defend you. When such things occur in ordinary cases, it is not surprising that sentiments of strong disgust were generated by the palpable proofs of Owen's guilt: all wondered how they could have been so long imposed on; and it was unanimously concluded that his habitual taciturnity, his attachment to solitude, and his aversion to mirth and laughter were the consequences of a seared and diseased mind. Besides, it was now discovered that he was not a native of Herefordshire: how had his youth been past, and where? He said he was a soldier; who believed him? He was a native of Wales: bad spirits had been born in Wales as well as elsewhere, and they were certain he must have had reasons for choosing to live beyond the limits of his native country.

While they were engaged in canvassing his character, the unfortunate man suddenly made his appearance by a foot-path which wound round the base of a projecting rock. He

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appeared in haste, but the moment he perceived the crowd which awaited him he shrunk involuntarily back, as if instinctively, in search of concealment; and this movement was another confirmation of his guilt. In a moment twenty voices assailed him; reproach was on every tongue, and accusation in every word; and more eager, in that moment, to avoid personal violence than repel the charge urged against him, he merely begged for mercy, and in the anguish of that cry many thought they discovered a tacit confession of guilt. His years and his infirmities, however, disarmed their virtuous indignation; they offered no violence to his person, but he was guarded with the most sedulous vigilance until the following morning, when he was carried before the magistrate. The proofs of his crime were produced; the half-burnt clothes naturally suggested inquiries respecting the disposal of the body, but the prisoner, in reply, did no more than protest against the charge: he knew nothing of the murder, he loved the child. and was innocent of his blood. But this was no more than might be expected; and he was immediately transmitted to Hereford gaol, to await the approaching assizes.

In this hour of misery there was only one living being who did not desert him. His grand-daughter sought his dungeon; she refused to credit the charge against him, and administered to his wants, during his confinement, with all the cordiality of woman's affection. Ignorant of the world's ways, and believing that innocence was a sufficient protection, she took no means to prepare for her grandfather's defence: she left his case to Providence.

Owen had not lain six weeks in prison, when a new proof of his iniquity was brought to light; the proprietor of Eden Dale, participating in the popular feeling of disgust, resolved to demolish the mendicant's shed. He accompanied his workmen to the spot; and as they proceeded in the business of destruction, a smell peculiarly offensive assailed them. This created suspicion; the floor was examined, and in one corner the earth appeared to have been recently disturbed. In an instant it was removed, and a few inches only beneath the surface the body of a child was found! The coroner summoned a jury: a surgeon was examined; and though neither Mr. Wentworth nor his wife could positively identify

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the body, owing to its state of decomposition, they had no doubt it was the corpse of their son. This was also the opinion of others; and if any had hitherto remained sceptical, now, indeed, their incredulity was removed.

The day of trial at length arrived, and the prisoner was placed at the bar. Confinement had left its pallid and sickly impress upon his cheeks; and there was a twitching in the more prominent nerves of his face, which indicated a considerable degree of agitation. He hardly raised his head; did not cast his eye upon the auditors, and seemed to look more upon vacancy than upon the court. Still his dress, though mean, was cleanly; his thin locks lay flat upon his forehead, and those who had not read the evidence against him could not for a moment have supposed that one of his years and benevolent aspect could have been guilty of murder.

The counsel for the prosecution, at an early hour, proceeded to state the case: in the outset he disclaimed prejudicing the jury against the prisoner, who, though friendless and unassisted by counsel, would find an advocate in the learned judge. The evidence, he said, was conclusive. His enmity to the deceased arose from the prohibition given by Mr. Wentworth; and from the moment he was forbidden to approach Vine Cottage, the prisoner, with vampire malignity, meditated the destruction of his innocent and playful victim. On the morning of the murder he was seen lurking near the cottage; and on the evening of the same day, with the cowardice of conscious guilt, he thought to shun the observation of the peasantry. Though his plan of proceeding was deliberate, Providence made the very means of concealment instrumental in the establishment of his guilt: in his haste he omitted to consume all the fragments of the boy's clothes; and, fearful of discovery, he converted his own floor into a cemetery: had he deposited the corpse elsewhere, perhaps the evidence might not have been less conclusive. In conclusion, he recommended the jury to give the advantage of any doubt they might entertain to the prisoner; but he, for his own part, could not possibly see how a doubt could arise.

The opening speech of counsel was fully sustained in evidence; and when the prisoner was called upon for his defence, a breathless silence prevailed throughout the court. The wretched man, when asked if he had any thing to say,

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started as if from a horrible dream; and after glancing wildly around, declared, in a broken voice, that he was innocent.

"Have you witnesses?" inquired the judge. "I have no friends," was the significant reply. "Have you nothing further to say, otherwise it becomes my duty to address the jury?"

The prisoner now seemed to be alive to his critical situation, and appeared about to address the court; but the confusion of his mind prevented him, and he ultimately declined saying any thing further. His lordship recapitulated, in a lucid manner, the evidence! and the jury, without leaving the dock, returned their verdict. While it was being recorded, the crowd assembled leaned forwards with looks of anxiety: they could hardly doubt its nature; but all felt that, while life or death was about to be pronounced, they could not too soon catch the accent of acquittal or condemnation.

The prisoner was extremely agitated; the colour on his cheek, like an incipient flash of lightning, just touched and vanished; his lip quivered; and his breathing, though rapid, was audible. When the clerk of the court rose, he fixed his gaze with a bewildered intensity on him; and by the heaving of his breast it seemed as if the spirit of life was struggling to escape. After an awful pause—which seemed in its duration a day to the unfortunate prisoner—the fatal word "guilty" was pronounced. All breathed freely; certainty brought relief, and to none more apparently than the wretched man in the dock. He raised his eyes to heaven, ejaculated a short prayer, and instantly resumed his wonted composure.

Sentence was passed in due form, and at twelve o'clock the ensuing day the executioner had to do his office. The awful fate which awaited him secured Owen no sympathy; his declarations of innocence were regarded as things of course; and, when the heart felt inclined to pity, the rising emotion was instantly quelled by reference to the victim of his guilt, and the parental hearts his crime had lacerated. At the appointed hour the usual preparations had been completed; and, as the clock struck twelve, the prison bell solemnly announced to the inhabitants of Hereford that a criminal was about to die. The assembled multitude grew every moment more dense! and the confusion consequent upon such a

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gathering was hushed to silence as the wretched object of their curiosity appeared beneath the fatal beam. At that moment a faint voice was heard at a distance; presently it became more distinct; and the rush of many persons intimated the approach of a disordered multitude. "He lives! he lives!" cried a womanly voice; and the crowd gave way, as a young female, with her dress disordered, rushed towards the officers of justice. It was the criminal's grand-daughter. She announced the astounding fact that the child, for whose supposed death her aged relative was about to die, still lived; and those who considered the girl crazed were quickly undeceived. A tall, shrewd-looking young man, bearing a wondering boy in his arms, and followed by a boisterous and impatient crowd, now presented himself, and said, "Here is the boy!" "Who recognizes him?" demanded the sheriff. "I do," answered Mr. Wentworth, stepping from amidst the crowd, in the throng of which he had eagerly rushed to save the life of Poor Owen. The judge not having yet left the town a reprieve was forthwith obtained.

It appeared that, subsequent to receiving sentence, Owen's grand-daughter waited on him in his cell: she was accompanied by a fellow-servant, a native of Scotland, who, with the characteristic shrewdness of his countrymen, put several questions to the convict. From the answers he received he learnt that Owen had one enemy, a woman who resided in a secluded spot a few miles distant from Eden Dale. She, too, lived on alms, and her enmity arose from the preference every where given to her rival. She had repeatedly threatened him with her vengeance: and it was barely possible she might have murdered the child, and disposed of his remains in the manner related. On this hint Andrew Gordon set forward to her hut: she had deserted it three months before; but, by assiduous inquiry, he traced her to a Welsh mountain, ten miles distant, where he found her. "You have got a pretty little *girl*," said Andrew. "Yes," was the sullen reply; but before she could utter another word Andrew had discovered that it was a *boy*. Conviction now flashed upon him; the wretched woman in vain endeavoured to free herself from his grasp; and, when carried before a magistrate, she confessed that, her little girl having died, she stole Master Wentworth; and, that she might not be suspected, contrived to

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implicate Poor Owen. for whom she entertained the deadliest hatred. The little fellow's clothes she partially burnt on his hearth, and subsequently deposited the body of her own daughter beneath the floor of his shed, when she understood that it was about to be demolished. The better to escape detection, she at first concealed the child, and afterwards removed to the Welsh mountains, where Andrew had detected her. The dead body was again exhumed, a coroner attended, and the surgeon *now* discovered that it was that of a female. These circumstances were brought to light just to avert the fate of Owen, who regarded his deliverance as little less than an interposition of the Divine Providence in his behalf.

The guilty cause of his sufferings received that measure of punishment which the law awarded her offence, and Andrew Gordon soon received what he so well merited—the hand of Owen's grand-daughter.

Poor Owen spent the remainder of his days under Andrew's roof; and the shrewd Scotsman had sense enough to prize virtue and beauty, though they met in a maid of such humble origin.

A LAY OF THRIFT.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY OCCUPIED IN NEEDLE-WORK.

"All our praises why should lords engross?"
Inquired the bard who sang the Man of Ross;
And I, though but a bardling in repute,
Would very gravely add a question to it—
Why all our rhymes should Fancy run away with,
Leaving Utility but few to play with?
Roses the poet will with pleasure sigh on,—
Ah! wherefore never on the dandelion!
The nightingales that die are straightway hid
Beneath the Muse's paper pyramid;
The lark, the wren too, "have melodious tears;"
But let the goose die, who of sonnets hears?
'Tis thus with man; we give unto the bard
The love full oft his betters are debarred;
Weep, if he tell us he is past his prime,
Forgetful that he says so for the rhyme;
Dote on the anger of the tuneful railer,
Never on that which moves his injured tailor:

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To him who weaveth wreaths of verse we go,
Yet shrink from him that weaveth calico;
Though verse and calico agree, I say,
Since both are cheap and common—neither PAY!
Nor is the pleasure of poetic pains
That which consists in counting up their gains.
But to my moral: wherefore; O Utility,
To thee is vowed Parnassian sterility?
I'll break the rule—the laurel crown I'll shift,
I'll pay Olympic honours unto THRIFT.
And wherefore not? Why, in rhymes pretty rich,
Should not the distich be for those who stitch?
If she who threads a dance our praise can wheedle?
Why not the nobler she who threads a needle?
Why should we dote, in our poetic dreams,
But on the seeming that sews up no seams?
Why love a pretty voice employed in hemming,
Ev'n whilst the hands that are so we're condemning?
Why should the moralist who teaches youth
To mend bad habits, be preferred, in sooth,
Before the sempstress, who for youth prepareth
New ones at once, and not the old repaireth?
O lady of the needle and the shears—
Thou very peerless one among thy peers!
I'd rather sit by thee, in the green light
Made by the beech-tree and the noonday bright,
Watching thy work box, and thy work maternal
Touched into beauty by such influence vernal,
Than be with some fair idler who rehearses,
In the same sunshine, Mr. Moore's best verses.
I loved not shows and spectacles of old,
But you, spectacled syren, have made bold
To change my tastes; and in like manner too
I am a convert to your wise opinion,
That melancholy's dire and drear dominion
(Except in the incorrigible few)
Might be corrected—not by whip and beadle
But by a course of steel—I mean the needle.
But ah! what hear I? 'tis the dinner-bell—
Of *your* work, and *my* rhymes, the funeral knell;
So for awhile, needle and pen, farewell.

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NORMAN CASTLE;

A SPECIMEN OF OLD ROMANCE.

BY M. L. B. AUTHOR OF "QUITE GOOD ENOUGH."

Norham is grim, and grated close,
Hemm'd in by battlement and fosse,
And many a darksome tower.
Marmion.

"You'd better, Sir Knight, sleep in the village than at Norman Castle; that's a place nobody cares to see much of by day, and I've heard tell——"

"My worthy friend," replied Sir Edgar, "your words only excite my curiosity, and set an edge upon my courage. Should one of my profession, think you, be daunted by the prospect of dungeons, or by meeting face to face the Baron of Waltham? who is——"

"God save your worship, he is what I care not here to name, since many an honest fellow has been clean spirited away, and never seen more, who only lifted up his voice against my lord, miles distant from him and Norman Castle."

"Well, well, my good friend, the character you give him——"

"Heaven bless your honor, don't say the character *I* give him, or I'm a dead man before the week is out; no, no, the baron's an angel of light, if I, Tobias Baldock, am to speak to his good qualities."

"Good Toby, give me a guide to the castle, and let me be off."

"You'll get no guide, fair sir, from amongst us to-night," returned Master Baldock; "but an' you ride straight through the village, take the turn to the right, just after you've passed the wood, then the second turn to the left, then another turn to the right, and two more turns to the left, you cannot miss Castle Norman; and so, Sir Knight, speed you, and farewell."

"Thanks, and farewell, friend," cried Sir Edgar, riding off, "had I but a fourthling in my pouch it should be thine for thy civility."

"Good troth," cried Toby, staring after him, "had I had

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the brains of a goose, I ought to have known yon fine spark of a knight-errant, like the rest of his hand-to-mouth tribe, hadn't a penny in his purse to help himself wherewithal, and would e'en ride straight to the—a-hem—if he thought the *old 'un* would give him a bed and a dinner. For my part, I'd never admit such wandering gentry into the Golden Swan, even though I knew 'em to be the blessed apostles."

Sir Edgar, following, as nearly as memory permitted, Tobias Baldock's luminous directions, came to a wild, dreary common, with neither house or tree near it, for at least five miles round, riding some way over which agreeable country he at length descried, dimly through the shades of evening, a dark structure, which, as he approached it, bore, to his apprehension, little claim to the euphonious title of castle; though it so far coincided with its name as to be essentially a *Norman* strong hold, of the first era of fortress-building, vast, massy, clumsy, and gloomy, standing on a lofty, artificial mound, but so simple in construction that it lacked those defensive outworks, then considered essential to edifices of this description, and which, like horn-works, crown-works, ravelins, &c. in modern permanent fortification, by protecting the *Body of the Place* from immediate assault, enabled it to sustain a protracted siege; no, Castle Norman seemed to rely for defence solely upon the high steep mound on which it stood, its fosse, of corresponding depth, and its strong, thick, compact structure.

Sir Edgar, hailing the warder, said, "he was a christian knight, bound on an adventure, which he trusted in God and our Lady soon to accomplish; but that night being about to fall, and he a stranger in this part of the country, he craved hospitality of the Baron de Waltham for himself and beast until the light of morning enabled him to resume his journey;" and to prove that he came with no hostile intent, he drew his sword, and holding it by the point, the hilt was turned to the warder.

The reply to Sir Edgar's request being favourable, upon his admission into the castle he was ushered into an apartment, rather dark than otherwise, from being lighted by only a small lamp, which, suspended by a brass chain from the ceiling, hung immediately over a table and spread its feeble rays but little further around. At this table sat two men,

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the one, by his tonsured head, loose, coarse, dark gown, leathern belt, and rosary, a monk; the other a noble-looking handsome man of middle age, and above the middle stature, whose costume, though an undress, and superior bearing spoke the warrior and the nobleman. Sir Edgar knew that he stood in the presence of the formidable Baron de Waltham, the man whom Baldock's hints had taught him to believe a fiend, and he found awe and terror fast vanishing before his host's peaceful garb, prepossessing appearance, and studious demeanour, for he was scanning a MS. with the friar; much more was the young knight astonished and gratified when the baron, rising from his seat, advanced to greet him, and cordially welcomed him to Castle Norman. At a sign from De Waltham the ecclesiastic quitted the apartment, and soon afterwards a serving man entered to say, "that the turret chamber was now ready if the gentleman wished to disencumber himself of his armour." Edgar had no intention of so doing, but wanting an excuse to look a little about the castle, said, "he should at least be glad to unloose his helmet and brush the dust from his brow."

The man lighted him through the usual labyrinth of chambers and corridors to be observed in old buildings, where necessity has not taught economy of room, and where, as in Norman Castle, doors without number, and unmercifully narrow flights of stairs, bewilder the stranger. Having, as Edgar thought, ascended some of these last to a considerable height, he followed his conductor into a small octangular apartment, hung with tapestry, and occupied by old furniture, the green and gold brocade of which, though faded and tarnished, shewed that it had been handsome and fashionable. On an open hearth a fire blazed cheerily, a luxury not often met with in the dormitories of those days, before which hung on the backs of chairs, several different sized suits of wearing apparel, fitted for hall and bower, all rich, but all more or less worn. For this courtesy on the part of his host, Sir Edgar felt truly grateful; he was now left without an excuse for not disencumbering himself of his heavy armour, and therefore beginning to put it off, the servant assisted him to don lighter and gayer apparel. Scarcely had he made his toilet when a horn sounded for supper, and the serving man conducted him from the turret-chamber to the baronial hall,

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where such a repast, and such respectful, considerate attention awaited him, as made him again suspect that prejudice had dictated Tobias Baldock's account of the baron. "Probably," thought Sir Edgar, "this liberal gentleman spoils the custom of the Golden Swan, and therefore its hostler is rancorous against him."

De Waltham and the priest were already seated at the dais-table, ninety or a hundred retainers were ranged round a board below them, in the other portion of the hall, and this was all the company; but viands, hot, rich, delicate, and various, with ale, metheglin, choice wines, sweetmeats, and fruits, furnished an entertainment meet, in luxury and abundance, for a prince. Ere long a right joyous trio did De Waltham, Sir Edgar, and the monk become: song, tale, anecdote, and joke, added zest to the pleasures of the table; our good knight was kept in a roar of merriment by the sallies of his host and the churchman, and forgetting for awhile, or rather *disbelieving* the evil reports afloat, touching the character of the baron, gave himself up unrestrainedly to the *abandon* of the moment. Late was it ere he retired to the turret chamber, when, overpowered by wine, fatigue, and sleep, he threw himself on the bed without undressing, and fell into a profound slumber. A bright morning sun awoke him with its rays, but the young man's countenance was sad, for many thoughts troubled him; his dreams ill accorded with the joyous revel of the preceding night, and he could not be sure that he had dreamt, when once in the night seeming to start from sleep, with the horrible but indefinite consciousness of being *watched*, he saw, by the uncertain shadowy light of his expiring lamp, a man standing beside his bed of ghastly and mournful countenance, whose large sad eyes intently fixed themselves upon him, and whose pale lips emitted in murmuring accents words of warning touching the luxury of Norman Castle, the character of its owner, and the danger of his Edith, concluding thus, "*Edith is here!*" Sir Edgar remembered that he saw and heard no more; "the voice in his dreaming-ear melted away," and he seemed to sink back again upon his pillow, in that deeper sleep, from which he now doubted whether he had at all actually awaked. "O no!" said the youth to himself, as he dressed in an elegant morning suit, "this vision could but

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have been the effect of last night's carouse, acting on an imagination already impressed with the idea of my lost Edith, and Baldock's insinuations against the baron; however, one oft learns wisdom, they say, from dreams, and sick and feverish as I am this morning, temperance and vigilance shall henceforth be my safeguards."

Sir Edgar, descending to the baron's private eating-room, where he had been instructed that breakfast would be laid, was received by him and the monk with exceeding courtesy, and again a luxurious repast awaited his palate.

"Sir Knight," said De Waltham, "I know not what amusement I can offer you; my castle, you must have perceived, being so situated, that field sports cannot be had, save at very considerable trouble and fatigue; a library, however, I have, if you be of my taste respecting books, and pictures, filled with valuable MSS. and beautiful illuminations. Father Martin, too, is something of an *adept*, and will be happy to entertain you in his laboratory with a few singular experiments."

The knight, not sorry to find himself expected to stay, answered, that feeling far from well, rest, he believed, would do him more good than a journey, and therefore, with many thanks, he accepted his new friend's offer of hospitality for at least another night; but that he was much harassed in mind, being in search of the Lady Edith of Hawarden, who having, some six months ago gone out very early on the first of May, to celebrate its "merry morn" by plucking flowers for garlands, was carried off, two of her female companions said, by a troop of horsemen, who were out hawking in the woods and fields, and who had offered to assist the damsels in tying up their nosegays and wreaths.

"Very strange," quoth the baron. "Above forty years have I lived in this wicked world, and as yet have been unable to discover those charms in the fair sex, which my book-learning tells me killed Sampson and Mark Antony, made Solomon foolish, and burnt Troy. Well, well, 'tis the folly of boyhood, I suppose, to run one's head into the fire on account of *the ladies*; but when you, young sir, have advanced further in life, you'll perhaps be of my opinion, that 'tis better to keep at home in whole clothes and a whole skin, than to lead the harum-scarum life of a knight-errant."

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"Had I *now* thought so," rejoined Edgar, "I should have lost a great pleasure—the Baron de Waltham's acquaintance."

"You are the very pink of courtesy, Sir Knight, returned the baron, not ill pleased with the compliment; "but take my advice, forswear love and ladies altogether, as I have done, and you'll certainly find your account in it."

"That may be," quoth Edgar, much disgusted by so cold-hearted a proposition, and gazing incredulously upon the bold, handsome features, and fine manly figure of his host, which he could not help thinking, together with an indescribable look interchanged between that host and the priest, told a very different tale.—"That may be, my Lord Baron; but give me leave to observe, Edith Hawarden is—that is, she possibly could be—my own sister."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" laughed De Waltham; "brothers are not apt, are they, Father Martin, to scour the country in search of runaway sisters?"

The friar chuckled—of course he was bound to enjoy his patron's jokes—and Edgar added:—

"Well, sirs, you're right; I am *not* the lady's brother; but she has friends who have confided to me the adventure of restoring her to their anxious arms, I having at this time nothing else upon my hands."

"So, then, if you *had*," observed the baron, with a saucy provoking smile, "the lady might lie in limbo for time unaccountable, ere you'd stir hand or foot to help her out again! —And this is *gallantry!*"

Sir Edgar, little relishing a jest on a subject which was to him touching, solemn, and anxious, replied, distantly—

"You cannot, Sir Baron, be *ignorant*, that by the laws of chivalry we knights are vowed and sworn to undertake and finish one adventure before we engage in another, except this same adventure have a dozen others interwoven with it, so that ——"

"O! thank 'e for telling me," cried De Waltham, carelessly; "I declare I had almost forgotten '*Les Lois de Chevaliere*,' so peacefully have I here lived, boy and man, for several years, without taking, seeking, or giving offence."

Another indescribable expression passed across the ecclesiastic's countenance, as his patron uttered these words; it

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was serious, comic, shrewd, and sly, quite untranslatable to Sir Edgar, whose host at once pressing him to eat, and changing the subject of conversation to those mysteries of *culinary chemistry*, in which his reverence was probably far more of an *adept* than he was in any other branch of the science, the gentlemen, to all appearance, became as good friends as heretofore. In conversation, however, Sir Edgar was guarded; he observed, on the part of his new acquaintancer, a solicitude, perhaps natural, and what ought not to have been suspected, to know particulars touching his name, family, residence, property, &c.; and when he retired that night to the turret chamber, giddy, but not altogether inebriated, he was surprised to find his armour, even his sword removed, which circumstance was very alarming, because it left him perfectly defenceless in case a treacherous attack was meditated, or the castle itself surprized by an enemy. He could not sleep; vague fears and apprehensions filled his mind, and an intolerable sense of pain, heat, and fulness tormented his head. For a length of time the soundest repose seemed to reign in Norman Castle, a feeble blast from the horn of the sentinel only giving note of the hours; these were verging on towards twelve o'clock at night, when Sir Edgar fancied he had heard faintly and distantly, but somewhere in or near the castle, the tramp and neigh of steeds, the ringing of spurs, and the voices of men; the drawbridge seemed to be lowered, a troop, with the peculiar low, thundering sound that only a troop can make, trotted over it; it was drawn up again; Sir Edgar distinctly heard the rattling of the chains and the creaking of its rusted hinges, and all was peace.

Sir Edgar then again endeavoured to sleep, persuading himself that if mischief were that night intended by the crafty baron, it was about to fall without the castle, not upon him; but scarcely had a sweet languor and insensibility stolen over his weary frame, when he was aroused by the sound of a door unlocking and opening opposite his bed's foot, and from beneath the lifted tapestry emerged the same gaunt, melancholy, and cadaverous-looking being as had visited him on the preceding night.

"Don't be alarmed, sir," said the intruder; "I'm neither a robber nor a murderer, whatever gayer folks in this castle

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may be, and had you more light than these dying embers give I hope you'd know the face, though 'tis sadly altered, of poor Nicholas, the wise man of Brome, who has been long supposed in the village to have been spirited off to Fairy Land."

"Ha! Nicholas!" exclaimed Sir Edgar; "what the conjuror, my old fortune-telling, roost-robbing, apple-stealing friend?"

"The self same, sir, and an honest man, too, please your honor's worship, amongst thieves. Now, the long and short of my quitting Brome was this: I fell in with that old rogue, Father Martin (may the next drop he drinks choke him!), who brought me to this desolate and wicked place, under pretence of teaching me to make gold; the villain might as well try to make another moon; and here have I been mewed up these three years, his very humble servant, lighting and blowing fires, cleaning 'torts, 'lembics, and chafing-dishes (I wish they were all crammed down his throat), and suffocating myself with the fumes of charcoal and molten metals, which, night and day, he forces me to watch, without even a cup of wine and water for my pains, whilst he, the varlet, keeps himself rosy and sleek by feasting with that other wretch, the baron, and if anything turns up to please him in his laboratory *he* gets all the credit for *my work*. But the cunning man of Brome hasn't been in Castle Norman for these three years, without learning a thing or two their honors little suspect."

"Sit down, friend Nicholas," said the knight, "if you really be him, and not his spirit, and if you be not afraid of ——"

"The baron, sir? O, no; he is just off on one of his thieving expeditions and won't be back yet awhile. And now, Master Edgar, I've got to say, that three years don't make that differs in a young man, but what I knew you again when I went last night to supper in the hall, and I'd well nigh, sir, come up the dais and axed you after your father, and madam, and all your good family. I did make bold to pay you a visit up here, but you were so dead asleep, tired, and, may-be after the baron's wine (for he knows what's what, I will say that for him), something worse, that after speaking in at your ears how you was to behave at Castle Norman, if ever you

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wished to get away from it, I left you; besides, the lamp went out, and I'm not the man to stay in this room and nobody to answer me, and the poor count's bones, I've a notion, just bleaching under the floor."

"Then I did *not dream*, and your visit and words, imperfectly as they met my senses, were real. I thank you, Nicholas; but, good Heavens where am I? and by what dangers surrounded!"

"Sir, your worship, I'm sorry to say, is in a castle, whose master would serve up human flesh, and brew blood into ale, rather than lack a brave entertainment; and, as he's fond of a pretty lady too, Mistress Editha, of Hawarden, your old *particular* young friend, whom his men stole from the fields when she was out a maying, might suit his taste pretty exactly, only she's rather *rumpageous* whenever he goes to talk to her and make love."

"*Love!* the villain!" exclaimed Sir Edgar, in a rage; "don't name love and him in a breath. He told me only this morning that he'd never been captivated by a woman in his life, and advised me —"

"And, saving your honor's presence, you were so green as to believe him?"

"No, not exactly. I thought, perhaps, that many ladies might have half broken their hearts for so handsome a fellow, and he, as men will do, laughed them to scorn for their pains."

"'Tis likely enough," returned Nicholas, "that he has played at that game; but don't you believe the half of what he tells you; perhaps he'll say next he's got no armoury, and no stables, though your armour be at this moment in the one and your horse in the other."

"Wretch!" cried Sir Edgar; "and without armour and steed how am I to deliver the Lady Edith?"

"O, ho," quoth Nicholas. "*Art* against *arms*, any day, say I; but, if you must needs have your panoply in the long run, by fair means or foul, I pledge myself to get them for you. To-morrow morning, some excuse, 'tis likely will be made to detain you at least for the day; let it pass, and stay; for if you would see and free the Lady Edith, to gain a little time will be an advantage."

"Rely upon me, my honest friend, for staying as long as

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I can under the roof which conceals my unfortunate fair friend."

"You're right, sir; but be advised by me; don't give in to the baron's feasting; drink nothing but water, or at least contrive that your cup should be filled with wine from the same flask which serves him and Brother Martin; eat of no bread, and no meat of which you do not observe them partake; and should you mistrust the bannocks, cracknells, manchets, bapps, and other dainty devices of fine white flour, pretend you like best, and ask for, the coarse bread of us serving-men, which you may eat without fear."

"What! is he base enough to resort to *poison?*"

"Mind, *I* don't say that," replied the cunning man; "but I *have* known such things happen as a guest at the baron's table dropping dead from his seat, or being found so next morning in the very bed on which you are now lying. This chamber, indeed, amongst us of the lower house has not in vain obtained the name of the *condemned cell*; and I knew from the moment when I was told it was prepared for you, that your fate, in the baron's idea, was fixed. But never mind, sir, I dare say he'll let you live a week if you be quiet, and don't seem to suspect him."

"A week!" cried the forlorn young man, not much cheered by this intelligence. "Oh, what can I do in a week, and with a man too who has poison at his command?'

"Ay, and the laboratory also, where the monk Martin, carries on the devil's own work. Yet keep up your heart, young sir, you shall see the Lady Edith before you die; but I've little doubt of mastering the two fiends. Not being the cunning man of Brome for nothing, I know the baron's castle better than he does, witness my coming, sir, to you here; and many guests have I in like manner stolen up to warn, in the condemned cell, as I now do you, but who, neglecting my monitions, have at last fallen victims to De Waltham's craft and their own excesses. Sometimes I have been exorcised by these gentry as a spirit, sometimes assaulted as a robber; and the tales to which my appearance has given rise, embellished by the imagination of those unfortunates, and repeated in the hearing of the baron's retainers, have, I believe, got afloat in the neighbourhood, and caused Norman Castle to be considered as *haunted* by foul spirits. Added to

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which, the desolate site of the edifice, so unusual in buildings of this kind (but the forest which once surrounded it was burnt down in a battle), the known luxury, cruelty, rapine, and fraud of its master, and the vague reports of Father Martin's *magical* acquirements, have all tended to bring the fortress and its inhabitants into evil repute."

"I wonder," said Sir Edgar, "if it were a book of *magic* that I saw De Waltham and the monk poring over when I came?"

"Bless you, *no* sir; I can answer for that," returned Nicholas; "'twas more likely a book of cookery; they seldom, as I guess, study aught besides, and the friar not long ago taking it into his head, like the wolf that preached in sheep's clothing, to be *pious*, assembled us all one morning for prayers in the hall, but instead of his book of hours, had unluckily got the "Treatyse of the Kettle, Spitt, and Pann, and read quite through a receipt for making spiced clary possett, before he found out his mistake."

The friendly Nicholas having detailed this, in his opinion, excellent joke, withdrew by the private passage, and the over-wearied Sir Edgar, in spite of the dangers with which he was menaced, fell into a sound and refreshing sleep.

Next morning he met the baron at breakfast, and his subtle chaplain, with a cheerful and unembarrassed countenance, and received placidly the intelligence of *his horse having gone lame*, attributing the accident to his own hard riding, though he had little doubt, if the story were true, that the animal had on the preceding night been ridden for him. He enquired, in a tone of indifference (and how hard did his ingenuous nature find it to feign anything), for his armour and sword. The former Father Martin assured him was in the hands of an armourer, to burnish and tighten the rivets, and the latter was gone to be sharpened.

"It is my custom," added the baron gravely, "to have, in courtesy, the arms of my guests who are my *friends*, examined when they come to visit me, and to confide them for repair, if necessary, to the proper artisans. For myself I keep no armoury, to be furnished, as some men's are, by violence or treachery; no, no, I love my ease and jocund pleasures too well. Therefore fear not, Sir Knight; *when* you

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depart" (the inflection of the voice, though very slight, was apparent) "you'll find your horse well and your arms ready."

Sir Edgar slightly bowed, and affected to search for a crust he had dropped under the board; if when he again raised his head his countenance appeared a little flushed and discomposed, of course it was merely to be attributed to the act of stooping.

The morning happening to be exceedingly wet, Sir Edgar, when breakfast was concluded, expressed his desire to be shewn over the castle. This desire the young knight saw was anything but agreeable to De Waltham, and yet one to which he could not but accede; so excusing himself, upon the plea of business, from accompanying his guest, he deputed Father Martin to perform the duties of cicerone. The monk first thought it necessary to take the knight into his laboratory, where some interesting experiments was going on, to judge from the smoking furnaces, the metallic odours, and the numerous retorts and crucibles in use. Nicholas of Brome, in paper cap and leathern jerkin and apron, was watching intently the fusion of certain minerals, which crackled, hissed, bubbled, and threw forth suffocating fumes, over a large charcoal fire; but raising his head as the door of the chamber opened, he merely, when Sir Edgar entered, slightly bowed, with unconscious look, as performing due deference to a superior, and the young gentleman had also sufficient tact to avoid, in gravely and stiffly returning the courtesy, all signs of recognition. Edgar then commenced a conversation with Father Martin, in which he contrived to let Nicholas know that he was detained in the castle by the *lameness of his horse*, and was about to inspect the edifice; he had already found his humble friend's assertions respecting the craft of De Waltham singularly verified, and he wished to let him know how much he now believed him worthy of confidence.

Proceeding after a while along one of the passages, a man, followed by a boy, bearing a suit of armour and a sword, met him and his guide. Father Martin looked confused, and as both stopped to let the gentlemen pass, "How now, sirrah," angrily cried he, "how come you and this lad here?"

"We're going to the *armoury*, your reverence," answered

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the man doggedly, "and we'll be happy to let the gentleman see it, if he likes to come with us, and say where he'll have his own gear hung up."

"Dolt! dunderhead!" cried the monk in a rage; "who told you to do anything with this gentleman's armour, but to take it back to his chamber when cleaned and repaired? Go, idiots!—fly, or by the mass your master shall know what set of meddling villains and blundering fools he has about him."

"I fancied," observed Sir Edgar to the discomfited monk, "that my lord baron said this morning that he had *no* armoury."

"Assuredly," replied the detected friar, with a sheepish look, "you misunderstood him; my lord has a very fine armoury, which at any time he or I will be happy to shew you. He only said, young sir, or meant to say, he had no armoury furnished as that of many a gentleman is, by fraud and force."

"True, true, he did say so," answered Sir Edgar, apparently unsuspicious of the subterfuge; but he was unwilling to excite the father's dislike and mistrust, by pressing him hardly on the subject. In the course of the day he was admitted into the depôt of arms, some of which were old, rusty, ragged, and useless, as if they had been in the baron's family for centuries; but some were new, strong, shining, and ready for use, if need require; all the young knight suspected with horror, as he curiously and inquiringly gazed upon them, were not the trophies of fair and honourable fight, but of base treachery and assassination. Here, however, whilst his heart sunk within him, to reflect that he was the next destined victim of both, he did De Waltham injustice; some of the arms were heir-looms, worn or made prize of by brave ancestors; some the baron had really taken in combat himself, despite his pretended unwarlike life, and some had been forged by his vassals.

After visiting the armoury, in proceeding up a short flight of stairs, a young and lovely woman, of the superior classes of society, met and passed the knight and his companion, gazing as she did so with a grave speaking eye upon Sir Edgar, whilst a blush suddenly mantled in her cheek. The youth instinctively bowed, whilst every nerve was shaken, whilst he lost for a few moments all strength and all consciousness save

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that of having, indeed, actually beheld his beloved Edith, and whilst he felt himself turn ashy pale; it was the act of a self-command, which they only *who love* will know how to appreciate, that prevented him from acknowledging her by an exclamation of joy and surprise, nay, by some yet fonder expression of his affection; but after a most awkward and embarrassing silence, during which the fair girl had lightly descended the stairs and was lost to sight, Sir Edgar, recollecting himself, turned to address Father Martin, and was more alarmed than amused, to behold the mingled hues and expressions of anger, dismay, and shame, which by turns passed over his countenance; and he, equally struck dumb by the inapropos appearance of the baron's fair prisoner, walked on without offering a word of explanation respecting it to his new friend.

When Sir Edgar had sufficiently recovered his own agitation to speak, he bantered the monk upon the presence of a lady in Norman Castle; "a sight," he said, "that he little expected to see after the baron's expressed antipathy to the fair sex."

"I cannot say *I* beheld any person pass us," promptly lied the puzzled friar; "nevertheless, a wife or daughter of one of my lord's people might have done so."

"Oh, no, no," cried Sir Edgar, "for the female whom but now *I* beheld, was of aspect and costume too noble and distinguished to be otherwise than of gentle blood. I'll *swear* she was a *lady!*"

"Hum—ha! a *lady* was she?" rejoined the tonsured hypocrite, whilst the scarlet flushing of his face betrayed the falsehood; "then good angels guard us, it must have been the ghost."

"What ghost?" asked Sir Edgar.

"Oh, have none of the baron's servitors yet told you that a lady ghost walks here?"

"I've held no gossiping communication, Sir Clerk," returned the knight, perceiving the drift of the question, "with any of Lord de Waltham's dependants, and therefore was not aware of the circumstance you mention."

"Humph," quoth Father Martin, with a peculiar look at Sir Edgar; "danger and misfortune threaten you; 'tis very unlucky indeed to see the *pale lady* by day. Well, I wonder

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that your attendant, Robert, who is a tattling fellow, and marvellously enamoured of ghost stories, did not confide this to you,"

"He might have done so," replied the wary knight, "had I encouraged him to converse; but license of the tongue I never give to servants, lest they grow over bold and insolent."

Father Martin was now satisfied that the young stranger knew nothing of the baron's private proceedings.

That night, according to agreement, Nicholas of Brome revisited the turret chamber, where he was gladly received by Sir Edgar.

"Did I not," said he, "contrive matters famously? I wouldn't have dared let our birds out of the cage had the baron shewn you the castle; but, good faith, Old Martin!—He knows well enough that I could get him a hempen neck-cloth any day, and from his master, too; so that he durst not squeak if *I* pinch him ever so hardly. I hope, sir, you've got your arms."

"They are here, Nicholas, thank you; for the crafty priest, confounded by the candid avowal of the man and boy, who were taking them to the armoury, was obliged to pass it off as a blunder, and order them back to my room, where I find them."

"All my doing, Sir Edgar, your honor! all mine!" cried Nicholas in great glee; "for I have friends in this castle which his master and his minion have not; and I've only to say, as I did to Grimstone and his boy, *do this*, and 'tis done, though they risk their places by it."

"But, Edith—the Lady Edith—how did you contrive—"

"Faith, sir, you see the baron's a man of taste; one who likes a little luxury, as the old heathen tyrants and giants did; amidst all his cruelties; and he'd rather woo a fair lady in the light than in the dark (for which I don't blame him, specially as he's a handsome looking fellow), and in a decent, comfortable sitting-room, than in a damp underground dungeon, where he might take a very bad cold, and chance to put his hand on a toad or a swift in feeling for a lady's fingers.—No, no! he had enough of that when the poor countess was here."

"What countess, friend Nicholas?"

"My certie, how should I know? I can only tell you

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she was the wife of that count, whose bones lie under the hearth or flooring of this room. She was a foreign lady, from Italy, I heard, and could not speak a word of English; but when she found her husband murdered, and herself left prisoner in the hands of such a bandit as the baron, she dashed her brains out against the dungeon wall, and he's been afraid to enter the place ever since."

"But Edith —?"

"I was going to say, Mistress Edith was better treated: she has a nice room, and plenty to eat, and might be happy, if she didn't like somebody else, I take it, better than the baron."

Nicholas then proceeded to detail how he had completed Father Martin's annoyances that day by mischief executed in the laboratory. "Besides, sir," said he, "I've laid hands on a peculiar powder, much used and much valued by the baron and the friar, and which I shall now leave with you, to be thus employed on an early occasion. Be not alarmed by that which I have now to reveal: *you are condemned to die, I have discovered, to-morrow evening.* Instead of supping in the great hall, Lord de Waltham will propose, as something more unrestrained and friendly, that you should sup in the private refectory, where you breakfast; seem delighted with the idea, but do not when there touch the spiced hypocras that will be pressed upon you, or contrive, my dear master, in taking the cup from Robert, who will serve you, to overset it; should my lord and the monk order your goblet to be refilled, merely put it to your lips, and set it down again, saying, it has a spice in it the flavour of which you do not like."

"You must know, Nicholas," interrupted the knight, "that these treacherous roysterers begin, I fear, to suspect my abstemiousness; and, to say truth, I care not when it shall end, since I find a bread and water diet far from so strengthening and enlivening as some wise ones try to make us believe."

"Slops and wishy-washy messes, certainly never agreed with me," responded the trusty Nicholas; "not that I am a glutton or drunkard either. But do you persevere, sir, for another day; and when you've put down your cup as distasteful, not to be outdone in courtesy, propose to prepare immediately a high and dainty relish for wine, which say is constantly used at table in your part of the country; ex-

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press some surprise that men of such fine taste as your host and his clerk should be unacquainted with it (which they are, for a real wonder), and order the liver, gizzard, and pinions of a boiled or roasted chicken to be brought to you on a trencher; season these yourself in an extraordinary manner with spices, mustard, salt, and butter, taking care slyly to add the powder I now bring you to the mixture; slash these fowl giblets in every part, that the seasoning may penetrate, and then send the dish out for the cook to grill over a brisk fire."

"Why, Nicholas, that's what housekeepers call '*a devil in a dove.*'"

"Yes, your honor, 'tis so; and when you see it playing the devil with the gormandizers, whom its savoury fumes will tempt to eat it, lose no time in following Robert's directions, who will leave Castle Norman with us, the Lady Edith of Hawarden, and some others, anxious to get away. Every thing will be prepared for this, our hasty departure."

Nicholas, soon after concerting these schemes retired, and the young knight securing the important powder, composed himself to sleep, and actually reposed tranquilly, though he was as one who slumbered upon an ignited mine.

Next morning many significant glances were exchanged between De Waltham and Father Martin, when they beheld Sir Edgar seat himself at the breakfast board cased in shining armour, and with his trusty sword girded at his side. They bantered him upon his warlike accoutrements, which he averred were put on as a prelude to his departure, which he intended, he said, should take place immediately after the morning meal, his horse being less injured than he expected to find him. Of course the baron and his chaplain would not hear of his going, and Edgar gracefully suffered himself to be persuaded into passing with them *one day*, only *one day more!* But oh! how his heart throbbed during this one eventful day; and how abstracted were his thoughts from Father Martin's chemistry and from De Waltham's hawks, hounds, and horses.

Everything came to pass as Nicholas of Brome had forewarned him; and at the evening repast, eaten that night *in private*, the poisoned hypocras was offered, overset in the first

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instance, and refused in the second, to the evident chagrin of the wily plotters against their fellow-creature's life.

"But though I am not particularly fond of highly spiced beverages and viands myself," said Sir Edgar, in the most good-humoured of tones, "there's no reason why I should deprive you, my kind entertainers, of a *friandise* which I know will afford you the highest satisfaction. In my part of the country it is much esteemed as a capital zest to wine, and constantly appears at my father's table; not having seen it however, at your own sumptuous board, which certainly has surprised me, I conclude you to be unacquainted with it, and it will give me great pleasure to prepare for you now this little delicacy, should what I have said make you desirous of tasting it."

The amiable pair demurred, saying something about *trouble*.

"'Tis no trouble in the world to *me*," answered Sir Edgar, "as you have fowl and pounded spices ready at hand; but I hope I shall not get into disgrace with your lady of the kitchen, by asking her to help me in my cookery."

The dish, when prepared (and Sir Edgar followed minutely the directions of the cunning man), was sent to the aforesaid lady, with strict directions that she should preserve, as far as possible, the moist sauce of the grill, or rather stew, and send it back shortly smoking hot.

This done, the savoury odour of Sir Edgar's relish too far tempted the jaded appetites of the sensualists for them to refuse to taste it.

"Excellent! excellent!" quoth the friar, in gastronomic rapture; "this will indeed be an addition to our good things of the table."

"Sir Knight, you are a prime cook," added the baron, who was gobbling down the devilled morsels as fast as their tongue-blistering heat permitted him; "you deserve a leaf or two of the laurels of Apicius. This truly is dainty eating."

"I knew it would be," replied Sir Edgar, gravely, as he marked an extraordinary paleness already stealing over the heated countenances of his foes; it is often *useful* as well as pleasant to know how to prepare such compotes."

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The gormandizing villains made some attempt to reply, but their words gurgled in imperfect accents in their throats, whilst their eyes, fixed in a horrible, unnatural stare, shewed that some sudden and unspeakable physical affection had seized them.

"It works, Sir Knight, it works already," said Robert, approaching the frightened Edgar, "for the powder you used is a deep chemical secret, sure and most speedy in its effects. Look you now, those wicked fools, though yet living and conscious, are paralyzed, dumb, and motionless. They cannot speak to give an alarm, they cannot rise to follow us; let us leave them, then, without remorse, to their merited fate, and, all things being prepared for our departure, make the best of the twilight and moon."

Sir Edgar rose from his seat at table, and casting one glance of keen reproach and ineffable disgust and indignation on the ghastly wretches before him, followed Robert from the private banquetting-room. Ere many minutes had elapsed, he, with the Lady Edith, several male followers, well armed, and two or three serving-women, all mounted, and laden with plunder, and altogether forming a picturesque, jovial party, quitted for ever the hateful walls of Norman Castle.

These poorer people as they passed to their several homes, or attached themselves to the persons of Sir Edgar and Edith of Hawarden, had every reason to bless the young knight's liberality. Nicholas of Brome, recovering his health and good looks (such as they were) as Sir Edgar's own faithful serving man and armour bearer, married the steady Marion, of the castle, who had followed her lately appointed mistress's fortunes; and news in time reached Sir Edgar and his bride, the charming Edith (for news in those days travelled slowly—there were no railroads) that the Baron de Waltham and Sir Martin the priest, being found dead at table in the private room where they supped, the vassals left in the castle rose tumultuously, sacked the edifice, fought with each other for the plunder, and the victors leaving the wounded and dead to shift for themselves, peaceably dispersed to their several homes, or joined the turbulent marauding hordes of other noble banditti, the scourges of the country, and disgrace the age.

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THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS HEMANS.

Oh! call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back.

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!

He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smil'd
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;—
Go! thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.

And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wandering's o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!

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FRATERNAL MAGNANIMITY.

Dramas and romances present us with the most striking and glowing features of the human heart. They inflame the imagination, but the heart remains cold. The glow of feeling thus produced is seldom more than momentary, and less seldom applied to the purposes of common life. Perhaps at the very moment when the unaffected benevolence of honest Puffs moves us almost to tears, we shall fly into a passion with a poor mendicant for knocking at our door. Who can assure us that this artificial existence in an ideal world does not tend to obliterate the principles of our existence in the real one? We here embrace, as it were, the two extreme points of morality, angelic and diabolical; while the middle, that of humanity, we leave untouched.

The present anecdote, relating to two Germans—I state the name of their country with a feeling of proud delight—may boast, at least, the indisputable merit of being true. I trust that it will produce a warmer feeling of sympathy and admiration than all the volumes of Grandison and Pamela put together.

Two brothers, Barons Von Wrmb, had both formed an attachment to a distinguished young lady of Wrthr, without a knowledge of each other's passion. It was equally strong in both: for in both it was a first passion. Unconscious of their mutual danger, each gave full rein to his affection, neither being aware of the dreadful truth, that he had a beloved brother for a his rival. They made an early declaration of their love, and had even proceeded to make further arrangements before an unexpected occurrence brought the secret to light.

The attachment of both had reached its highest pitch—that state of elevation both of the heart and imagination, which has produced so many fatal consequences, and which renders even any idea of the sacrifice of the object of affection, almost impossible. The lady, deeply sensible of their painful situation, hesitated how to decide: rather than inflict the agony of disappointed passion, and disturb the fraternal harmony subsisting between them, she generously referred the whole affair to themselves.

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At length, having achieved an heroic conquest in this doubtful struggle between duty and passion, a conquest so easily decided upon by philosophical and moral writers in their closet, and so seldom practised in real life, the elder addressed his younger brother as follows:—

"I am aware of your affection, strong as my own, alas! for the same lady of our love. I shall observe nothing in regard to priority of age. I wish you to remain here while I go upon my travels, and do my utmost to forget her. Should I succeed, brother, she will then become thine; and may Heaven prosper your love! Should I, however, not succeed in my object, I doubt not you will act as I have done, and try what absence will effect."

His brother assented; and, bidding farewell, the elder instantly left Germany for Holland; but the image of the beloved girl followed him everywhere. Banished from the paradise of his love, from the only happy and delightful scenes which he had once sought with her, to which his fancy always re-recurred, and in which only he seemed to breathe and live, the unhappy young man, like a plant torn from its native soil, from the warmer breezes and invigorating beams of its eastern clime, pined and sickened in the new atmosphere to which he was consigned. He reached Amsterdam, but it was in despair; a violent fever attacked him, and he was pronounced in danger of his life. Still a picture of his lost love haunted his delirious dreams; the only chance he had of recovery was in the possession of the lovely original herself. The physicians despaired of his recovery, until upon its being mentioned that he might yet live to behold her once more, from that moment he was gradually restored to health. Like a walking skeleton, the picture of utter wretchedness, he again appeared in his native place. He tottered across the threshold of his unforgotten girl, and again pressed his brother's hand:—"You see, brother, I am returned. Alas! what my heart foreboded has come to pass; yet, as Heaven is my judge, I could do no more."

He sunk, almost lifeless, into the poor girl's arms.

The younger brother now became no less determined to try the effect of absence, and was ready prepared, within a few weeks, for his tour.

"Brother," said he, "you bore your grief as far as Hol-

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land. I will endeavour to banish myself yet farther. Do not, however, lead her to the altar, until you hear from me. I will write. Our fraternal regard will admit of no stronger bond: our word is enough. Should I be more fortunate than you, in God's name, let her be thine! and may He for ever bless your union! Should I, however, return, then Heaven alone may decide between us two. Farewell! but keep this sealed packet: open it not, until I shall be far away. I am going to Batavia." With these words he sprang into the chaise.

Half distracted, the two beings whom he had left, gazed after him, and were little more to be envied than the banished man; for he had surpassed his brother in greatness of soul. With equal power did love for the woman, whom he had recovered, and regret for the brother, whom he had lost, appear to strive for mastery in his breast. The noise of the carriage, as it died away in the distance, seemed to cleave his heart in twain. He recovered, however, with the utmost care and attention. The young lady—but no! that will be best shown by the result.

The sealed packet was opened. It contained a full and particular description of the whole of his German possessions, which he made over to his brother, in case he found himself happy at Batavia. This heroic conqueror of himself shortly afterwards set sail in company with some Dutch merchants, and arrived in safety at Batavia. In the course of a few months afterwards, his brother received from him the following lines:—

"Here, where I perpetually return thanks to the Almighty Giver of all good—here I have found a new country, a new home; and call to mind, with all the stern pleasure of a martyr, our long and unbroken fraternal love. Fresh scenes, and fate itself, seem to have widened the current of my feelings; God hath granted me strength; yes, strength to offer up the highest sacrifice to our friendship. Thine is . . . alas! here falls a tear—but it is the last. . . . I have triumphed!—thine let her be! Brother, I did not wish to take her, when thou wert from us, because I feared she might not be happy in my arms. But should she ever have blessed me with the thought, that we should indeed have been happy

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together, then, brother, I would impress it upon your soul. Do not forget how dearly she must be won by you, and always treat the dear angel with the same kindness and tenderness, with which you now think of her. Treat her as the fondest, last, best legacy of a dear departed brother, whom thy arms will never more embrace. Do not write to me when you are celebrating your nuptials. My wounds are yet open, and bleeding fresh. Write to me only when you are happy. My act in this will be surety for me, I trust, that God will not desert me in the world whither I have transferred myself."

After the receipt of this letter, the elder brother married the lady, and enjoyed one happy year of wedded love. The lady, at the end of that short period, died, and, in dying, she first entrusted to her husband the unhappy secret of her bosom—that she had loved his absent brother best.

I'LL LOVE THEE EVER.

BY CHARLES MAY.

Clear, my life, that clouded brow,
And let me see thee smile—
Why should our parting pain thee so?
It is but for a while.
Say, can I slight so fond a heart,
Believe me never!
Hear my vow before we part,—
I'll love thee ever!

Beauty's beaming eyes, sweet maid,
To *smiles* may kindle mine—
Yet deem not once thy love betray'd,
Each *sigh* shall still be thine.
For can I slight so fond a heart?
Believe me, never!
Hear my vow before we part,—
I'll love thee ever!

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RETZSCH'S SHAKSPEARE.

Retzsch, the extraordinary German artist, whose admirable designs for Goethe's Faust have made him as well known in this country as any of our native painters, has published a series of several plates, illustrative of the plays of our great dramatist; these illustrations are worthy of the subject; for Mr. Retzsch, putting his graphic skill for a moment out of the question, possesses that purely poetical power of invention which enables him to understand and appreciate Shakspeare's beauties. He never makes the mistake so common to English artists who undertake dramatic subjects; he does not copy stage dresses, and action, and fancy at the same time that he is embodying the creations of the poet. In a series like this, some of the plates must of necessity be superior to the others. We have selected one of those in which the artist seems to have caught the spirit of the scene. The passage will best explain it.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

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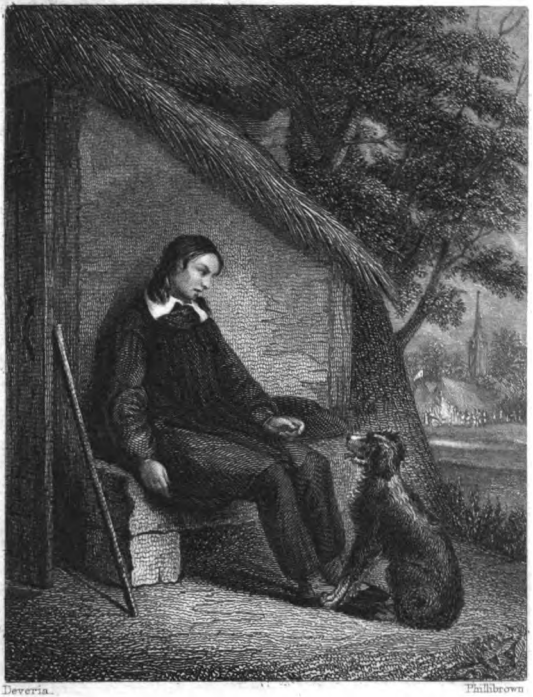
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still: Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—[*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

ON DEVERIA'S PICTURE OF "THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE."

I left the village with a joyous heart,
Dreaming of love and all its happy hours;
I thought Laurette and I should never part,
That endless happiness would soon be ours:
Now I've return'd, my hopes are vain, I see,
By yonder scene of mirth and revely.

Here let us rest, my faithful dog, awhile,
Till we for ever leave our native home,
Never again in this false world to smile,
Never in sight of false Laurette to come;
Her wealthy bride may strew her path with gold,
But still I fear her happiness is sold.

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Deveria. Phillibrown

THE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE.

Joseph Robins London

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A WEDDING IN GARRISON.

"It will be long indeed," said Uncle Philip, when his glow of gratified British pride subsided; "longer than even I have lived—and that is saying a good deal—before any one who shared in them, can forget the horrors of the memorable siege of G——. There is something in defensive warfare at all times irksome and dispiriting to the feelings of Britons; and even where successful, as ours eminently was, it wants the excitement, the romance, the chivalrous feeling, of attack and onset. Then there are always, in a besieged city, horrors enough to appal a stout heart, and privations to melt a feeling one. Bombs falling, perhaps, in the midst of a church full of women, or hospital filled with dying; provisions, always ten prices, even if to be had for money; and, in some sad extremities, hunger perishing with her lap full of gold. The faces of those even most exempt from hardships are sure to grow thin at last. One general of imprisonment and degradation robs young cheeks of bloom and older ones of confidence; and well it is, if private grief and misery mingle not with public calamity. Much, much there was of both at G——, both during and after the siege; yet my memory dwells with sad tenacity, on a little domestic tragedy connected with its commencement; perhaps, because we had not then 'supped full with horrors'—perhaps, because we are born to sympathize more deeply in the woes and errors of humanity, than in scenes of physical suffering.

"Among the picked but scanty garrison of G——, you could not find a braver man than Captain Osborne. He was one of those soldiers, 'sans peur et sans reproche,' who might have lived in the age of Bayard, and defied him to the strife of honour. I knew and loved him as he deserved; and, next to one fair daughter, who was all his earthly treasure, I believe I ranked highest in his affection and esteem. It was soon proved—for, exhausted by fatigue in the construction of defences preparatory to the siege, this gallant officer was not destined to participate either in its hardships or its laurels. He died some days ere the place was finally invested, and while escape from its devoted precincts was

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yet safe and practicable. His dying cares were for his country and his daughter; the former he had served while life remained; the latter he sought, even in death, to place beyond the reach of danger: nay, I could fancy him reconciled to an event that would release her from a post of perilous duty. 'Go home to England, my dear child,' he faltered anxiously, with eyes alternately fixed on Ellen and myself. 'You, Vernon, will take care that she soon leaves this fatal town—it will soon be no place for females; and he who might have wanted power or inclination to bid her from him while in life, in death may claim to be obeyed.'

"I could not see the face of Ellen, as her sobs re-echoed the dying mandate—for it was buried in her father's pillow; but her voice uttered no responsive promise, to soothe the ear of death; and when the soldier's muffled drum had ceased to roll, and their brief requiem had been sung over his grave, I learned the reason why.

"One tie that anchored Ellen to the beleaguered walls was severed; but another, and a secret one, remained. She loved, and was beloved again, by one for whom she would have braved peril in a form more dire than all the woes of Troy; yet was he but another Paris—vain, fickle, and effeminate—a soldier, not of fame, but fashion; one whom, if her father did not warn her to avoid, it was because he never dreamed she could be thus ignobly won.

"But the young maiden and old soldier saw with different eyes. Deloraine had a face that might have served a nobler mind as index, and a form martial enough to shame a host of unpretended heroes. He had the gift, too, call it as you will, that fortune lavishes so oft on worthless minions—the gift to cozen women—the charm, which, like Titania's potent juice, can make a waking dreamer worship folly and dote upon a counterfeit.

"Availing himself first of Osborne's professional avocations, and latterly of his declining health, Deloraine, but recently arrived from England, made rapid way in Ellen Osborne's favor. Bred up as she had been, and with, alas! no mother's precious counsel, within the rude precincts of a confined garrison circle, amid grey headed veterans and unpolished soldiers of fortune, the gay, young, aristocratic

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Englishman seemed doubly fascinating in her eyes; and long confinement in a transport having at least as great on his, the passion soon became reciprocal.

"Her father's serious illness threw it into the shade; but with his fond injunction to depart, and the cold grasp that stiffened ere she could relinquish it, rushed the sudden conviction that to go was misery—to stay, perhaps, no longer consistent with propriety. In her despair, she opened her mind to me. In pity for a young and bleeding heart, I hinted, perhaps more gently than I ought, my doubts of him on whom her hopes were anchored, I promised to protect and shield, if possible, from injury, the daughter of my departed friend. Yet feeling how soon the pledge might be outweighed by higher duties, I strongly urged her return to England.

"During the first few days of privileged mourning, visitors were necessarily excluded; nor did the state of things in G—— leave time or room for idle ceremonials. But Ellen's eye sparkled through tears, when I returned to ask her resolution; for Deloraine had written, as men write when using words to veil the lack of deeds from those who think them still the same. Strange that a few more years, a grey hair more or less, should make that sound so hollow, which in youth's credulous ear can seem the music of the spheres!

"I read in Deloraine's letter that he loved Ellen to madness, not to matrimony—that, coldly selfish, he sought to trifle with rather than to seduce her—to keep her in his power, like the mouse, for long and harrowing suspense, rather than by precipitate measures abridge to himself the pleasures of pursuit or triumph. I might have contented myself with watching sedulously his manœuvres, and counteracting them with all a parent's vigilance; but I was soon, I knew, to mount a far different and less pleasing guard, while the humbler military rank and inefficient character of Deloraine, might leave him leisure to achieve his civil conquest undisturbed.

"I was saved the painful task of a first remonstrance, by a general order, commanding the departure of all useless persons, unconnected by the nearest ties to officers composing the garrison. This order clearly embraced Ellen; and

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that which, while still optional, she shuddered but to think of, became, except on one supposition, inevitable. She threw herself into my arms and wept; for even *she* could doubt if Deloraine would purchase the right to detain her with his hand.

"He, however, could not brook to see her snatched so unexpectedly from him: and agreeably surprised us both, by flying, as soon as the order reached him, to claim her as his bride. They had not met since her sad loss; and if, even in my sober eyes, her beauty was enhanced both by the reality and garb of woe, it evidently was not less so in a lover's. Poor Ellen! I think, when, with her fine, tall, fragile figure, her clear transparent skin, the floods of golden hair, set off by her black dress, she stood before us, smiling love's radiant smile through nature's filial tears, I never saw a creature more enchanting.

"Deloraine saw, by the manner of both, that in the absence of a natural parent, she had found one in me. He therefore affected to consult me in the dilemma to which he was reduced by the inopportune illness of the garrison chaplain, and the difficulty of finding a substitute in the three days which alone intervened before the inexorable fiat of the Governor would separate them, perhaps, for ever. The cause was a cruel one. G—— certainly did not afford another Englishman in regular orders, besides the new one lying delirious in the fever hospital; and, unless the wife of Deloraine before the sailing of the fatal transport, Ellen must perforce accompany it to England.

"In these perplexing circumstances, Deloraine's idea was one as likely to find favour with a young impassioned mind, as to startle and repel a more experienced one. G—— then abounded with Catholic priests, some of whom might possibly be bribed or influenced to solemnize a marriage between heretics; and (argued the lover) while the vow was written on the hearts of the parties, the precise form surely mattered little. 'Little indeed,' echoed the loving, trusting heart of Ellen, destined, like spotless alabaster, ever to retain impressions made on its soft and yielding surface. 'Little indeed,' perhaps, thought Deloraine, provided the form be one which, potent to dispel doubts and prevent departure *now*, may hereafter render

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dubious irksome ties, and facilitate the wished-for separation.

"I had not lived so long in a bad world, without distrust and loathing of this novel-like expedient. I did not reckon every youth a Lovelace, nor every monk a Schedoni; but I knew 'men were deceivers ever' and I urged—tenderly, authoritatively urged—Ellen to be gone. 'If Deloraine loves you as you think, my child, he will come honorably and claim you when this short strife is over; if otherwise, you will live to count escape a blessing. Why would you risk upon a questionable rite, the happiness and reputation of your future life?' But Ellen had the instinctive doubt of her lover's constancy, though not the rational of his sincerity. The '*if*' I placed before her was more dreadful than a thousand certainties. To stay, and marry, might be rash; to go, and meet no more, perhaps, was, in her present mood—to die!

"The priest was sought and found—raised scruples—sold them, and was ready to officiate. At first, I determined to withhold my sanction and presence from a ceremony my judgment utterly condemned; but suddenly reflecting of what importance as a witness I might be in case of need, I came unexpected—and, on one side, I believe, undesired—to the scene.

"It was an ominous yet solemn one. The priest, whose tenets forbade the exercise of his sacred office in unconsecrated precincts, yet who durst not bring openly a heretic couple to a Catholic altar, chose, for safety and convenience, a subterranean chapel in the rock, used in times of Moorish persecution, and known but to a few religious. I am not superstitious; yet the damp earthly smell of this sepulchral vault—its darkness, rendered visible by one dim glimmering lamp—the perjured priest, and perhaps no less perjured bridegroom, and fond believing victim,—all made an impression not soon to be forgotten. Ellen, from motives of natural and pardonable superstition, had thrown aside her deep mourning for the ceremony; yet with such haste and negligence, that relics of it, strangely peeping from beneath her bridal garb, made me feel quite uncomfortable. Methought—and when *I* take such fancies, the raven within

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me must be loud indeed—the sable inner garb, so thinly veiled superficial gaiety, betokened more than met the startled eye.

"Deloraine, happy and successful as he was, had yet the wild bewildered look of one, who amid triumph asks him, 'if this indeed be joy;' Ellen, the expression of one whose heart has already prophetically answered in the negative.

"The long rite, at length was over—the certificate, at my request, duly signed by all present, including an English servant of poor Osborne's—and Deloraine in triumph carried home his prize. The vessel sailed for England with her freight of fugitives; the siege commenced in earnest, and all was general bustle and individual exertion.

"The first drawback on Ellen's intended happiness, was the frequent exposure to peril and fatigue, of one whose temper and habits fitted him for neither. When others laughed at, nay, even courted hardships, this silken son of affluence shrunk in ill-humour or disgust: but woman's love and patience smiled on Ellen's brow; and sure I am, if undiscovered she could have donned his soldier's cloak and mounted the dark and stormy guard for him, she would have done so with unhesitating devotion.

"I saw them seldom. I could not at first, even for Ellen's sake, love Deloraine; and for her sake I should have learned ere long to hate him, had I not, before the conclusion of the siege, received a desperate wound, and remained in hospital till all was over, and the exhausted garrison relieved by fresh troops. Deloraine came to see me ere he sailed, and brought a billet full of love and gratitude from Ellen. I sought, in vain, in its tone, for joy, and should have been happy had it breathed content.

"My regiment went to India. I shared in many a hard-fought contests with our then formidable Indian foes, and proved their tender mercies in the far-famed dungeons of Seringapatam. When the first bitterness of this virtual death was past, it is well known that courage and constitutional cheerfulness rendered the lot of most of us supportable. We were generally contented—sometimes even gay; but while we bore thus wonderfully to ourselves an appa-

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rently hopeless confinement, little did I dream how fatal its protraction had proved to one, whom I could not even *then* forget.

"The tale of Ellen has been told for centuries; yet their hoary stamp renders it not the more impressive to the reckless ear of youth. Deloraine ceased to be a lover, and, in so doing, felt that to cease to be a husband was not difficult. The priest was out of reach—transported perchance on the wings of gold, to a rich convent in Peru. The English soldier present at the marriage was dead; and I alone remained, a witness formidable to the one party, and precious to the other. Ellen, with the powerlessness of utter despair, and painful memory of my prophetic warnings, would have forborne to appeal to me, but she had still distant relations interested by pride in establishing her marriage. They wrote and wrote to me; and it was not till the letters were returned as those of one over whom the grave had well nigh closed, that Ellen knew how unconsciously her heart had clung to me as her protector and her champion.

"In Hyder's dungeon Deloraine defied me; cast Ellen wholly off, and fortified himself in guilty breach of vows, by interesting, through a second marriage, a whole noble family in the annihilation of all traces of his first.

"I was released at length, and re-appeared among my English friends as one arisen from the grave. If to some of these my hollow cheeks and lean gaunt limbs gave an unwelcome shock, it was slight to that I felt when sent for by the dying Ellen.

"I should have known her voice, 'low, sweet, and musical, and traced a heightened likeness to her father in her mournful smile! All else had vanished: the tall form was bent and wasted—the fair skin ghastly pale—the golden hair thinned, not by time, but sorrow. There was a mightier change! The thoughtless wilful novice, rushing upon life, was grown a grief-taught heavenward pilgrim. I talked to her of her rights, as soldiers talk, and swore I would assert them with my life. 'Nay, Colonel Vernon,' said the gentle injured one, 'speak not of rights to her whose only lawful title was to the years of suffering her rashness purchased. It was mine to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind; but the storm is spent—the haven

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almost gained. I waited for your coming, that you might sanction with your presence, on act more of submission to a higher Power, and Christian charity towards one, richer and fairer, yet I fear not much happier, than I; but who, long taught to tremble at my name, and turn pale at the sound of yours, cannot know peace till *this* exists no more.' So saying, she took the certificate which I had been examining, and which lay between us on the table, cast up her eyes in meek surrender of all earthly hopes, and placed the fatal paper on the flames.

"'I have no child, Vernon!' said she, answering my look of petrified amazement, 'to upbraid me with this purely personal sacrifice. *She*, I am told, has smiling innocents to profit by it: on them she may now gaze without a pang; and *he*, released from hated vows and racking fears, may grow, perhaps a faithful husband and fond father. To *me* he can be nothing but an instrument of merited chastisement and contrite self-abashment. I have forgiven, and would fain forget him.

"'I am now again Osborne's friendless daughter, Colonel Vernon. You closed my darling parent's eyes in happy ignorance of future woe: you will, I hope, close mine in blest forgetfulness of past misfortunes. The chapel of San Roque, its stolen vows, and murky air—my motly trappings of grief and joy—what were they but unerring omens of a rashly chosen lot? It has been quickly run, and fatally for time—not without profit, let me humbly hope for eternity! God bless you, mine own and my father's friend! I shall not be a tax upon your kindness long!'

"It was even so—and Ellen Osborne died at five-and-twenty, the worn and wasted victim of misplaced confidence and headstrong passion. Nor was retributive justice idle. Deloraine, too, died young—a martyr to remorse; alike unloving and unloved by his proud new connexions; who, while they tolerated, for his children's sake, the treason, felt for the traitor, merited abhorrence. He sent for me; and asked me with his dying breath, to lay him at the feet of Ellen."

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MAY DAY.

Sweet May, who has not hail'd thy smiling morn,
Beheld thy rising sun gild ether blue?
Who has not joyous brush'd thy pearly dew,
Or seen it sparkle on the springing corn,
And gem the meadow flowers of varied hue;
While soft the blackbird whistled on the thorn,
The linnet blythe on slender broom-twig borne,
And warbling skylark soaring from the view?
Thou breathest fragrance in the evening gale,
Or when soft zephyrs fan the daisied green,
From azure violet or primrose pale;
When glowing twilight leads the swain, unseen,
To whisper soft love's fondly tender tale,
Beneath the budding birch, whose odours scent the vale.

Such are thy sweets, dear, ever-blooming May;
And such the young delights that once were mine,
When youth, light-hearted, met thy morning ray,
And saw thy ev'ning skies in splendour shine:
Then I could careless on a bank recline,
And list the woodland warbler's vesper lay;
Or for my fair a flowery chaplet twine;
Or haply by thy streamlet musing stray,
A song to frame for charms transcending thine.
Now youth is past—these joys are fled for aye;
Thy flowers are fair, thy meadows green and gay;
But I am left in age and care to pine,—
To mourn Hope's promised fairy blossoms shed,
And shudder in the storm that howls around my head.

Enough of this. I check the rising sigh;
Of Nature's law 'tis bootless to complain;
Since Heaven decrees that earthly bliss must fly,—
That man, like summer-flowers, must droop and die:
Let me such murmuring, impious thoughts restrain;
All sublunary joys still wax and wane,
Like airy meteors gliding o'er the sky;
Or like the product of the spider's loom,
Whose filmy texture mocks the gazer's eye:

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Although the gathering shades of evening gloom,
Though blighted every flower that blossom'd fair,
There is a hope that looks beyond the tomb,
Contemplating celestial glories there,
And flowers for ever fair in amaranthine bloom.

THE CREST OF KIRKPATRICK:—

"I WILL SECURE HIM."

BY G. R. CARTER.

Robert Bruce, who had already been informed of the treachery of Cummin, followed him out of the assembly, and, running him through the body, left him for dead. Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick, one of Bruce's friends, asked him, on his return, if the traitor was slain? "I believe so," replied Bruce. "And is that a matter," cried Kirkpatrick, "to be left to conjecture? I will secure him." He accordingly drew his dagger, ran to Cummin, and stabbed him to the heart.

From this incident the family of Kirkpatrick took for the crest of their arms, a hand with a bloody dagger: and as a motto, the words employed by their ancestor, when he executed that violent action,—"I will secure him."—*Russell's Modern Europe.*

I will secure him! when proudly appears
Thy crest like a star amid legions of spears,
When the trumpet resounds like a distant stream,
And thy banner is bright as the sunset's beam.

I will secure him! when soft lutes sigh,
And beautiful lips to their strings reply;
When bosoms are deck'd with the festal rose,
And the sparkling wine at the banquet flows.

I will secure him! he cannot conceal
His trait'rous heart from my mountain-steel;
If he plead in my presence some mean excuse,
I will secure him! for Scotland and Bruce.

I will secure him! around these walls
The mournful gloom of the twilight falls;
Thou read'st his fate in my fearless eyes,—
I will secure him!—to-night he dies!

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SOLITUDE IN AFFLICTION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOMENTS OF LONELINESS."

"Oh, ever-welcome Solitude! with thee
The soul returns to its first purity,
Taught in thy shades above the world to rise,
And claim again its kindred with the skies!"

If from constitutional melancholy only, or even that which is contracted by an early acquaintance with disappointment and misfortune, I were in love with solitude, I should endeavour to conquer that passion as a feeling, the indulgence of which was inconsistent with the design of our being; but it is otherwise—reason in this case is on the side of inclination, and tells me, that, though uninterrupted seclusion is neither practicable, nor proper, to those who cannot resolve to immure themselves within the walls of a hermitage or a monastery, occasional and lengthened retirements are indispensable to the preservation of vigour of mind and principle, and delicacy of sentiment and feeling; and that neither can be acquired or retained without it. We do not expose tender and delicate herbs to the continual blaze of a fervid sun: they would be prematurely expanded, and therefore would prematurely wither; neither must the delicate unfoldings of the heart and intellect be continually brought before public observation; it will induce them too hastily to put forth their powers, and, eventually, much injure, if not wholly destroy, that strength and beauty which might have adorned and improved the world. Youth, therefore, should be nurtured in much seclusion, should be taught to examine the actions of which they may be informed, by the unerring rules of virtue and reason, far from the voice of popular clamour, which is made up of selfish interests and ignorant prejudices. They will thus lay a foundation of right principles in their hearts that will be unfailingly communicated to the succeeding age. There is scarcely any habit so degrading to the character of a man, as a rational being, as the indiscriminate adoption of opinions *because* they are held by *others*: it is this which produces that absurd and lamentable party spirit, which infallibly engenders servility, and all its train of dastardly feelings, and contemptible actions;

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and which is the bane of every social feeling and noble principle. Yet, who that continually mingles with the world, and is incessantly identified with some particular interest, can entirely avoid the contagion! It is only in solitude that he has power to detect his errors. And there, how frequently will the blush of self-accusation mount to the cheek of the ingenuous, at the idea that they have meanly given their assent to actions, which, in the retirement of their hearts, they condemn; and which, had they sought it before, they would have spurned and avoided.

It is in deep solitude too that our most fervent aspirations after the Deity must be breathed; it is in the lonely contemplation of his works that we feel our spirits most elevated to the all-glorious Creator—any division of attention with a fellow-being destroys the deep and overpowering feeling of his Single Presence. We are alone with God; we have no thought, no ear, no eye, for any other object; we hear him, we see him, we feel him, in every breath, in every tint, in every beam; and while that *one* scene of nature is unshared by another human gaze, He converses through its medium *only* with us. Then it is that we hear him pronounce as it were aloud, "my son or my daughter give me thine heart; behold how worthy am I, thy creating Father, of the offering! if these be the beauties of the earth, which is intended for so short a sojourn of those who love me, canst thou imagine those of that region which is to be thy eternal dwelling-place?" The soft decline of evening seems most congenial to the influence of solitary feelings and contemplations; then have we leisure for the retrospect of the day, for the recollection of mercies that demand praise, and of deliverances that ask gratitude; for the repose of the mind after its incessant toils, and the indulgence of the heart in soft and tender emotions. It may be added, for the discipline of the spirit to the endurance of the fresh toils and disappointments, which the experience of the past may have taught us to expect.

In cases of deep affliction, what situation is so desirable as Solitude? How torturing to the distressed mind, is the necessity of continual exposure to the public eye; and the consequent suppression of feelings which nature tells us must be indulged, that the heart may be relieved, and the

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mind restored to its former tone and elasticity! I shall here beg leave to introduce a little tale, to evidence the salutary effects of retirement in an instance of extreme grief, as an example to those who, when oppressed with its weight, vainly, and I may say impiously, endeavour to lose the memory of their Maker's chastisements in the frivolous and frequently guilty society of the gay and dissipated.

I was once acquainted with a young and beautiful girl, who to all the advantages of a lovely person, added the superior charms of a richly cultivated understanding. She was early united to a gentleman in all respects worthy of her, and for two years their beautiful retreat was emparadised by a domestic union, the most uninterrupted and endearing that could be experienced on earth. Delighting only in the society of his adored wife, he was never absent from her, except when the requirements of his sacred duties as a clergyman, obliged him to visit his more distant parishioners; the distance of their humble habitations from his own never excusing him from an office which he justly considered one of the most important that is entrusted to a Christian minister. Returning one winter's evening from a village some few miles on the other side of the river near which the parsonage stood, a sudden gust of wind overset the boat; assistance came too late to save him, and the following morning, he who had been the light of his dwelling-place, the father of the fatherless, the ready friend of the distressed, and the unwearied guide of the wandering into the paths of everlasting life, was stretched upon the sable bier; those eyes for ever closed which beamed with benevolence on all around him, powerless those hands which were ever open to relieve, and pulseless that heart which had beat with the most unconfined regard to the human race. I will not endeavour to paint the first agony of his bereaved wife, nor the depth of anguish exhibited on her countenance. Her mother, after the last melancholy duties were performed, insisted on her accompanying her to London, declaring that the grief to which she knew she would yield herself, would destroy her. Arrived in the metropolis, the mistaken parent hurried her daughter from one scene of amusement to another, in the fruitless hope of dissipating her melancholy. I was favoured with her cor-

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respondence during this period, and shall here extract part of a letter, which will sufficiently show the inefficacy of such comforters of sorrow. "Oh, my Eliza! it is in vain, in vain, all in vain—I am wretched in the most brilliant society; the dying shriek of my Edward mixes with the liveliest music, and but for the dread of observation, the hysteric sob of agony would be so too. I sink daily to the grave—I die of grief, with the forced smile of calmness and composure on my cheek—I must return and yield myself a victim to the destroyer—I must come and repose my aching head and wrung heart by my Edward, and you must educate my child."

My soul was poignantly pained, but I instantly wrote to encourage her resolution of returning to her home. She arrived one dreary evening, when the moaning trees seemed to be breathing a renewed requiem over their departed master, and to mix their sympathies with the deep griefs of the desolate widow. I gazed with the most intense interest on her still beautiful but marble-like features—the finger of death seemed to have already passed over them, and faded on the cheek and lip those beautiful tints that had once promised to the enraptured gaze of admiring affection a long and uninterrupted bloom. Her form was wasted to a shadow, and she seemed the victim of internal conflicts, of suppressed, but never subdued feelings. For more than an hour she wept unceasingly on my bosom, and called upon the name of her Edward;—in that room they had tasted so frequently the sweets of each others' society;—she should know them no more. I attempted not to allay these effusions of grief; I knew they were the natural, the *due* tributes of her heart to the being who was most worthy of it; to deny them were absolute cruelty to the deep unadulterated emotions of that love which should ever exist between those who bind themselves by the "unrecallable vow." Her tears were the sacred relief afforded to her grief-oppressed soul; it would have been equally vain and unfeeling to have reasoned with her on their inutility to restore the lost; I allowed them to flow in silence, as I would have desired the same indulgence for myself under similar circumstances. She became at length somewhat more composed, and

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faintly said, "My Eliza, you know my heart better than my mother—it is more tranquil now than since my bitter loss, deeply as these scenes of my past felicity recall it;—you must allow me to indulge my griefs—you know what cause I have to mourn." Her tears gushed afresh, but there was less of agony in their flow, and I observed with a gleam of hope the returning calm of her voice and manner. That night, however, she slept but little, and wept frequently; in the intervals of composure I endeavoured to call her mind to the contemplation of the bright futurity, and the expectation she might cherish of being re-united to the object of her affection in a happier region. She heard me in silence, but with an eye of tearful supplication turned towards heaven, as if she prayed that this hope might be her only consolation; she could indeed have no other wish, no other anticipation, but to meet him there.

I endeavoured in the morning to awaken her maternal feelings, by presenting to her her child. This object, as I expected, at first excited fresh ebullitions of feeling; the fatherless infant of her adored husband could not but give birth to the deepest and tenderest sensibilities. But of all the kindred affections those of a mother are, I conceive, the most arousing; they forbid the selfish indulgence of a grief that prevents the discharge of parental duties. I saw that the appealing helplessness of her child had reconciled her ty the endurance of existence: she looked at me, and then at the little cherub: "you must not talk of dying, my dear Ellen," said I, "while you have that tie to life."—She spoke not, but lifted her beautiful dark eyes to heaven, with an expression in them which I can never forget—it was a faltering petition for resignation to the Divine will—a struggle between a wish to depart, and the tender yearnings of a mother over her child. Could she have performed her duties to her as a disembodied spirit, she had, I thought, preferred it; but this could not be—and—yes—she would be content to live, to bear the cruel separation, for the sake of watching over the pledge he had left; she would strive to perform the offices of both parents, to make this precious relic of his affection worthy of its beloved father.

Many a month passed on in which I had frequent oppor-

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tunities of seeing her; tears continually started into her eyes at our meeting, and on no topic would she speak, but her heart-rooted loss. She was as the consecrated marble of the tomb—Sacred to the memory of the loved and departed; no other name could find a place in her breast, no other's virtues meet a memorial there. But amidst this deep and constant impression of her soul, this intensity of devotion to the remembrance of her husband, I could perceive that the withering effects of sorrow had passed away; she freely indulged her feelings and recollections; but she indulged them in conjunction with the everlasting hope which the gospel offers—she drank the cup of bitterness, but found at the bottom, even as she conceived amongst its dregs, the honeyed balm of heavenly comfort.

The education of her infant daughter also became a source of amelioration to her griefs; and the contemplation of her expanding intellect, though mixed with the tenderest regrets that there was "none beside" to watch its growing beauty, still afforded an inexpressible pleasure. Could she have known aught of these in the society of the brilliant crowds of Fashion?—if that can be called *society*, where a *really* social feeling is scarcely found to exist. Would her tortured soul have forgotten its griefs, because she concealed them? or could she have found comfort from those who did not understand her sorrows, or if they did, were ignorant of the means of cure? My lovely friend after the lapse of ten years is still a widow, waiting patiently, as she writes me, her reunion with the only partner of her soul; but soothed in the house of her pilgrimage by the gentle and affectionate attentions of the daughter for whose sake she has lived. Frequently does she recur with pensive gratitude to her return to Solitude, and the softening, nay hallowing effects it has had on her griefs: frequently does she observe, that, though seclusion be the nurse of sorrow, it is also its most delicate consoler, and the most effectual teacher of those divine truths which can alone enable us to support it.

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THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

On the 24th of May this illustrious lady attained the age at which she is qualified to wield, with her own hands, the British sceptre. The epoch is an important one in the annals of Great Britain. And there is much of loyal and of manly sentiment associated with it, which vindicates and claims a louder and more general burst of acclamation than its mere political importance would either warrant or suggest. The sex of our future sovereign endears her to the nation, and would do so although Elizabeth had never lived; yet the people of England cannot forget that the reign in which their country made the greatest advances in prosperity and glory, was that of a female. The tender age of her Royal Highness is another circumstance which makes her an object of peculiar interest. She has attained to the present important and interesting stage of her existence, under the guidance and protection of a watchful, affectionate, and judicious parent, who has laboured, and laboured not in vain, to fit her for the duties of the exalted station which she is destined to fill, without having once occasioned to the country or to the royal family a feeling of apprehension or anxiety as to her disposition or her conduct. Whatever alarm has at any time been felt on her account has related solely to her health, and it is a source of great satisfaction to know that in this respect there is no longer the slightest ground for apprehension.

At six o'clock the gates of Kensington Palace were thrown open to the public, at which time numbers began to collect. About a quarter before seven a party of thirty-seven gentlemen, in full dress, under the direction of Mr. Weippert and Mr. Rodwell, entered the enclosure of the palace, and, stationing themselves on the terrace under the windows of the Princess's chamber, which is situated in the eastern wing, commenced, as the clock struck seven, the following serenade, from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson:—

QUARTETT.

O, wake, Royal maiden! from soft repose;
As Zephyr awakes the unfolding rose,
So we, like the bards of the olden day,
Would greet thee with music and minstrel lay;

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And as to the streaks in the eastern skies
The Persian directs his adoring eyes,
So the hopes of a nation are turned to thee,
On the dawn of this glorious jubilee!

SOLO.

Fear not our numbers
Shall break on thy slumbers,
To sing of the graces that smil'd on thy birth,
More fragrantly breathing
The flowers we are wreathing
Shall emblem thy virtues and gladden thy worth
Like a vision-wrapt sage,
Fancy pierces the gloom
Of time's distant page,
Which thy deeds shall illume;
And though years may pass ere the tablet of fame
Shall be bright with the records which blazon thy name,
Yet Britannia, prophetic, beholds the proud day,
When the Sceptre of Freedom Victoria shall sway!

CHORUS.

The vision is bright as thine own natal day,
Awake, Rose of England! and smile on our lay.

The following, written by E. Fitzball, Esq., was next performed:—

THE FAIREST FLOWER OF MAY.

Spring renews its golden dreams,
Sweet birds carol 'neath each spray,
Shed, oh Sun! thy milder beams
On the fairest flower of May.

Hunters bring the cheering horn,
Minstrels wake the cheering lay;
Crown with song the natal morn
Of the fairest flower of May.

Lightly o'er our early rose,
Angels pure, your wings display;
When the storm of sorrow blows,
Shield the fairest flower of May.

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Minstrels of a free born land,
Let one thrilling note repay
Her whose fond maternal hand
Reared the fairest flower of May.

Her's the toil of anxious years,
Her's the glory of this day,
Her's a nation's grateful tears,
For the fairest flower of May.

Their Royal Highnesses, who, during the performance of the two preceding pieces, appeared at one of the windows, requested a repetition, which was immediately complied with.

The following glee was then sang :—

VICTORIA'S NATAL DAY.

Wafted on the wings of morn,
Hark, on every breeze is borne,
With the sunbeams' earliest ray,
"'Tis Victoria's natal day."

Pealing bells the news proclaim,
While the cannon's voice of flame.
Thro' earth and air, with echoing sound,
Spreads the joyous tidings round.

Wafted on the wings of morn,
Hark, on every breeze is borne,
With the sunbeams' earliest ray,
"'Tis Victoria's natal day."

The whole performance then concluded with "God save the King."

The instrumental performers consisted of gentlemen of the Italian Opera; and among the vocalists were Messrs. Wilson, Seguin, Giubelei, Robinson, Land, and various others of celebrity.

In the evening a magnificent ball was given at St. James's Palace by command of their Majesties, neither of whom, however, could attend, through indisposition. The ball-room was sumptuously fitted up, and nothing could surpass the splendour and deep interest of the scene, as the Heiress Presumptive to the British Throne advanced, to assume for the first time the chair of State, and to preside over an as-

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sembly, including the principal nobility, rank, and talent of which this country can boast. The Princess took the centre chair, the Princess Augusta, as representative of the Queen, being seated to her right, and the Duchess of Kent on her left. The young Princess appeared, as well as her illustrious parent, highly animated by the passing scene. Her Royal Highness, rising from her chair, received the congratulations of the Duke of Cumberland and other distinguished persons with the utmost grace; and after an interval of a few moments only, the ball opened with a quadrille, the Princess herself being led off by Lord Fitzallan, eldest son of the Earl of Surrey, and grandson of the Duke of Norfolk. Her Royal Highness subsequently danced with Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, son of the Austrian Ambassador. Weippert's full band of thirty-five musicians performed in admirable style a variety of new quadrilles, arranged from the opera of *Malek Adel*, and other favourite compositions.

The costumes, it is almost needless to say, were of the most superb description. Diamonds blazed on every side, rivalling the eyes of the brilliant wearers. The majority of the ladies wore plumes, and the *coup d'œil* of the Ballroom at midnight was most imposing.

The Princess Victoria was attired in a blonde dress (of British manufacture), over a rich white satin slip, ornamented from the waist with blossoms of camellia japonica, the sleeves fastened by nœuds of light blue, interspersed with brilliants. Her Royal Highness's head dress was plain, but extremely elegant. The hair was confined on the forehead by a small bandeau of brilliants, surmounted by a wreath of geranium blossoms and jessamines, highly becoming.

The Princess Augusta wore a rich white satin dress, a most superb suite of brilliants, the diadem magnificent, and rich plumes

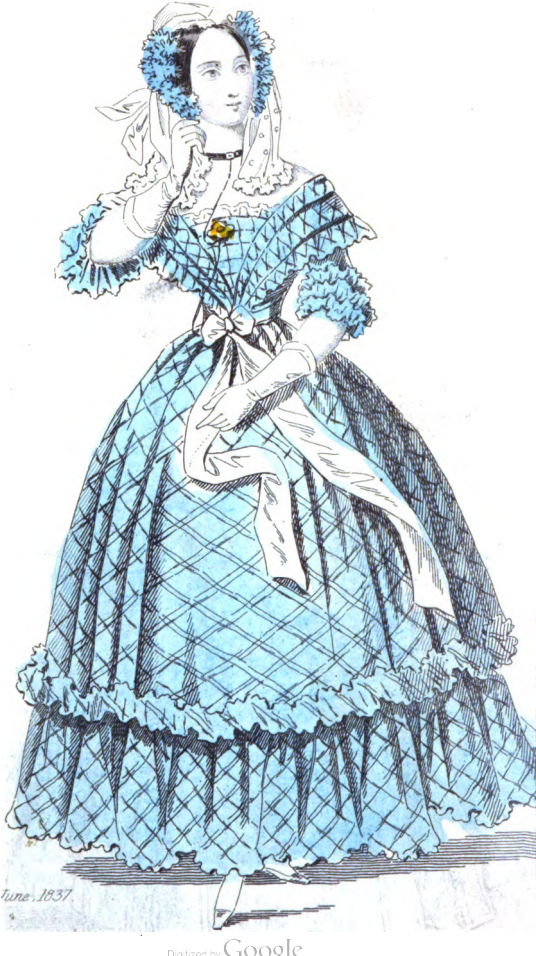
The Duchess of Kent was also attired in a white satin and blonde dress, of great elegance, the bodice ornamented with valuable rubies of large magnitude, with diamond head dress.

Amongst other costumes admired for their extreme elegance were those of the Duchess of Beaufort, Marchionesses of Salisbury and Ailesbury, Lady Ann Beckett, Viscountess Mahon, &c.

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LONDON EVENING DRESS

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ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PUBLIC PROMENADE AND WALKING DRESS.—The robe is composed of one of the new striped *gros de Naples, the corsage* quite high behind, but partially open in front, is made close to the shape, and fastens before; the sleeve is made to fit the arm closely, but ornamented at the top by a triple flounce of the same material, each fall edged with a rouleau of pink *pou de soie*. Embroidered muslin collar of a round shape, and scarf of black *filet de soie*. Rice straw hat, an oval and very deep brim, standing very much out from the face; the interior is trimmed with flowers, rose coloured *velours épinglé*, and a *tulle ruche* at the edge, which also encircles the bottom of the crown: *pou de soie* ribbons and blond draperies ornament the crown.

LONDON EVENING DRESS.—Robe of azure blue quadrilled *mousseline de soie* over a white *pou de soie* slip, it is trimmed with a deep flounce, headed in a very novel stile. The *corsage*, made low and square, is finished with a *fichu à la paysanne*, of the material of the dress; it is arranged in folds, and terminates in a point at the bottom of the waist, under a knot of rich white *pou de soie* ribbon the floating ends of which fall low upon the skirt. Short tight sleeves trimmed with three falls *en manchette* of the material of the dress. The head dress is a cap of embroidered *tulle*, a small caul, trimmed with lappets placed at the sides, and hanging low on the neck; sprigs of blue flowers which hang very low at the sides, supply the place of the usual *papillon*, a full knot of blue ribbons with floating ends completes the trimming.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

The sun at last shows himself, and the summer fashions consequently begin to appear. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that up to the present time the toilettes, both in carriage and promenade dress, have been, with the exception of hats and bonnets, quite of the half season, and often, indeed, of a downright wintry kind; at last, however, summer fashions have actually appeared, and we hasten to lay them before our fair readers.

Bonnets of Dunstable straw are very generally adopted in plain walking dress; they are rather of the hat than the

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bonnet shape, having a round, large, and very open brim, which extends round the back of the crown, supplying the place of a curtain, but being a much more graceful appendage. These bonnets may be rendered very dressy by being trimmed with flowers, but in our opinion they have a much more neat and appropriate appearance in walking dress when trimmed with ribbon only. Silk bonnets, particularly those of the drawn kind, are much in request also for the promenade, but they offer nothing remarkable except an increase of size.

Turn we now to carriage dress, in which we shall find a greater variety of millinery, and of a more elegant kind than we have seen for some seasons past. Silk hats and bonnets are in nearly equal request with those of white chip and Italian straw. Undress bonnets are principally of the drawn kind, they are seldom trimmed with flowers, but the ribbons that adorn them are as rich and elegant as those adopted in half dress. Silks for the latter are mostly watered; *pou de soie*, however, is fashionable, though not so much so. The favorite shape for hats is the half gypsey kind, there are others something similar, the brims of which go round the back of the crown and turn up behind in a sort of soft roll; this fashion is very generally becoming, it quite disengages the neck, and shews off to very great advantage a fine turn of the head. The brims, both of hats and bonnets, are very large, and those of the former quite stand out from the face, so indeed do most of the bonnets, but the minority come over the face. The stile of trimming is pretty nearly the same for both; this is an innovation, for up to the present season hats were always considered the most dressy, and were trimmed accordingly, but now flowers of every sort, curled ostrich feathers, shaded ones, and willow plumes are quite as much employed for bonnets as hats. Flowers are still used to decorate the interior of the brims of both, but they must be irregularly placed; if they are arranged in bouquets, three or four small roses, a tuft of violets, or any other small spring flower should be placed on one side near the eye; if the flowers form a sprig, as rosebuds, lilacs, or Acacia, it must fall very low against the cheek.

Out-door robes afford great variety of material, though but little of form. Silks, materials of silk and wool, and

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mousselines de laine, are all in favour. We have reason to believe that before the end of the month white muslins will be a good deal adopted, but as yet they are scarcely seen. A good many dresses are made in the pelisse robe stile for carriage or public promenade dress, the *corsage* is made high behind, but descending a little in front, and quite tight to the shape; the front of the skirt is sometimes in the *tablier* stile, but we see also several of those dresses plain. As to sleeves, they are now so decidedly reduced in size, that large ones begin to have a very antiquated appearance; those called demi-large have the lower part made quite tight to they are also tight below the shoulder, but two bouffants descend from thence nearly to the elbow; the bouffants are of equal size, but both, comparatively speaking, very small. This sleeve, though very fashionable, is not, however, so much so as one that has also the lower part tight but the upper covered by two or three flounces set on very full.

There is quite a rage for mantelets, so much so indeed at present, that we see scarcely any other envelope adopted in out-door dress; they are composed of lace, gauze, muslin, or silk trimmed with silk or lace, the most novel form for those of the latter are rounded in the pelerine stile, so as to descend to the bottom of the waist, in such a manner, that the trimming, whether lace or silk, is raised by the dress on which it falls; a second pelerine, much smaller, rounded most becomingly at the top of the mantelet, and descending in the lappel stile towards the waist, falls over the first in such a manner that the trimming forms two regular rows behind; the fronts are of the scarf kind and generally rounded at the bottom, they fall nearly as low as the extremity of the skirt.

Some new summer silks of light colours but of extreme richness have appeared for evening dress. We may cite as the most distinguished, both for elegance and novelty, those called *Alhambra Arabe* and *Rosine*, they are, we must observe, for grand parties only. The most elegant novelties for what may be termed evening *negligée* is the *tissu Amalthée*, a mixture of wool and silk; it is quadrilled in very small patterns, white and green, pink and white, *écru* and blue, or else printed in differennt patterns on a satinnet

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ground; *mousseline Danusis*, a new description of *mousseline de soie*, very transparent, and printed in small Chinese bouquets, and a new material, all silk, of the foulard kind but much richer. Muslin also begins to be in request. The forms of *corsages* in evening dress have altered very little; the waists are even longer than last year, and several are still made pointed in front. We see with pleasure that they are not cut so low round the top; several are made quite tight to the shape, and trimmed, *à l'enfant*, with lace, when this is the case, the sleeve, which is generally short and tight, is covered with lace flounces. Draped *corgages* are also fashionable. Sleeves are always tight, but with trimmings of various kinds, which add very little to their volume. As to the borders of robes it is now a settled point that they are to be trimmed in evening dress; flounces are most in request, particularly those that have the border pinked, and a *chicorée* for a heading, if silk or any other material that is not a washing one. The flounce of a muslin dress should have a coloured ribbon ran through the the border, and another passed through the *bouillon* that heads it.

Small turned up hats are in the highest favour in evening dress; the most novel are the *chapeaux à la Bolivar*, either of rice straw or of white Terry velvet, the first are trimmed with a single ostrich feather which may be either white or shaded, the latter are ornamented with two feathers which are placed in different directions. Fashionable colours are *écru*, pink, lilac, both red and grey, cherry colour, fawn, light blue, different shades of green, and some neutral colours.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

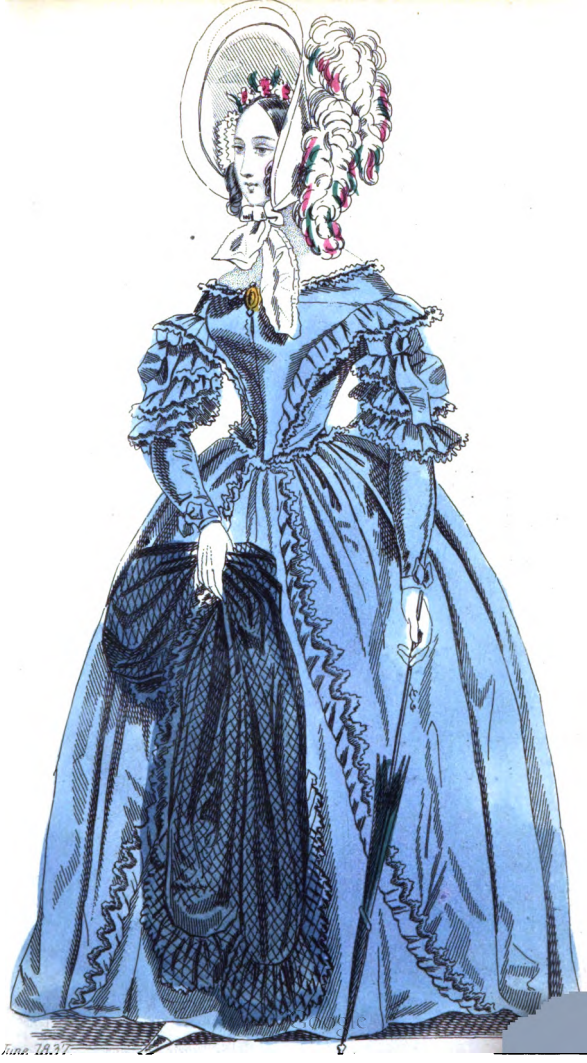
DINNER DRESS.—Under dress of blue *pou de soie;* India muslin robe made somewhat shorter than the slip behind and cut out before so as to form a very novel stile of drapery, it is finished by a *chicorée* wreath of white gauze ribbon; knots of rich blue ribbon are placed upon the slip just under the drapery on each side. A low *corsage* made exactly to the shape, and trimmed *à l'enfant* with English point lace. Short sleeves covered with rows of lace and ornamented with butterfly bows of ribbon. Bonnet *à la paysanne* of

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tulle, a round shape, the trimming descending low at the sides but flat on the forehead, the caul is placed horizontally but is rendered rather high by a *tulle* drapery ornamented with gold pins, a sprig of flowers, and pale pink ribbons complete the trimming.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—Pelisse robe of light lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, the *corsage* rounded and half high at top is trimmed in the stomacher stile with the same material edged with black lace. The sleeves are tight at top and of the Amadis form at the lower part, the centre is ornamented with falls of silk edged with black lace, a row round the waist and a *tablier en suite* completes the trimming. Rice straw hat, a large and open brim, the interior trimmed with blond and exotics, the crown is decorated with two long shaded ostrich feathers. Black silk net scarf trimmed with black lace of an antique pattern.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The weather is at last sufficiently fine to permit our *élégantes* to enjoy the delightful promenades of the *Tuileries* gardens, and the *Champs Elysees; mousseline de laine*, and other materials of the chaly kind and silks are the most in favour in promenade dress. The patterns of the former are perfectly novel and elegant, the colours are light but brilliant, rose and blue predominate a good deal in the patterns, which are generally small in promenade dress, and excessively large for dinner or evening dress, for there is no medium, the patterns must be either lilliputian or brobdinagian. A favourite stile of half dress, certainly heavy for Spring, but which promises to be very fashionable, is a silk robe trimmed with velvet, a broad band of which is placed immediately above the hem. The velvet is always of a different colour from the dress. Although at this moment these robes are much in request, it appears very unlikely they will continue to be worn after this month. The pelisse robe still is much in favour in half dress; we see a good many made with high full *corsages*. Robes in half dress are mostly made half high and square at the top. Waists are longer, if possible, than those of last year, and as to sleeves they continue to diminish in size. Muslin robes begin to appear, but slowly; some few have been seen in evening dress over

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coloured slips, and very much ornamented with embroidery; the most fashionable stile is an embroidery at the edge of the flounce, and another as a heading to it. We see also some dresses finished round the border with *entre deux* of embroidery between *bouillons* of muslin. The sleeves of robes are always made to correspond.

Turbans are expected to be quite as fashionable as they were in the winter, both in dinner and evening dress, but the materials are now generally of a transparent kind. An attempt has been made to bring very large turbans into general request but it has failed, the size of the head dress being regulated, in our opinion very judiciously, by the figure of the wearer, when that is *petit* the folds are of moderate volume and not too high. White *crepe lisse* turbans are much in favour for social parties. For full dress ones nothing is more elegant than one composed of organdy scarf embroidered in gold, and arranged so that the ends fall upon the shoulder, or a lace scarf with *brides à la faire;* this last form, though so long in favour, has lost nothing of its vogue. Caps continue in request, and are expected to do so during the Summer; they are of a great variety of forms. We may cite among the prettiest those *à la paysanne*, a model of which we have given in our print of French fashions; this simple and becoming form is in great request for dinner parties. The bonnets *à la Maintenon*, of a form somewhat resembling those *à la chatelaine*, but trimmed with a wreath of small dog roses across the forehead, which wreath is detached from the cap, is a favourite evening head dress. The *bonnets à la Napolitaine*, composed of rich blond lace of Italian patterns, are very much adopted in grand costume, their form has a slight resemblance to the Italian peasant's cap; they are trimmed with an intermixture of red roses, knots of ribbon with floating ends, and pins with gold or jewelled heads. A good many head dresses of hair are also ornamented with knots of ribbon, with a pin of the above description fixed in the centre of each: the colours in request are pea-green, emerald green, different shades of rose and blue, *poussiere*, lilac and grey.

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LEAR AND CORDELIA.

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THE

LADIES POCKET Magazine.



LADY ARABELLA STUART.

1837. — PART 2.

JOSEPH ROBINS,
Bride Court Bridge Street. LONDON.

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TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

QUEEN VICTORIA,

THE GLORY OF BRITAIN, AND THE PRIDE OF HER SEX,

This Volume is Inscribed,

As a Tribute of respect to the first Lady in the World,

BOTH IN RANK AND CHARACTER,

BY HER MAJESTY'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

JOSEPH ROBINS.

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THE LADIES'
POCKET MAGAZINE.



THE MINSTREL.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.—BY CHARLES MAY.

The vesper bell, which warned the inhabitants of the little village of Dirrenstein to rest from their daily toil, had ceased to chime, and the people had prepared to offer up their evening orisons. Every cottager, surrounded by his little family, was on his knees, and while the soft murmurings and low chaunts of Ave-Maria's were heard to proceed from the lips of devotion in every humble dwelling, a stranger entered the village. He was habited in a green frock, with a small light feather in his crimson velvet cap; and he bore in his hand, beside the staff that aided his progress, a small harp. He had heard the vesper bell, and no sooner entered Dirrenstein than he sank on his knees, and, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, breathed forth his silent prayer.

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His lips moved, but his accents, if not inaudible, were lost on the evening air. They did not reach the ears of Antonio, the owner of the San Martin, the only little albergo* in the village, who had noticed the stranger's approach, and either from curiosity—for his garb declared him to be a foreigner—or from a kinder motive, had kept an eye upon him during the few minutes he remained on his knees. When the stranger arose, and advanced towards the albergo. Antonio left his door and met him. A nearer view convinced him that he could not prove a profitable guest, yet he kindly accosted him, and bade him welcome to the best viands the San Martin could afford.

The stranger shook his head, and assured the host he had not enough of the "world's gear" to ensure him a welcome at even the meanest cottage. Antonio, touched with compassion, and evidently interested by the appearance of the stranger, assured him of a cordial and gratuitous reception; and without ceremony proceeded to inquire into his history.

The stranger, though by no means so communicative as our host could have desired, gave him to understand he was a foreigner, and had journeyed far amid the sultry and oppressive heat of an Italian summer-day's unclouded sun. "Since mid-day," said the stranger, in imperfect Italian, "I have travelled from Vienna, nor has any other sustenance than the casual fruit of the wild fig-tree and the water of the fountain entered my lips; for truly is it said, cold is the heart of affluence towards poverty and wretchedness."

"Thou hast then travelled a long and dreary road," said Antonio. "My neighbour Carlos is the only inhabitant of our village who journeys oft to Vienna. Once a month he drives his cattle thither; and he has told me it is distant four long leagues. Thou must be wearied, stranger," continued he, "but thou art now arrived at a safe and friendly home. I feel for thy distresses, and ill befal me if I exert not all my powers to lighten them."

The stranger pressed with fervour the hand which the worthy albergatore had extended, while the tears that gushed from his expressive eyes told his feelings better than words could have done.

Antonio was a good-hearted fellow: he gazed in that silent

* Inn.

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pity upon the features of the stranger, which, though thin and pallid from toils and sorrows, bore evident marks of much manly beauty; and, still pressing his hand, led him into the albergo. It boots not to tell what dainties Antonio spread before his guest—it boots not to tell how the generous wine promoted at the same time the merriment and the communicative loquacity of the worthy host, and, in some measure, cleared the gloom from the brow of the pensive stranger, who, upon being pressed to sing, showed at once his gratitude and his superior minstrel-powers by the following song:

"I have journeyed afar from my own native isle,
'Neath the now faded light of prosperity's smile;
And my welcome oft read in my host's open brow,
Yet I never was blest with a welcome as now.

"I have travelled a wanderer, lonely, unknown;
Not a friend to disperse the dark gloom from my brow,
With my toils and my griefs for companions alone,
Yet I never was blessed with a welcome as now.

"To soften the pangs that my sorrows impart,
None before, my kind host, e'er attempted as thou;
Oh, take then, the thanks of my o'erflowing heart,
For a welcome I never was blessed with till now."

Antonio was one of those merry mortals who cannot themselves long indulge in sorrow, or see it in others without attempting to divert it. He therefore strove to amuse his guest by a number of legendary tales, which, to the poetical mind of the minstrel, could not but prove interesting. From these the loquacious Antonio descended to the present history of his village; and, in particular, mentioned the circumstance of a stranger of distinction being kept a close prisoner in the neighbouring castle.

Observing the minstrel's interest to be deeply excited by the recital, the host entered into the particulars of the stranger's capture in the disguise of a wandering palmer, or pilgrim; of his having been loaded with fetters, and confined in the strongest fortress in the vicinity of the capital. The minstrel was deeply affected by the story, while honest Anton'o, gazing on him with silent astonishment, was prevented

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only by an unconquerable respect for his unknown guest, from almost demanding a full gratification of his intensely-excited curiosity.

The stranger had heard enough, and, unwilling to offend his kind entertainer by an unnecessary display of reserve, he bade him good night, and retired to his pallet and his reflections.

With the first beam of the morning sun the minstrel arose from his sleepless bed: he prostrated himself, and, with earnestness, implored divine assistance. He left the albergo, and, without arousing his host, bent his way toward the fortress. Not once had sleep closed his eyes since he had heard Antonio's recital of the illustrious stranger's captivity. His frame, naturally slight, and far from athletic, was, by toil and famine, worn to almost a shadow. Yet his eyes' expressive fire beamed forth all the animation of awakened hope, as slowly, though with an effort to himself, all enfeebled as he was, he pursued his way. Arrived at the castle, the minstrel surveyed, with impatient anxiety, the ponderous walls, and immense and fosse-guarded portals of the gigantic pile.

It was a square structure, situate on a brow of a steep hill, flanked at each extremity by an octagonal tower, and fenced with a deep wet fosse. The only entrance was secured by a ponderous portcullis. On the battlements waved the banner of Leopold of Austria, whose well-known subtlety and baseness of heart might justify the worst suspicions.

The minstrel gazed, with a sigh, upon the vast and gloomy fortress, and musing, with folded arms, proceeded—"The wary hunter, then, hath trapped the noble lion; yet, though strong the snare, the feeble mouse, perchance, may be the humble instrument of his benefactor's liberation. God of Heaven!" continued he, raising his tearful eyes towards the abode of the Being he addressed—"God of Heaven! aid thy unworthy servant." He approached the walls, and sang to his harp, in the Anglo-Norman language (a dialect unknown to the inhabitants of the fortress,) the following song:

"Monarch, not thus I've sung to thee,
With eyes suffused with tears—
Monarch, not oft my minstrelsy
Has pealed in foreign ears.

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"Ne'er before from bondage vile,
From dungeons dark and strong,
I've wooed thy ear—no fav'ring smile
To hallow and bless my song.

"Noble dames have looked on thee,
And borrowed their smiles from thine—
Courtly knights have circled me,
And learned their songs from mine.

"Now foreign guards upon thee frown,
Thy royal robe a chain,
And black, bare walls on me look down,
And wild winds list thy strain.

"Lion-hearted! if thou hearest
My lone harp's loved strain—
Monarch—master—bravest—dearest—
Strike thine own again!"

The minstrel ceased, and fixed an eager eye on the window above him. The souls of them that are risen to judgment gaze not more intently and more anxiously on the all-wise Judge, whose word decrees their eternal destiny, than did *that* minstrel on the window of the tower beneath which he stood.

Richard Cœur-de-Lion, for it was indeed that noble-minded monarch who lay here in base and tyrannous thrall, heard the song pealing beneath him. He paced his dungeon in agony; and, advancing to the window, seized the massive bars, and, with the force of despair, strove to wrest them from their place. It was in vain for even *his* strong arm to contend against the iron prison of a revengeful tyrant.

"Blondell!" he ejaculated; "my poor, my faithful Blondell! is it *thou*? Among all that have shared my bounty—my favour, none but *thou* hast cared for, hast sought out, my abode of misery!"

He snatched his harp, which had long been the only solace of his captivity, and chaunted, to the same air, the following song:

"Thy song hath gladdened me before,
When gems enwreathed my brow,
But, minstrel, ne'er before thy voice
My spirit cheered as now.

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"The eagle, in his prison-cage,
Hath heard his mate's loved call—
He hath striven with frenzy's force to 'scape,
Yet cannot burst his thrall.

"Linger not, my minstrel, here,
Thy love will peril thee,
Haste, homeward haste, let England know
Her king's captivity."

The faithful Blondell sank on his knees, and strove to ejaculate his thanks: they were too big for utterance. "God of mercy! I have not deserved this happiness," was all he could exclaim, as he arose, and, with alacrity, pursued his way. Many a weary league did the poor minstrel journey—many a long fast did he endure—but hope supported him—he *did* arrive in England. That country, grateful for the glory her monarch had acquired her, opened all her stores—her golden ransom, an oblation offered at the shrine of devoted and grateful loyalty, unlocked the prison-doors of tyranny; and the spring of the year 1194 beheld the first Richard, the lion-hearted conquerer of Palestine,

"Who had humbled the pride of the Paynimrie,"

restored to the bosom of his adoring people.

ROSALIE.

A TALE.—BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh
That young lips breathe when Love's first dreamings fly:
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,
Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-flowers.
Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee,—
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears;
What thou hast ever been, and still will be,—
Life's best, but most betraying witchery!
It is a night of summer,—and the sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.

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Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks;
Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks
Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.
Odours are on the air:—the gale has been
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep,—
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,
Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,
Seen like the monuments of other days—
Monuments Time half shadows, half displays.
And there are many, who, with witching song
And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,
Or the lute's melting music, float along
O'er the blue waters, still and silently.
That night had Naples sent her best display
Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.
There was a bark a little way apart
From all the rest, and there two lover's leant:—
One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;
She might not meet the gaze the other sent
Upon her beauty;—but the half-breathed sighs,
The deepening colour, timid swelling eyes,
Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries.
Then they were silent:—words are little aid
To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made
By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!—
Music swept past:—it was a simple tone;
But it has wakened heartfelt sympathies;
It has brought into life things past and gone;
Has wakened all those secret memories,
That may be smothered, but that still will be
Present within thy soul, young Rosalie!
The notes had roused an answering chord within:—
In other days, that song her vesper hymn had been.

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Her altered look is pale:—that dewy eye
Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear;—
That smile is mocked by a scarce breathing sigh,
Which tells of silent and suppressed care—
Tells that the life is withering with despair,
More irksome from its unsunned silentness—
A festering wound the spirit pines to bear;
A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude,
Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's lightest mood.
Where are her thoughts thus wandering?—A spot,
Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,—
A chesnut shadowing a low white cot,
With rose and jasmine round the casement twined,
Mixed with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind.
Alone, (oh! should such solitude be here?)
An aged form beneath the shade reclined,
Whose eye glanced round the scene;—and then a tear
Told that she missed one in her heart enshrined!
Then came remembrances of other times,
When eve oped her rich bowers for the pale day;
When the faint distant tones of convent chimes
Were answered by the lute and vesper lay;—
When the fond mother blest her gentle child,
And for her welfare prayed the Virgin mild.

And she has left the aged one to steep
Her nightly couch with tears for that lost child,—
The Rosalie,—who left her age to weep,
When that the tempter flattered her and wiled
Her steps away, from her own home beguiled.

She started up in agony:—her eye
Met Manfredi's. Softly he spoke, and smiled.
Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.
They floated o'er the waters, till the moon
Looked from the blue sky in her zenith noon,—
Till each glad bark at length had sought the shore,
And the waves echoed to the lute no more;—
Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray
Of lamps shed light only less bright than day;
And there they feasted till the morn did fling
Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling.

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And life was as a tale of faërie,—
As when some Eastern genie rears bright bowers,
And spreads the green turf and the coloured flowers;
And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky,
To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,
Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.
And Rosalie had pledged a magic cup—
The maddening cup of pleasure and of love!
There was for her one only dream on earth!
There was for her one only star above!—
She bent in passionate idolatry
Before her heart's sole idol—Manfredi!

II.

'Tis night again—a soft and summer night;—
A deep-blue heaven, white clouds, moon and star-light;—
So calm, so beautiful, that human eye
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky:—
A night just formed for Hope's first dream of bliss,
Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness!
The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees,
Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining breeze;
Echoing the music of a rill, whose song
Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.
There is a little chapel in the shade,
Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and prayed
To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the shrine,
The painter's skill has made all but divine.
It was a pale, a melancholy face—
A cheek which bore the trace of frequent tears,
And worn by grief,—though grief might not efface
The seal that beauty set in happier years;
And such a smile as on the brow appears
Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since subdued
Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—
The worldly dreams o'er which the many brood,—
The heart-beat hushed in mild and chastened mood.
It was the image of the maid who wept
Those precious tears that heal and purify.
Love yet upon her lip his station kept,
But heaven and heavenly thoughts were in her eye.

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One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as pale
As was the cold white marble. Can this be
The young—the loved—the happy Rosalie?
Alas! alas! her's is a common tale:—
She trusted,—as youth ever has believed;—
She heard Love's vows—confided—was deceived!
Oh, Love! thy essence is thy purity!
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone for ever,—and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame!
And Rosalie was loved,—not with that pure
And holy passion which can age endure;
But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—
A torch which glares—and scorches—and expires.
A little while her dream of bliss remained,—
A little while Love's wings were left unchained.
But change came o'er the trusted Manfredi:
His heart forgot its vowed idolatry;
And his forgotten love was left to brood
O'er wrongs and ruin in her solitude!
How very desolate that breast must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory!
And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed?—
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made
But things wherewith to wound: that heart—so weak,
So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak!
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn
It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne!
And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion,
To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion
Is that of a false deity!—to look
Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook
Their cold reply! Yet, these are all for her!—
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer!
Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering!
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest thrall!
She thought upon her love; and there was not
In passion's record one green sunny spot—

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It had been all a madness and a dream,
The shadow of a flower on the stream,
Which seems, but is not: and then memory turned
To her lone mother. How her bosom burned
With sweet and bitter thoughts! There might be rest—
The wounded dove will flee into her nest—
That mother's arms might fold her child again.
The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain,
And falsehood be remembered no more,
In that calm shelter:—and she might weep o'er
Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she
To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes
Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice
A broken heart? And might not pardon be
Also for her? She looked up to the face
Of that pale saint; and in that gentle brow,
Which seemed to hold communion with her thought,
There was a smile which gave hope energy.
She prayed one deep wild prayer,—that she might gain
The home she hoped:—then sought that home again.

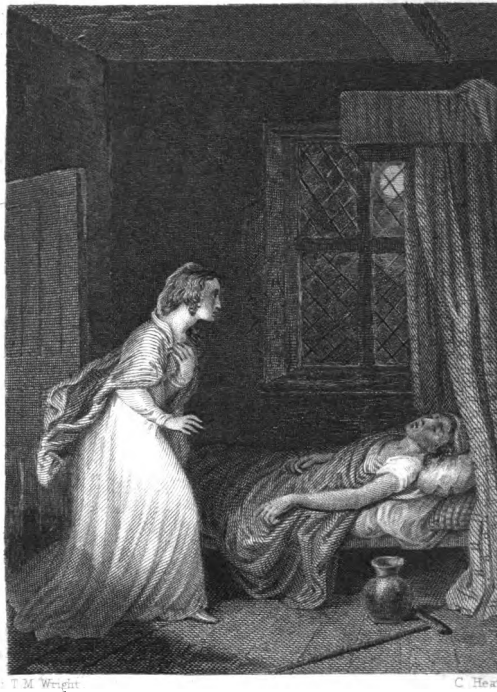
A flush of beauty is upon the sky—
Eve's last warm blushes—like the crimson dye
The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes meet
The graceful lover's, sighing at her feet.
And there were sounds of music on the breeze,
And perfume shaken from the citron trees;
While the dark chesnuts caught a golden ray
On their green leaves, the last bright gift of day;
And peasants dancing gaily in the shade
To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made
An echo fit to the glad voices singing.
The twilight spirit his sweet urn is flinging
Of dew upon the lime and orange-stems,
And giving to the rose pearl diadems.
There is a pilgrim by that old grey tree,
With head upon her hand, bent mournfully;
And looking round upon each lovely thing,
And breathing the sweet air as they could bring
To her no beauty and no solacing.

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'Tis Rosalie! Her prayer was not in vain.
The truant-child has sought her home again!
It must be worth a life of toil and care,—
Worth those dark chains the wearied one must bear
Who toils up fortune's steep,—all that can wring
The worn-out bosom with lone-suffering.—
Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,
And long-deferred hopes of many years,—
To reach again that little quiet spot,
So well loved once, and never quite forgot;—
To trace again the steps of infancy,
And catch their freshness from their memory!
And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun
Has shone upon us, and our task is done,
To show our harvest to the eyes which were
Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are
Some who had presaged kindly of our youth,
Feel we not proud their prophecy was sooth?
But how felt Rosalie?—The very air
Seemed as it brought reproach! there was no eye
To look delighted, welcome none was there!
She felt as feels an outcast wandering by
Where every door is closed? She looked around;—
She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound,
There were some changed, and some remembered things;—
There were girls, whom she left in their first springs,
Now blushed into full beauty. There was one
Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone!
She was not dancing gaily with the rest:
A rose-cheeked child within her arms was prest:
And it had twined its small hands in the hair
That clustered o'er its mother's brow: as fair
As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove
To one who clasped it with a father's love;
And if a painter's eye had sought a scene
Of love in its most perfect loveliness—
Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,—
He would have painted the sweet Madeline!
But Rosalie shrank from them, and she strayed
Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade
Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone
And the gray cross recorded those now gone!

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T. M. Wright. C. Heath.

ROSALIE.

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There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed near,
To pay the tribute of one long—last tear!
How very desolate must that one be,
Whose more than grave has not a memory!
Then Rosalie thought on her mother's age,—
Just such her end would be with her away:
No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—
No child by her neglected tomb to pray!
She asked—and like a hope from Heaven it came!—
To hear them answer with a stranger's name.
She reached her mother's cottage; by that gate
She thought how her once lover wont to wait
To tell her honied tales!—and then she thought
On all the utter ruin he had wrought!
The moon shone brightly, as it used to do
Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;
But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers
Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound,
Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground;
And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,
Which had not even one rose,—although the breeze,
Almost as if in mockery, had brought
Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!
She entered in the cottage. None was there!
The hearth was dark,—the walls looked cold and bare!
All—all spoke poverty and suffering!
All—all was changed; and but one only thing
Kept its old place! Rosalie's mandolin
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.
There was one other room,—and Rosalie
Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame
Gleamed from a dying lamp; a cold air came
Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,
Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!
And Rosalie drew near. One withered hand
Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched stand
Where some cold water stood! And by the bed
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—dead!

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THE FACTIONS OF SIENNA.

A TALE OF ITALIAN HISTORY.

A plague on both your houses. *Shakspeare.*

"How comes it, Charles," said the youthful and animated Angeliqua, as her brother entered the breakfast parlour, "that you look so sad this morning? Surely some new misfortune must have befallen our house —"

"Our house," interrupted Charles with a sigh, as he seized the extended hand of his fair sister, "is now of small account. Once it could boast of as many followers brave and determined as any name in Italy, but this old castle, in Val de Strove, and a diminished domain, is all our rivals, the proud and pompous Salembenis, have left us as the remnant, dearest sister, of our ancient family."

"And these," said Angeliqua tenderly, "will suffice · the splendour of other days failed to communicate happiness to our fathers; their extensive possessions only served to involve them in perpetual wars; and believe me the loss of them will relieve you from the necessity of perpetual danger. I know my brother longs for those opportunities which war affords to distinguish himself, and would well become another sphere than the walls of this gloomy and turretted mansion; but time is never at rest, the fortune of to-morrow may be ours, and, while we are compelled to wait the event, let us learn, my good brother, to be contented with what yet remains to us."

"And that little," rejoined Charles, "has excited the cupidity of our enemies. That eternal boor, Casani, has again been here this morning; my little estate interrupts the economy of his farm, and he wishes to possess it."

"Well brother."

"I gave him, of course, a prompt denial."

"You did well, and now make yourself happy: I shall take my guitar and sing you the song you like so much, if you disperse that gloom from your brow. What, still dejected; surely you will think no more of Casani or of his proposal."

"I cannot help it, Angeliqua," said Charles mournfully,

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the churl is wealthy, has great influence with the democratic government of Sienna, and as it hates our house, impotent as it now is, it is not impossible but it may lend its influence in forwarding his designs. The boor was more than usually impertinent this morning, he indulged in threats of a vague and mysterious nature; and though, for myself, I fear not his worst designs, I am not quite so courageous when I think of my sister. This small possession is all of a once princely fortune that is left for her dowry; and, alas! a brother without friends is her solitary protector."

This was uttered in a tone of subdued melancholy, and it was not the less sad in consequence of the affected smile which accompanied it. Angeliqua, though blessed with the most buoyant spirits, had a mind attuned to the finest sensibilities; and the desponding aspect of her brother, no less than the tenderness he evinced for her, touched her heart: it swelled affectionately within her breast, and her eyes, while softly turned towards Charles, were suffused with tears. The young Montanini was sensibly touched with his sister's distress, and he now exerted himself to banish gloomy thoughts from their little breakfast table; but his endeavours were unavailing, his own heart forbade him to appear joyous, and Angeliqua sympathised too ardently with him not to see that he did violence to his own feelings in endeavouring to give a tone of gaiety to hers. Unable to appear what they really were not, happy and contented, a long unbroken silence was willingly permitted to ensue, and their reverie was interrupted only by the arrival of a numerous cavalcade in the court yard of the castle. Before they could conjecture the cause of such an unwonted visit, the governor of Sienna entered the apartment, "Charles Montanini," said he in an authoritative voice, "you are charged with treason against our republic; and I am instructed to compel your attendance before the senate now assembled in council."

"A less formidable escort," replied Charles, preparing to accompany the chief magistrate of the Siennese, "would be quite sufficient for your purpose. But may I enquire who are my accusers?"

"In this business," replied the governor, "the senate consider it unnecessary to preserve a prudent silence. The

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evidence against you has been laid by that good citizen Casani, your wealthy neighbour."

"Casani!" exclaimed Angeliqua, who had clung to her brother from the moment of his arrest; "surely that wretch—"

"Fair lady," interrupted the magistrate, at the same time making a low bow, "we cannot permit the reputation of a good citizen to be assailed with impunity. Your brother will accompany us forthwith to Sienna."

"I am ready to meet this vile charge promptly," said Charles, and he turned to console his sister before he departed. He whispered some hasty words of comfort in her ear, begged of her to banish apprehension from her breast, and to amuse herself in her apartment, during his absence, which he felt assured would not be protracted beyond a few hours.

The day however passed away, and the young Montanini did not return. Angeliqua never quitted the casement which overlooked the road from Sienna; and her fears had attained to a fearful intensity as the evening approached. Her love for her brother overcame every other consideration; and anticipating the worst consequences from the hatred of his enemies, she resolved to proceed directly to the city. Accompanied by her maid, she repaired to the great area, encircled by those splendid palaces of uniform altitude which give such a look of chaste brilliancy to the place, and here she learned from a person who was still attached to her fallen house, that her brother had a few hours before been fined twenty thousand crowns; and was, in default of payment, cast into prison. The mitigated penalty was the consequence of Casani's plans not having been sufficiently matured; and the senate, knowing Montanini's poverty, were satisfied with a sentence which consigned him to a dungeon, in all probability for life.

This new indignity offered to the heir of a name once powerful in Sienna, caused the blood to rush indignantly into Angeliqua's cheeks; but her habits were not of the heroic kind, and the proud glow which she felt soon yielded to the natural tenderness of her disposition. She thought only of her brother, and hastened to throw herself into his arms.

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In an hour she was obliged to quit the prison: the gaoler could not any longer permit the presence of strangers; and it was already dark when she found herself in the street of palaces. Her attitude was one of distress; and, wholly absorbed in her emotions, she never thought of concealing the tears that now streamed copiously down her cheeks. A gallant, in a dress which bespoke dignity of birth, stopped as he was passing, and feelingly enquired the cause of her distress. At another time she would have shrunk from so inquisitive a stranger; but the anguish of the present moment rendered her somewhat eager to impart her sorrows to others, and, as the manner of the young stranger was kind in the extreme, she did not hesitate to confide to him the nature of the misfortune which oppressed her.

"It is the cause of faction," said he in a tone of sympathy, "and if I am not misinformed, the dispute between the houses of Montanini and Salembeni dates its origin from a boar-chase at which one of the latter house lost his life."

"I believe," returned Angeliqua, pleased with the seeming interest taken by the stranger in the affairs of her house, "the long wars which have desolated the country take their rise from a very ridiculous source."

"And though," said the stranger, "the Salembenis are now at the head of the state, the heir of that house, like your brother, has got an only sister, and is himself unmarried."

"So I have heard," returned Angeliqua, "but now sir, you will excuse me; the hour is late and I must repair to my home."

"Not alone, entirely," said the gallant; "my knightly honour would stand impeached if I permitted a fair damsel to proceed at such an hour unattended;" so saying, he quickened his step, and as the road, though short, was dreary, Angeliqua did not decline his company. His conversation, as they walked along, was lively and engaging; he evinced an intimate acquaintance with the popular poets of the day; and was evidently familiar with those fair courtesies, a knowledge of which are to be acquired only in the higher walks of life: Angeliqua felt her sorrows somewhat lightened as she listened to him: and she almost

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wished, like Desdemona, that "heaven had made her such a man."

They had reached a part of the road which lay among some trees, and were unconscious of danger, when two ruffians in masks rushed from the concealment of the shade, and seized, with considerable violence, Angeliqua and her maid, both of whom they were proceeding to carry off the road, when the stranger interrupted their design. His sword was instantly through the body of one of them, and though the other made a desperate stand, he ultimately thought it advisable to retreat from so scientific an adversary. Angeliqua, when she revived from her alarm, was boundless in her acknowledgments; but her protector merely intimated that he had only acquitted himself as a good knight, and would willingly be of some further service to a family which he had long respected. In the most delicate manner he offered his services, and begged that the heir of Montanini would command his purse.

"It must be worse than affectation in me," said Angeliqua, "to appear offended at your kind proposal: am I at liberty to communicate it to my brother, the name of his friend would gratify him."

"I fear not," returned the stranger, "there are circumstances which prohibit me from communicating it. But—"

"In that case," interrupted Angeliqua, in calm dignity, "I can hear nothing further on the subject: we are not fallen so low as to need anonymous protectors."

The stranger protested that he meant not to offend her, and finding that she resolutely refused to listen to him any further on the question, he took his departure.

As Angeliqua was preparing to visit Sienna the next morning, she was most agreeably surprised by the sudden and unexpected entrance of her brother. He looked rather serious, and eagerly inquired by what means she had raised the amount of his fine. The question surprised her, and when assured that Charles knew not the friend to whom he was indebted for his liberty, she immediately concluded, that the stranger of the preceding evening had done him that kindness. Here was a new source of anxiety. Montanini did not desire to be an object of pity; his proud spirit revolted at the idea of being indebted to the compassionate

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spirit of any man, and if the young cavalier had not some sinister motive, why refuse to communicate his name? His protection of Angeliqua entitled him to his gratitude, and though it was barely possible that his designs on his sister were not quite honourable, he would not, for a moment, indulge in an idea which went even remotely to impeach the high honour of a daughter of the exalted name of Montanini. Angeliqua saw distinctly enough what was passing in her brother's mind, and as she could not bear that her unknown friend should be even suspected of improper motives, she continued, now and then, to mention little circumstances which were calculated to raise the stranger in her brother's estimation. Still he had refused to leave his name behind him; and Charles would not consent to be the debtor of an anonymous friend. "I shall find him out," said he, "among the cavaliers of the city; and, though it cost me this old castle and domain, he shall be forthwith repaid."

He arose to carry his resolution into effect, but had not time to leave the apartment, when the Governor of Sienna again made his appearance. "Once more," said he, "you are the prisoner of the state, on a charge of a still more serious nature than that of yesterday."

With the proud consciousness of innocence, Charles submitted, and was once more conducted before the tribunal of Sienna: Casani, pale and feverish, appeared as a witness against him, and his evidence was corroborated by a host of followers. They charged the prisoner with having conspired against the republic, and implicated several others in the alleged crime. Charles could only deny the charge with indignation, but his enemies had spread their meshes so extensively that wherever he turned he was encountered by difficulties. "You thirst for my blood," said he, addressing the senate; "take it; but if the name of Montanini is not forgotten in Sienna, I'll be revenged."

He refused to say more; sentence of death was recorded against him, and he was hurried to a dungeon.

Next morning the bells of Sienna tolled a melancholy note: the population was in motion; some looked serious, others vindictive; while over all was cast an ominous gloom, a kind of shadow which, in disturbed states, precedes fearful events. The lower orders spoke in whispers of the young

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Montanini: they believed him innocent, and wished to avert his fate; but though the government, from its excessive exactions, had become hateful to the people, they were not sufficiently combined to offer any resistance to its decrees. The fate of Charles was, therefore, considered certain; and all crowded to the area where the scaffold had been erected. As the prisoner approached the place the solemn silence was interrupted by a loud scream, and all eyes were turned towards a female, young and bewildered, but still beautiful through her excess of anguish, who was struggling to make her way through the dense guard which encircled Montanini. "She is my sister!" exclaimed Charles, "let her pass." But the authorities, apprehensive that the interview would produce some ill effects upon a populace already disaffected, rudely repulsed her; and she was borne, in a state of insensibility, from amongst the thronging crowd. When Angeliqua recovered, she found herself in a splendid apartment, and as she turned her eyes to see if any one were present, they encountered those of the gallant stranger who had rescued her from the ruffians only a few evenings before. She affected no surprise; she was too miserable to think of her own situation, or of the circumstances in which she was placed. Her first words were inquiringly, "My brother?"

"Is safe," said the stranger, "his enemies have been disappointed."

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, "and to whom are we indebted for so timely and unhoped for a service?"

"To one," he replied, seizing her hand passionately, "who will accept of only one return—the privilege of calling this hand his own."

Angeliqua, covered with blushes, would have replied, but, as she was about to speak, a fearful shout rent the air, and, at the same moment, a servant entered and hastily communicated something to his master. "Fair lady," he said, turning to Angeliqua, "you have nothing to fear: remain where you are until you see your brother; my presence, for a few moments, is required at the council-chamber—but I shall return presently; and perhaps you would do me the honour to introduce me to Charles Montanini."

The shouting of the people still continued; and Angeliqua, full of alarm, and fearful that the stranger had deceived her,

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respecting the fate of her brother, hastily quitted the house. She had no sooner gained the street than the populace recognized her. "It is the sister of Montanini!" they exclaimed, "we'll carry her to the palace of her ancestors." Without further ceremony they bore her along to the area, and here, in the splendid home of her fathers, she met her brother, surrounded by bands of armed citizens. Half a score maidens immediately appeared in attendance upon her.

The events of the day were speedily communicated to her; and she learned, with surprise, that a revolution had taken place in Sienna. Charles, it appeared, had already mounted the scaffold; his neck was bared, the executioner stood by, and the officer was about to drop the fatal signal, when a respite arrived: this, however, did not satisfy the people: they exclaimed to each other, "Our rulers are unjust, the brave Montanini has been wronged—down with the faction of Salembeni," and, with sudden frenzy, they proceeded to open revolt. The officers of government were almost instantly massacred; the nobles fled with precipitation; and the convict of the morning was now declared to be "the man of the people." This was no more than what Charles considered himself entitled to; and he lost no time in seconding the efforts of his friends to procure the liberation of Sienna. He had just been installed in his high office of dictator, in his own grand hall, when his sister arrived; and, her safety being provided for, he proceeded to the council-chamber, of which the elders of his faction had already possessed themselves. In a few days the new government had acquired the utmost stability; and several of the adverse party were in prison, amongst others the heir of the hostile name of Salembeni. On examining some documents which fell into his hands, Charles discovered, that the boor, Casani, was one of the ruffians who attempted to carry off his sister, the better, perhaps, to possess himself of Montanini's domain; and while he was meditating a fit punishment for such a delinquent, his secretary, having assured him that Casani was already dead, being killed in the first day's revolt, laid before him papers of still greater importance: they related to Salembeni, and contained proofs that Charles had been indebted to the generosity of his opponent, first for his liberty, and subsequently for his life.

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Montanini was not ungrateful; and his house had been always distinguished for the performance of noble deeds. He willingly obeyed the impulse of the moment, and in less than an hour the young Salembeni was a guest in the house of his rival. On being introduced to Angeliqua he modestly bent his eyes on the ground; but she quickly discovered in the proud adversary of her house, the youthful stranger who had rendered her such services, and who had created so intense an interest in her heart.

In a month or two peace was permanently restored to Sienna by the union of the two rival houses. Salembeni and Angeliqua were amongst the happiest of the happy; and in the sister of his friend, Charles discovered a lady of congenial disposition and surpassing beauty. They were all married on the same day and before the same altar.*

BLIGHTED AFFECTION.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies:
All that we wish to stay
Tempts, and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.—*Shelley.*

Scarcely any thing is more fatal to the future comfort and happiness of men endowed with souls of a sensitive, and minds of a romantic and imaginative temperament, than the being deprived, by death, of the object of an early and ardent attachment; for that acuteness of feeling which renders the sense of pleasure more exquisite, sharpens, likewise, the agonies of grief, and makes them doubly poignant. When such susceptible bosoms are touched with affection, it becomes a part of their existence—the very essence of their being—

"To be beloved is all they need,
And whom they love, they love indeed."

They have so long been accustomed to indulge in their passion without restraint, and to yield fondly and implicitly to its delicious influence—to fancy that it will be as permanent

* The incidents on which this tale is founded are ascribed, by the historian of Sienna, to the year 1395.

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as it is rapturous, and to forget that their beloved may be estranged or separated from them—they have experienced so much pleasure in her every word and look, and have embellished their future destiny with such brilliant colours—that the shock assails them like an earthquake; and is the more deeply felt, inasmuch as it was unexpected, and almost undreamt of. Time, that general soother, may blunt the sharpness of their sorrow, yet the annihilation of their hopes most pitiably enfeebles their spirits, leaving them sunk in pensive depression, and embittered by vain retrospection. The beam of light that illumined their life is vanished, and with it all their joys faded. She, who gave a zest to their enjoyments by participating in them, is no more:—

"She's gone, she's gone!
All, all is hush'd; no music now is heard;
The roses whither, and the fragrant breath,
That waked their sweets, shall never wake them more."

The pleasures which in her company were delightful, are without her poor and tasteless—the touching strains, that, poured forth by her voice, seemed ravishing melody, from another now only awaken feelings too deep for utterance, yet too exquisitely piercing to be concealed; and memory, that mirror which so truly and so cruelly reflects back our miseries with increased effect, continually recurs to past joys now buried with her in the grave. If anticipation be more rapturous to the happy, retrospection is more agonizing to the wretched.

"The love of youth—the hope of better years—
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears—"

is gone, and gone—for ever.

Some may say this picture is too highly coloured, but too well do I know that it is not so. Our brightest expectations fade soonest—our fairest dreams depart most quickly—the sweetest flowers often whither in their first blossoming. Many a fine spirit have I seen overwhelmed by the loss of the idol of its affections, striving to appear gay, but striving, alas! in vain. I have seen them mixing in society, but only in compliance with the wishes of their friends—joining in their amusements, but more for the sake of giving than receiving

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pleasure—smiling at their frolics, but with an effort painful to any intimate observer:—

"As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the check may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

Their souls, I could perceive, were in the tomb with their beloved. In such cases a dreary vacuity of common interest with the world succeeds to those warm aspirations which once enlivened their fancies, and a sombre cloud covers the perspective of futurity, as far as regards their *mortal* state. They make no complaints; they endeavour to conceal their grief, and to seem to taste enjoyment, but they really enjoy nothing: they are never spontaneously animated, all is hollow, and put on to aid their kind deceit. They continue to live, but pitiable, indeed, is their condition:—

"The day drags through, though clouds keep out the sun,
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

The absence of a beloved object—particularly when occasioned by death—is attended by that melancholy of the heart which acquires additional sorrow from every minute circumstance that serves to recall the image and memory of the departed. In such a situation we cannot even profit by that dubious consolation which proceeds from "hope deferred." Our loss is irrevocable; we know this, yet can hardly believe it; so unwilling are we to admit, even to our own bosoms, that our hearts are desolate—that the tendrils of affection, which so fondly clung around them, are rudely torn asunder—and that joy, which abided there, has vanished—and for ever! This is the damp feeling which tinges the cheek of youth with an unhealthy hue; and gives that aspect of loneliness to those apparently capable of revelling in all the rich delights of a world, which, to them, ought to have been one of perpetual gladness. But the casual observer does not know that the worm has been consuming the bud, and that the once "damask cheek" must hence assume the tints of "pale and yellow melancholy." To such life affords no happines save that of retrospection: to look back is their consolation; and, though there may be something chilly and

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withering in the thought, they are perpetually recalling the image of the lost fond one: they delight to haunt the place which her presence had once almost sanctified, and they can love the most inanimate thing which once appertained to—or is associated with—her memory. The sense of loneliness which may be said to surround at such a moment the sorrowful, is beautifully expressed, by Mr. Crofton Croker, in the following stanzas:

"Death had been there since last we met,
And left its silent trace:
There was no cheek with sorrow wet—
There was no outward mourning—yet,
There was the vacant place!

"I saw her room—the very same—
Her harp stood mutely there—
Untouched her books—her drawing frame—
Her robin to the window came
To seek its morning fare!

"The gleam of sunshine on the wall
To me was deepest gloom;
No joy was in that robin's call,
For where was she—the soul of all?
Cold—cold, within the tomb."

THE RETURN.

"I've roam'd through many a sunny land,
On many a rugged foreign strand;
I've gaz'd upon the glitt'ring sky
Of laughter-loving Italy;
My wayward steps have travell'd o'er
The Alpine maze, and Afric's shore;
I've viewed the avalanche dread fall,
And heard the Chamois hunter's call;
But none is half so fair to me
As Britain, land of liberty.
My home! my sea-girt flow'ry isle!
I love to see thy verdure smile—
I love each gently rippling stream—
I love thy mild and healthful gleam,

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Thou ever wast, and e'er will be
A peaceful home, sweet home to me.
Beneath the shades of night I've stray'd,
And gaz'd upon the Spanish maid;
I've gaz'd upon that eye so bright,
It chas'd the heavy shades of night.
The soft Parisian maid I've view'd,
With rosy joy my path she strew'd;
Circassia's beauty too I've seen,
And thought her nature's fairest queen;
Pure as the sunbeam's dazzling light,
Reflected on Mont Blanc's pale height;
But none to me seemed half so fair,
Or could with Britain's maid compare."
A warrior thus troll'd forth his lay,
Exulting in the joyous day,
That bore him from rude war's fierce toil,
To view once more his native soil.
His country call'd, from home he hied,
He left his all—his destin'd bride:
With many a tear, and throbbing sigh,
She vow'd eternal constancy.
The wars are o'er; with honor crown'd
The lover's course is homeward bound;
He gains his native woodland hill,
He hears the well-known gurgling rill,
Rejoicings through the calm air steal,
He hears the merry village peal.
"They know my glad return," cried he;
"They hail it with their revelry.
On, on! my gallant steed," he cried;
"I come, I come, my bonny bride."
He gains the merry village green,
He gazes on a bridal queen;
He springs amidst the happy throng,
He heeds nor rich, nor old, nor young;
He grasps her hand—"'Tis she! 'tis she!
False to her God—her vows to me!"
He springs upon his foaming steed,
He dashes on with madd'ning speed;
His home is grown a curse—a hell,
On, on he goes through wood and dell.

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J. Rogers

His late Majesty

KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

JOSEPH ROBINS, BRIDE COURT FLEET STREET.

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Many a spring hath burst its bloom—
Many a winter spread its gloom—
The village of the story prate,
But none can tell the rider's fate.

W. T. M.

POETRY.

The man who does not relish a good poem is a very poor creature indeed; an unworthy inhabitant of a world which God hath clothed in poetry everywhere. He ought never to see a green field, never to tread amongst the weeds on a streamlet side, nor ever to enjoy the fragrance of a woodbine, a rose, or a violet. There is no mercy for him. His senses ought to be locked up from communion with whatever is beautiful and magnificent in the universe, since beauty and magnificence to such an one are but as pearls to swine. It is just possible we may meet with one or two men of this description, but of the ladies we are certain to an unit. *Their* hearts are always in the right places. They have formed the poet's body guard from the time of Noah to the present.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

On the 20th of June this great and good Monarch expired at Windsor, to the unfeigned regret of all ranks and all parties. His Majesty's illness originated in a slight fever, and terminated by an inflammation of the lungs. He was fully conscious of his approaching dissolution, and bore his sufferings with exemplary patience and resignation.

William IV., the third son of George III., was born on the 21st of August, 1765. At the age of fourteen he entered the navy as a midshipman under Captain, afterwards Admiral, Digby, and in a few months took part in Lord Rodney's action off Cape St. Vincent, and shortly after served in several other actions. In 1783 he evinced his humane disposition at Port Royal, by interceding with Admiral Rowley for the life of a midshipman, who was condemned to be shot for insubordination, and which sentence would have been executed had not the Prince stepped forward as he did. In 1785, having

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served his six years as a midshipman, he received his commission as a lieutenant, and shortly afterwards was promoted to a captaincy. He had been some time under Lord Nelson, who, in one of his dispatches, says:—"The Prince, in his professional line, is superior to near two-thirds of the list." After serving some time on the North American station, the Prince was removed to the West Indies, where he shared all the hardships of service and hazards of that unhealthy climate. In 1789 his Highness was created a peer, by the title of Duke of Clarence, and the year following was made a rear-admiral, in 1794 a vice admiral, in 1799 an admiral, in 1811 Admiral of the Fleet, and in 1827 Lord High Admiral of England. The term of his actual service at sea was eleven years. On the 11th of July, 1818, his Highness was married to Adelaide, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, by whom he had two children, both, however, died in their infancy. On the 26th of June, 1830, the Duke ascended the throne, and at once attained that popularity which he retained undiminished throughout his reign.

The anecdotes of his Majesty's kindness of disposition are innumerable, and the very high eulogiums passed upon his character in both Houses of Parliament, by all parties, is the best and truest monument that can be reared to his memory. Among the numerous speakers, the principal were the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russel, and Sir Robert Peel. That his Majesty's kindness of disposition never forsook him, even in his last days, is evident from a circumstance mentioned by Lord John Russel, in his speech. "It was," said his Lordship, "my wish, certainly, while this painful illness lasted, not to press on his Majesty any business which did not require immediate attention; but all that which did, received his immediate notice, and as an instance, I may state that on the last day of his life he signed one of those papers in which he exercised the royal prerogative of mercy. Five or six days before his death there happened to be one of those offices vacant—the Military Knights of Windsor—and his Majesty mentioned that a person had some time before applied. I was not aware who it was; but when I looked at the papers I found he was an officer who had been a considerable time in the army, and on the occasion on which he was disabled

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was afterwards, when in the yeomanry; when his Majesty's health had been drank, in firing off a gun, as was customary, the gun burst, by which accident he had both his arms shattered. His Majesty had recollected the circumstance, and recollecting it, even on a bed of sickness and severe suffering, the last appointment his Majesty made was making a provision for him. If I were to mention all the instances of his Majesty's kindness which were shown in the last days of his life, they are numerous, and would take up much time. Never had public servants a more kind and indulgent master."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The youthful Queen has scarcely passed her minority ere she is called on by the will of fate, to fill the highest station that mortal can arrive at.—Shortly before five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 20th June, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Albemarle, and Sir Henry Halford, arrived in three carriages at Kensington Palace, when they were immediately admitted to the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, to whom they communicated the melancholy intelligence of the death of his Majesty William the Fourth. At nine o'clock Lord Melbourne arrived, and immediately summonses were issued for a meeting of the Privy Council at Kensington, at eleven o'clock; at that hour the Queen held her first Court, when upwards of 100 of the members of the Privy Council attended together with the Lord Mayor and deputation from the City of London, in their robes of office; all of whom proclaimed their allegiance to her Majesty, who in her reply said, "This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find, in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age, and to longer experience."

The next morning at ten o'clock, her Majesty accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, arrived at St. James's Palace for

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the purpose of being proclaimed. Her Majesty was dressed in deep mourning with a white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on the head, exhibiting her light hair in front simply parted over the forehead. The reception of the Queen by the populace was astounding; but the reciprocal feeling entertained by the Sovereign in return for this generous sentiment, is beyond the power of words to describe. Saluted on all sides by the accalmations of her loyal people, it was plain that a new instinct was developed in her soul; that she was conscious of entering into a solemn compact with one of the greatest nations upon earth. Overcome by the scene the Queen was unable to restrain her tears, an evidence at once of her gratitude for the affection of her subjects, and a pledge of good intentions towards them.

Among the numerous pictures of her Majesty drawn in the Houses of Lords and Commons, the most simple, and yet most strikingly coloured is that by Sir Robert Peel, touching the grace and natural dignity with which the youthful Majesty of Britain stepped from the scene of domestic privacy upon the regal stage, for the first time. "It may," said Sir Robert, "be considered unphilosophical to form a judgment of human character from apparently trifling or unimportant incidents; but I will venture to say that there was no man present when her Majesty, at the age of eighteen years, first stepped from the privacy of domestic life to the discharge of the high functions which, on Tuesday last, she was first called upon to perform, without entertaining a confident expectation that she who could so demean herself was destined to a reign of happiness for her people and glory for herself. There is something which art cannot make and which lessons cannot teach: there was something in her demeanour that could only be suggested by a high and generous nature; there was an expression of deep regret for the domestic calamity with which we have been visited—of a deep and awful sense of the duties she was called on to discharge; there was a becoming and dignified modesty in all her motions, which could only be dictated by a high and generous nature, brought up under the advice of one for whose affection, care, and solicitude, she ought to be deeply grateful."

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LONDON WALKING DRESS.

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ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

London Walking Dress.—Black silk robe, the border trimmed with a single deep crape flounce, headed by a crape *ruche*. *Corsage* high and plain, with a *fichu à la paysanne* of crape, finished by a full trimming of the same. The sleeves easy but not wide, are trimmed at the upper part with three falls of crape. Cuffs and collar white crape, the latter fastened by a jet brooch. Black crape drawn bonnet, a wide open brim, and low crown, the latter trimmed with crape knots. Black silk gloves.

London Evening Dress.—Black crape robe over a black sarsnet slip; the border is trimmed with a single flounce, headed by a rouleau The *corsage* is of the same height as those made *à la vierge*, but it is draped in the fan stile in the centre. Short sleeve made with a little fulness on the shoulder, the remainder arranged in a triple flounce. Elizabeth ruff of white crape. The hair is arranged in loose ringlets at the sides, and turned up in a low bow behind. Jet necklace and brooch. Black silk gloves.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

General Mourning for the late King.—It has pleased God to take from us our venerable and beloved Monarch, a monarch whose love of his people, and incessant study to ameliorate their condition, endeared him to all hearts. The mourning for him will not be confined to outward shew, for he is deeply and sincerely regretted. We hasten to lay before our readers such details as the shortness of the time has allowed us to gather of the dresses now in preparation for this most melancholy event.

Undress bonnets will be principally of the drawn kind; they will be either of black *pou de soie*, or taffetas lined with white crape; half dress bonnets will be either of this latter material, or of black crape, but white are expected to be most numerous. The brims of these bonnets are the largest we have yet seen, and generally finished with a *ruche* at the edge. The trimmings vary a little, in some instances knots of crape only are employed, in others flowers. If the bonnet is black, the trimming always corresponds, but if it is white, the trimming must be black; thus, for instance, a white crape bonnet is drawn with black ribbon, and the flowers are black, a mourning quilling of white *tulle* is the only orna-

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ment employed for the interior of the brim. Rice straw hats are also adopted in half dress, particularly those of the half gypsey kind. They are trimmed either with bouquets of black crape flowers, arranged *à la Duchesse*, or with *aigrettes* formed of long slender sprigs of black flowers.

Although bombasine is the proper material for mourning robes, yet it is not expected to be so generally adopted as black silk trimmed with black crape, the warmth of the weather, indeed, would render bombasine extremely oppressive, and the addition of crape renders black silk a mourning of the deepest kind. We have just seen some pelisse robes composed of it for carriage dress; the *corsages* were made high, with tight backs, and the fronts with a little fulness, and drawn back under a very deep falling collar, so as partially to display a white crape *chemisette*, either finished with a frill, or worn with a black neck-ribbon, a jet brooch is employed to fasten either. A plaiting or *ruche* of black crape finishes the collar, and, in some instances, descends down the front of the dress, and round the border, but some dresses are trimmed only with knots of crape down the front. The sleeves are made tight at top and bottom, but trimmed with crape in various ways in the middle.

We have seen some black silk robes trimmed with crape flounces for evening dress, but the most elegant robes are of black crape over black sarsnet. *Corsages* remain stationary in height; some are made tight to the shape, but trimmed round the top with a *ruche*. Others have a drapery arranged in the fan stile, which forms the shape in a very graceful manner. The borders of these dresses are all trimmed either with *ruches* or flounces, and in either case the sleeve is generally arranged to correspond. We must observe that the sleeves are in general short, but we have seen some long ones of a kind that we consider very graceful; they are made of a moderate and equal width from the shoulder to the wrist, where they are confined by a jet bracelet; the under sleeve of the silk dress is tight, but extremely short, so that the arm appears to great advantage seen through the half transparent long sleeve, for we must observe they are made only for crape dresses.

Head-dresses of hair, in evening dress, will be ornamented either with black or white crape flowers, or jet ornaments. Turbans are expected to be principally of white

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PARIS EVENING DRESS.

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PARIS PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

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crape. We have seen some of the former, of a very light and simple form, with a mixture of jet beads among the folds. We may cite also some small dress hats, trimmed with black *esprits*. We have reason likewise to believe that small hats, with round aurcole brims of rice straw, decorated with black feathers and jet *agraffes*, will be adopted by many *élégantes* in evening dress.

COURT MOURNING.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, June 20, 1837.

Orders for the Court's going into mourning on Thursday the 22nd inst., for his late most gracious Majesty, King William the Fourth, of blessed memory—viz. The ladies to wear black bombazines, plain muslin or long lawn linen, crape hoods, shamoy shoes and gloves, and crape fans. The gentlemen to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves and pockets, plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, shamoy shoes and gloves, crape hat-bands, and black swords and buckles.

GENERAL MOURNING.

Herald's College, June 21, 1837.

In pursuance of an order of her Majesty in Council, the 21st day of June, 1837, these are to give public notice, that it is expected that all persons, upon the present occasion of the death of his late Majesty, of blessed and glorious memory, do put themselves into decent mourning! the said mourning to begin upon Saturday the 24th instant.

NORFOLK, Earl Marshall.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—*Pou de soie* robe, the ground an emerald green striped in a darker shade of green, the border is trimmed with two flounces disposed in *dents de loup*, the *corsage* tight to the shape, and a little but very little pointed in front, is cut round, and not quite half high at top; it displays the trimming of the lace *chemisette*, and is finished with a lappel bordered in a novel stile by a row of trimming of the same material, which forms part of a full *épauliére à volans* descending to the elbow over the long tight sleeve. Embroidered muslin cuffs, edged with narrow lace, completes the accessories of the robe. White *moire* hat, a round and very open brim, the interior lightly trimmed with blond lace, and a rose at each temple: white striped ribbons

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and a long sprig of roses which droops upon the neck, adorn the crown. Mantelet of black *pou de soie*, trimmed with black lace.

EVENING DRESS.—Robe of rose coloured *velonte Amanda*, the *corsage* low, square, and trimmed with a full horizontal drapery at top, is cut in the *corset* stile and lightly pointed at bottom. Short sleeve forming two moderate sized bouffants, and terminated by a double fall of blond lace, which forms a ruffle of a very novel kind, a bow of ribbon with floating ends placed on the point of the shoulder, completes the trimming of the sleeve, and a row of lace standing up round the bust finishes the *corsage*. A blond lace flounce of extreme depth and beauty, with a heading to correspond, adorns the skirt. A knot of ribbon, with long floating ends is placed upon it on one side. The hair is divided on the forehead, dressed in light ringlets at the sides, and in a knot composed of open bows encircled by twisted braids at the back of the head. A sprig of flowers is attached on each side in the twisted braid, and descends upon the neck.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

The marriage of the Duke of Orleans has rendered Paris at present the very centre of gaiety. The summer fashions, which the backwardness of the season has so long retarded, are now in their meridian splendour, as our fair readers will see by the accounts we are going to give them of the novelties that have just appeared.

Drawn bonnets are more than ever in vogue, they are admitted even in half dress, and their stile of decoration is quite as elegant as rice straw, or Italian straw. All descriptions of flowers are employed to trim them. We may cite as one of the most elegant stiles of trimming for white drawn bonnets, a very large knot of white *pou de soie* ribbon with long floating ends, placed on one side of the crown, and a bouquet of violets inserted in the centre of it. Although, as we have already observed, all descriptions of flowers are employed for these bonnets, we think the preference ought to be given to those that can be arranged in tufts, such as violets, primroses, forget-me-nots, &c.

That beautiful but fragile material rice straw, has lost nothing of its attractions, and Italian straw is at the very height of the mode, because its immense price puts it in the

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power of only a few ladies to have it. The Pamela form is very much in request for these hats, particularly for the latter, because when it is adopted for them the brim is not cut, only folded at the back, which is easily done, their texture being so fine that they fold almost as easily as silk would. Both rice and Italian straw hats are profusely trimmed with flowers; we also see a good many adorned with the shaded feathers, called *follettes*, on the crown, and the interior of the brim trimmed with flowers; the latter are now always placed so as to droop on the cheek. Several new and very rich kinds of ribbons have come into favour; we may cite among them those called *herbe de pres*, resembling a peculiar kind of grass; another very pretty and rich kind of ribbon is white with a coloured stripe at the edge; a third sort are of taffetas shaded in stripes. There are also several fringed ribbons, and others flowered in the most delicate manner.

Light materials have obtained equal favour with silks in promenade dress, but have not yet superseded them; *mousseline de laine*, of the consistence of jaconet muslin, is at present in great favour in promenade dress, and is very likely to continue so during the season; it is of a beautifully fine texture, and flowered in small patterns. India jaconet is also in vogue. We have little decided alteration to notice in the forms of robes; the skirts continue to be made of the same extravagant width, and so ungracefully long, that they actually trail on the ground. *Corsages* are either a half or three quarter height, some are draped, but a great many are made plain, indeed they are generally covered, at least partially so, for out-of-doors a mantelet is indispensable, and in-doors it is replaced by a *fichu à la paysanne*. These accesories are frequently of the material of the dress, but many others are employed for the mantelet, and notwithstanding the present warmth of the weather, black silk ones trimmed with lace, are in a majority. If the *fichu* does not correspond with the robe, it may be of lace, of embroidered muslin, organdy, or *tulle*. Sleeves are for the most part tight, but trimmed at the top in various ways, so as to give them a very moderate degree of fulness. *Ceintures*, which have been some time out of favour, have again come into vogue, they are of rich figured ribbons, and worn with ceinture buckles; the latter are sometimes very expensive, being of gold richly chased.

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Let us see now what is most remarkable in in-door dress, and first for the *negligé du matin*. The peignoir form is decidedly in favour. Some that have been just made up for ladies who are to be the wedding guests of the young Duchesse d'Orleans, are of India muslin lined with white *pou de soie*, the border and the fronts are richly embroidered in feather stitch, and edged with English point lace set on full. The *corsages* are made high, but not quite up to the throat, they are of the usual form, but are concealed by pelerine mantelets, embroidered and trimmed *en suite;* and the sleeve moderately full from the top to the bottom, is confined about half way from the wrist to the elbow by cuffs to correspond. We need hardly observe that these dresses are exceedingly expensive, their general effect is strikingly though simply elegant.

Morning caps are also objects of very great *recherche* at this moment, the most elegant are those composed of real lace; we still see some composed of *tulle bouillonnée*, but they are no longer considered fashionable; the favourite shapes are those *à la Betsey* and *à la Hollandaise*, the first has the border falling over the face all round, but it is kept out from it at the sides by knots of ribbon, or small tufts of flowers, the latter has the lace brought plain across the forehead, but disposed in large papillons at the sides, the most expensive laces are employed for these caps, and notwithstanding the simplicity of their appearance, they are frequently of more value than the most costly blond.

The evening toilettes for the *fêtes* given in honour of the Duc d'Orleans, are of the most magnificent description, the silks most generally adopted are *moire* and *pou de soie;* India muslin is as much in request as silk, the most beautiful of the latter are embroidered in feather stitch with white cotton, each flower or leaf being encircled by a narrow gold or silver braiding; the effect is beautiful. Sumptuous as the dresses both of silk and muslin are, their make affords nothing absolutely novel. *Corsages* continue either tight or draped, but all pointed in front, the skirts are of an immense width, and trimmed with flounces, some with headings, others looped from distance to distance in the drapery stile, either by knots or *pompons* of ribbons. Fashionable colours continue the same as last month.

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THE MAYOR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE."

The rays of the summer sun danced joyously on the waves of the Atlantic, as a vessel, with all her canvass spread to the faint breeze, neared the western coast of Ireland. The mariners congratulated each other on the near termination of their voyage; and there leaned over the gunwhale, two youths, gazing anxiously, and with apparent delight, upon the distant hills of Connaught.—"The highlands opposite, Gomez," said one of them, "form what are called the Joyce's and the O'Flaherty's country; like their inhabitants, you may see that they are wild and rugged, and incapable of cultivation."

"I have heard often, Henry," said Gomez, "my father relate many a story of the country and the people, and if he don't belie your townsmen, these same O'Flahertys have often filled your city with terror."

"True, in times of commotion, they have visited us in their usual manner, with wild fury, and savage barbarity.

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Indeed, a predecessor of my father, the present mayor of Galway, in a spirit of piety had incribed over one of the city gates the deprecating sentence—'O God save us from the cruel O'Flahertys.' Averse to innovation, my father has allowed this inscription to remain, but he has taught the Irish enemy to apprehend more from his arm than from his prayers."

"A necessary policy, no doubt; for my father, who bears, you know, the Irish name of Sullivan, is by no means partial to the proceedings of his countrymen; their warlike and unsettled habits are opposed to his ideas of trade and industry! and, for his part, he holds in laudable abhorrence their family pride and want of commercial wealth. But still you know the Irish blood prevails over the settled disposition of the merchant, and not unfrequently vaunts of the untired spirit of resistance which they have manifested against their English rulers——"

"Hush! Gomez," interrupted Henry, "not a word against our Saxon justice. The men of Galway pride themselves on being decidedly English. My grandfather, though born in the parish of Mary's, has recorded on his tombstone that he was not *Irish*, and my father William Lynch, mayor of yonder good town, is not less vain of his Saxon origin."

"And you, Henry," replied Gomez Sullivan, "have sadly degenerated."

"How?" demanded Henry in a serious tone.

"By only falling in love with the fair daughter of an Irish chief—that's all."

"My dear friend Gomez," said Henry, blushing, "I am, as my father is, heart and soul, English; but when you see Margaret Joyce, Heaven guard her! a very few words will justify my conduct. But the truth is, she can hardly be called Irish. While yet an infant, she was the inmate of my father's house. Her father was killed, his clan was dispersed; and happening to be nursed by the women who watched over the infancy of my sister Maria, my father, compassionating her situation, took charge of the orphan. With a generosity natural to him, though of a stern and unyielding disposition, he had the little Margaret educated along with my sister. She acquired the same accomplishments, grew up at least equally lovely, and with a mind even more beautiful than her

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person. You smile—but a few hours will enable you to judge for yourself. She is all the most extravagant lover could desire."

"And of course," said Gomez, "has many admirers beside my friend Henry Lynch."

"You wrong her, Gomez, Margaret is totally incapable of coquetry—she has a mind above such arts—mean in themselves, and indicative of a narrow intellect. From childhood we have lived only for each other; and when my father sent me, two years since, to your counting-house at Seville, for the purpose of gaining a more extensive knowledge of trade. Margaret gave me her portrait, which I have ever since worn next my heart, and which I long to compare with the beautiful original to see what changes time may have made. Her person I should think, for she was then only eighteen, has become more rounded and graceful, her carriage—but," said he, interrupting himself, on seeing a smile playing, about the lips of his friend, "you never loved, and cannot appreciate the rapture of those feelings which agitate me as I approach my native city where all I love is centred, and see the churches become distinctly visible.—We have passed the isle of Arran, and shall, in a very short time, be alongside the quay of Galway."

The bay of Galway is perhaps one of the most beautiful ocean inlets in Ireland; the view on each side is grand in the extreme, and the distant mountains, barely visible in the blue horizon, add considerably to the sublimity of what painters would call the picture which the scene presents. Henry, though somewhat chagrined at the cold manner with which the description of his mistress was received by his young friend, exerted himself to gratify the curiosity which the different objects around excited in the mind of Gomez, but before he could reply to one-fourth of his inquiries, the good ship Betsey came to anchor. A boat from shore was instantly alongside, and the youthful pair were quickly rowed to a place of landing.

Galway was then a place of considerable consequence: it was one of the principal towns in Ireland; and its citizens were possessed of peculiar privileges, one of these was the right—or something approaching to it—of monopolizing the wine trade; and this necessarily rendered the intercourse be-

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tween them and Spain so intimate, that the distance was supposed to have been in some measure annihilated. When a London merchant had occasion to write to his Connaught correspondent, he directed to "Galway, near Spain." The consequence was, that Galway became a kind of Spanish colony: their manners were Spanish, and their houses, as may be seen at the present day, were erected after the Spanish fashion. On passing through the city, therefore, no great novelty presented itself to the eyes of young Sullivan; every thing he saw tended to remind him of home; for the Irish were sedulously excluded the garrison, for such it really was, maintained itself in the midst of the enemy's country; and though surrounded by walls, its defence mainly depended on the military bravery of the citizens.

In the principal street stood the house of the worthy mayor, and that civic officer received his only son with affectionate gladness, and cordially welcomed young Sullivan to Galway. —"Your father," he said, addressing Gomez, "wishes you to remain here for some time; and when completely recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, he expects that you will take your place in the counting-house, the better to qualify yourself for the future agency of the Irish merchants. And now," continued his worship, "allow me to present to you my daughter and her gladsome friend—an orphan, Mr. Sullivan, who has shared our bounty since her childhood."

The worthy chief-magistrate was about fifty years of age; his countenance bore evidence to the healthy temperance of his life; and the ruddy freshness which was diffused over his face did not banish those lines of deep thought which furrowed his brow. Henry had often drawn for his young friend a picture of his father, and Gomez, as he now attentively looked at the worshipful mayor, could not hesitate to believe that he was indeed a man of stern honesty and great determination."

With the ease of one accustomed to the civilities of life, his worship conducted the youths to the drawing-room—it was occupied by Maria and her fair friend; and the moment Henry called on them by name, his sister, with affectionate impetuosity, flew into his arms: Margaret was less precipitate; but her looks of undisguised gladness declared that her joy was not less sincere. When the tumultuous feelings of

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the moment had subsided, Gomez was more formally introduced; the ladies welcomed, with artless sincerity, their brother's friend; and such was their unaffected manners and gaiety of heart, that he quickly found himself almost in love with them both. Margaret he thought justified the praise Henry had been so constantly bestowing upon her, but to his mind Maria was the more perfect beauty.

The first three weeks of Gomez Sullivan's visit were occupied in those amusements which are most grateful to young people; he was invited successively to the houses of the principal merchants; he attended the civic shows and festivals; and he ventured into the country. On all occasions he was attended by Henry and the young ladies, and he found himself every day more indisposed for encountering the business of the counting-house. The gentle influence of woman's presence had operated on his heart, and without knowing why, or interrogating his own breast on the subject, he was—deeply in love. He felt all that indistinct and confused happiness of being near the object most dear to him, but his emotions were too fierce and abrupt to allow his breast that calm repose, which a man, satisfied with himself and others, is disposed to feel. There is in love no tranquillity; whilst a single doubt can gain admission, the timid lover—and who loves sincerely that is not timid?—dares not seek the truth—he lives in all the uncertainty of hope, rather than provoke his fate by a single interrogatory to the object of his love. The more his affections and imagination—for fancy has much to do in the business—exalt his mistress, the more humbly he thinks of himself, the comparison which forces itself upon him is disadvantageous to his self-love, and persuaded of his unworthiness, he lives in all the torments which alternate hope and fear can inflict, and would die with the unspoken word upon his lips, unless some kind friend, or some unlooked-for accident, revealed his meaning.

Such at least was the feeling of Gomez Sullivan; he was miserable when absent from the society of the fair inmates of the mayor's house, but he had no sooner found himself in their company than he was unaccountably silent, unless when the subject of conversation was foreign to the business of his heart. When rallied he blushed; and when alone with Margaret, he could discourse with his wonted fluency.

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This Henry Lynch had long observed; he watched the movements of his friend with a tremulous anxiety; and at length persuaded himself that the young Spaniard wanted to supplant him in the affections of his mistress. With the impetience of incipient jealousy he taxed Margaret with her inconstancy, and her reply only served to increase the flame that consumed him. He, in his turn, became thoughtful and silent: he chose to be much alone, and avoided as much as possible the company of Gomez:—Maria and her playful friend laughed at both.

(To be continued.)

METRICAL SKETCHES.

BY M. L. B.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

"Away! away! nor with ruthless hand
Seek to withdraw the bolt and the band
From sentryship they've faithfully kept
O'er that lonely room, which for years hath slept,
Not totally, though all but, forgot—
Away,—away,—and awake it not!

Away,—away!—nor with reckless tread
Dream to pass o'er the haunts of the dead;
That room, whose flooring hath ne'er been press'd
By mortal foot, nor whose dank air bless'd
By breathings vital, and warm, through Time,
Which only hath note, in tale or rhyme.

Away! away! from that fatal door,
Intruder hasten;—nor ask the lore
Of chamber clos'd by a massy band
Of iron-bound planks,—till thy daring hand
Quit latch and lock, of the ghostly lair
Whose tale may never be whisper'd *there!*

Away,—away! for no human speech,
The consciousness of the *curs'd* should reach;
Who only may hear the rain's dead fall,
The tap'stry's flap on the dewy wall;
The casement's challenge when the winds wail by,
And the ominous night-bird's eerie cry!

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Away,—away! 'twere unmeet to see
That room of myst'ry, horror, and dree;
Where once with innocent blood were wet
The dark oak boards—and *they're gory yet;*
For never may mortal toil efface
The Heaven-appealing *murder trace!*

Away,—away! 'twere a very sin
That chamber's latch to lift, and within
Pore o'er its poisoned mysteries
With mocking hearts, and with sceptic eyes:
A bold, wild scorner, therein once slept—
But he rose ere dawn, and prayed, and wept!

Away,—away! from that spect'ral cell
Of visions and voices horrible;
From that desolate vault of sin—that tomb
For guilty souls, till the Day of Doom;
From that phantom haunt—that charnel, flee—
Unmeet, unhallowed—the scene for thee!

Away,—away! there, violet gleams
Of sulph'rous flame, with ruddier gleams
Of wild-fire blent, by night and by day,
Through shutter'd darkness, vividly play,
Casting strange, flick'ring light, 'tis said,
And a torturing halo round the dead!

Away,—away! pale, shadowy bands
Forbade to *rest* in the Grave's far lands,
Chain'd to that spot, (where their fleshly crime
By stealth was wrought)—to the end of Time,
Like mists of the mountains, come and go,
Which are not *unreal*, though almost so!

Away, away!—if thou wouldst not hear
Unearthly sounds of trouble and fear;
Yet, lov'st thou tales of marvel and dree,
Of terror and sin?—then ask of me
The Legend of that old, haunted lair;
But—haste from its threshold—I speak not *there.*

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HER YOUNG HEART'S LOVE WAS MINE.

BY CHARLES MAY.

In childhood's hour, while oft we roved,
Hand locked in hand, alone,
O'er scenes expanding fancy loved,
Our joys, our griefs, were one.
Then, when life's spring to beauty's flower
Gave charms most like divine,
Even in that early, happy hour,
Her young heart's love was mine!

The flower of beauty bloomed awhile
For youth not yet was gone;
And many a flatterer wo'd her smile,
Yet was it mine alone!
Yes, though its wiles light pleasure strove
Around her path to twine,
In vain the specious snare she wove;
Her young heart's love was mine!

Her cheek, before so softly fair,
A deeper hue assumed;
Yet though the rose seemed living there
Too deeply warm it bloomed.
What—need I more—the drooping flower
Death-struck, was seen to pine;
Yet, e'en in life's last fitful hour,
Her young heart's love was mine!

THE DEAD OF A DISTANT LAND.

BY C. R. CARTER.

Ye far amid the southern flowers lie sleeping,
Your graves all smiling in the sunshine clear.
Hemans.

My dead—my dead, ye are not here! and from the deep blue skies
The stars look not upon your bed with soft and silver eyes:
The minstrelsies of hill and dell have wakened with the springs,
And children chase the butterflies that roam on crimson wings.

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Ye are not here! but memory yet with holy spell imparts
The glory of departed years unto our widowed hearts:
Amid the silence of our home, the twilight of our trees,
Her visions chain our being down with beauteous images.

We see ye in the summer glow of loveliness and bliss:
Your hair as radiant as the clouds when sunset lakes they kiss,
Your eyes with all the burning depth that in a saint's might be,
Your lips instinct with magic song or rife with poetry.

Your sleep is in a distant land—it consecrates our dreams,
With birds whose even' song unites in music with the streams,
With flowers that breathe their rich perfume around the sky-lark's bed;
Your sleep is far away from us—ye still and silent dead.

But our eyes have not wept for ye—oh, more than tears can give,
Is that divine immortal hope by which your spirits live!
The vernal plains and summer woods, regret them not, ye dead;
For light more beautiful than theirs within your heart is shed.

The last fond looks bequeathed serene with your departing breath,
The hue which on your cheeks foretold the violet-touch of death,
The mild deep languish of your eyes to us were calmly given;
But who shall mourn for sinless souls emparadised in Heaven!

Ye dead—your graves are far from us—away—beyond the seas;
Where skies are blue as those that glimpse between our joyful trees;
And we shall roam with you no more until we meet above;
Oh, glorious will that morning be of holiness and love!

Deal.

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PARENTAL HOPES;

OR, THE PREDICTION VERIFIED.

Children sweeten labour, but they make misfortunes more bitter. A man shall see where there is a house full of children one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest made wanton, but in the midst, some, as it were, forgotten, who many times, nevertheless, prove the best. *Lord Bacon.*

It was a lovely morning in June, when two young men, who were making a tour, on foot, through the eastern part of Scotland, entered the little village of D——, in Aberdeenshire. They had passed several cottages, and were looking about as if expecting to see some house of public entertainment, when they were attracted by the appearance of a man leaning, in a melancholy attitude, against some rude palings which stood before a dwelling comparatively genteel. Absorbed in his own reflections, he took no notice of the travellers till they inquired the way to the nearest town, and then he merely pointed out the road. He heard their observations on the beauty of the surrounding scenery with a degree of apathy so totally at variance with the national character of the Scotch, that the gentlemen felt their curiosity awakened; they determined to learn something more about him, for they piqued themselves upon discovering incidents in their tour as well as scenery; or perhaps it might be the perversity of human nature which induced them still to linger near the poor man, when it was very evident their presence was far from being agreeable.

After asking a variety of questions, to which they received only short and moody replies, one of them inquired if they could not be accommodated with a cup of cold milk. The man paused a moment, and it seemed, by the changes his countenance underwent, that he hesitated whether or not to continue his sullen mood, but at length his natural hospitality prevailed, and he said, "Aweel, aweel, sirs, ye maun walk in, though I reckon the gude-wife is na fit to see strangers," and he led the way to his cottage. As he slowly opened the door, the sounds of wailing were heard, and a female voice, in piercing accents, exclaimed, "Wae is me! wae is me! my bairn, my bonnie bairn! I canna live without him!"

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"Whisht, Peggy, whisht!" said her husband, as he entered, "ye maun stir yoursel a bit, for here be twa gentlemen come to tak a morsel wi' ye."

The interior of the cottage was tolerably neat, but there reigned around an air of great poverty and desolation, which was increased by the appearance of a small coffin placed upon a table at the further end; near it sat the poor woman on a low chair, rocking herself to and fro, as if the very exertion were necessary to sustain her mental faculties. By the side of a small turf fire was snugly crouched a boy of eight years old, of a sickly and almost disgusting aspect: his head was unusually large, and the expression of his countenance was sombre, whilst one of his legs, either through weakness or accident, was sadly contracted. He took no notice of the entrance of the travellers, but continued from time to time to rock a cradle near him, in which was laid a sleeping infant.

"Come, Peggy, lassie, ye maunna tak on sae, dinna ye see here be gentlefolks?" said the man in a soothing tone, going up to his wife. "Aye, Sandy," she replied, "they may be gentles as ye say, but they suld na hae come to disturb a puir woman wailing for her bairn; an as to yoursel, ye might have kenned better than to bring them in, but ye hae na the feelings of a mither—wae is me!" and she wept bitterly. Sandy drew his weather-beaten hand across his eyes, as he reproachfully exclaimed, "Ye are in the wrang, Peggy, to say sae, for niver father thought mair of his bairns than I did; but come, cheer up, lassie, we canna bring him back agin." "Dinna talk to me, I canna bide it, I maun cry as I list," repeated the poor mother, wringing her hands, and rocking herself backwards and forwards more violently. "An ye be Christian men," said the father, turning to the travellers, "speak a word of comfort to the puir creature, for it is mair than I can do;" and, throwing himself on a chair by the fire side, he covered his face with his hands. The elder of the strangers, who had been regarding the bereaved parents with the greatest sympathy, immediately came forward at this appeal. He was a tall, thin young man, not more than six-and-twenty years of age, of a pale and mild countenance, and, from the gravity of his manner and the [illegible] of his dress, it might be easily guessed that he had

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either entered or was intended for the church. "My good woman," he said, in a low and persuasive tone, "you do wrong to give yourself up to this excessive sorrow; surely you have forgotten that he who gives has also a right to take away, and that we are chastened for our future good." "Aye," said the woman, "it's unco easy to talk: ye are young, an the hand of grief hath not scaithed ye, but when ye come to lose a bairn ye maun e'en fret as I do." "True," said the young man, "and it is not forbidden us to mourn for our friends; nature will have its way, yet we should not grieve like those without hope." "An what hope is there for me? ye canna gie me my bairn again!" exclaimed Peggy, vehemently, "my bonnie bairn! he was the pride of my life, and I maun die wi' him!" "Consider," replied the stranger, "that your child is taken in mercy from a wicked, troublesome world; in Heaven you may meet him again, and then you will have no fear of being separated; besides, you have still many blessings left—you have other children." "I have but twa, an ane is a puir wee lassie, an t'other, leuk there;" and she pointed to the sickly boy by the fire; "ance he was as bonnie a lad as iver stepped; but now did iver a body see sic a woful sight; an here, leuk here, this was the joy of my heart, my Charlie!" and she hastily drew aside the lid of the coffin and discovered the features of the dead child. "Aye," she continued, "ye may talk about resignation, an its unco fine when the heart's a-well at ease; but stay till ye hae lost sic a bairn as this, an then talk if ye can."

While one stranger was endeavouring to mitigate the sorrows of the afflicted mother, the other had his attention directed to the cripple at the fire. The lad manifested no desire to have his case investigated, but when asked if he did not wish to go to school he turned suddenly round, and his eyes were lighted up with a beam of delight. "An what wad the bairn do at school, I trow?" said the mother; "ye hae na the head, Mattie, to learn like other folk." "I wad try, mither," said the lad, in a supplicating tone; "Charlie could hae done na mair than that, an you said he suld gang." "Aye, but Charlie was born to be a scholar, an he had lived; he was my ain bairn, my bonnie lad; I can nivir forget him."

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"What ails this poor child?" said the elder stranger, taking the weeping boy on his knee, "he may not be blessed with so healthy nor so handsome an appearance as the one you deplore, but can he help that? Instead of lavishing this excessive sorrow upon the dead, you would be far better fulfilling your duty did you attend to this poor boy, for depend upon it you may hereafter have cause to repent if you continue to neglect him as I suspect you have hitherto done. Instead of this child being a source of trouble and anxiety to you, I predict that one day you will be proud to own him as your son, for there is an intelligence in his eyes which not even sickness has entirely quenched. Mind what I say, Mattie, be a good boy and go to school, and remember that perseverance conquers all difficulties." "Why, ye dinna think our Mattie will ever mak a scholar?" inquired Peggy, with great earnestness. "Why not, my good woman? because his head is swelled out of proportion, and one leg is smaller than the other, I see no reason that his intelleet should be impaired also; on the contrary, many of our most learned men have been afflicted with some bodily infirmity or other, which still has not had the effect of destroying their natural genius. "Troth an its vera likely," rejoined the father; "an ye ken, gude-wife, I hae often told ye the lad had mair in him than we kenned." "I dinna doubt," said Peggy, beginning, for the first time, to stir about the cottage, and placing some refreshment before the strangers, "I dinna doubt the bairn may do weel wi' the blessing of God, but I canna say I iver thought he wad be a genius;" and she stroked his poor sallow cheeks and took the infant out of the cradle with an appearance of greater alacrity than she had displayed for many days.

The travellers, not satisfied with merely giving advice, arranged with the father to send the boy to school, and left some money to be applied to that purpose; they then took their leave, followed by the prayers and blessings of the family.

Some twenty years after this event, a post-chaise stopped late in the evening at the Blue Bells in the little village of D——, and a gentleman advanced in life, and apparently in an ill state of health, alighted from it. To the profuse civilities of his hostess, he only replied by ordering some wine

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whey and a comfortable bed to be prepared, to which he very soon retired. It happened that the following day was Sunday, and as the gentleman was partaking of his breakfast, and the landlady was officiously waiting upon him, after many indirect questions as to his business there, she said, "Eh, sir! an I'se warrant ye be for kirk this morning, for ye seems to stand weel for church and state." "It is very possible, good woman, I may; that is, if you give a good account of your preacher; pray who is he?" "Aweel, sir, there is the business. Why ye maun ken our puir auld parson, rest his soul! for he was a gude man as ivir lived, died a few months sin, and we hae been strangely aff for anither, till at last they hae gien us, as they say, a worthy successor, an to-day he holds forth for the first time; an unco deal hath been said about him, but maist likely ye hae heard speak of the Rev. Maister Matthew Glenarchy."

"Matthew Glenarchy! surely that name is familiar to me: is there not a family of the same in this village?" inquired the gentleman.

"Troth an ye be vera right," replied the hostess, "for auld Sandy Glenarchy an his gude-wife hae lived here these forty years an mair, as I hae heard my father say, an it is nane but his ain son that has got the living; an ye may be sure its na light matter of joy to the auld folk to see their bairn stand sae weel in the world, for they say he is a wonderful scholar, an vera spiritually inclined."

"Have the old people any other children?" inquired the gentleman.

"An plase ye, sir, they hae but ane besides his reverence, an a douce bonnie lassie she is—puir Jeannie! she was to hae been married to young Robin Dugald some five year sin, but somehow times were bad, an Jeannie had a sair heart on the matter, an darena venture; but now they say his reverence will bring things about as they suld be. Eh, sir! it does one heart gude to think what a blessing young Mattie has turned out to his parents; I ken few wud hae guessed the like of this, that hae seen him as I hae, a puir, senseless, sawny lad as he was. Aye! strange things will happen, but nivir sic a strange circumstance as this was sae muckle as thought of in our place."

"What was there so strange about it, my good woman?" said the gentleman, somewhat eagerly.

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"Aweel, sir! its a lang story, but I'll e'en mak a short ane of it, for I reckon its near kirk time, and I wad nae miss hearing the lad for auld acquaintance sake. Aweel, sir, as I was saying, Sandy Glenarchy and his wife lost ane of their bairns, an a fine healthfu' chield he was, for I saw him mysel laid out in his winding sheet, an ye may be sure they were sairly cut up about it, for t'other chield, that is, young Mattie, was na muckle sonsie, as I said before, an they nivir thought he wad come to anything, an Jeannie was but a wee bit of a bairn, when the night afore Charlie was buried, in the dead of night, a loud knocking was heard at the door, an afore they had time to open it, a tall, thin man walked in, an he was awfu' to leuk at, an he went up to Peggy, wha was wailing over her bairn, an he bade her get up an not sorrow for the dead, for the chield was at rest in Heaven: then he went up to Mattie an prayed over him, an said that he suld live to be a great an a wise man; then Sandy, wha was there, an was as white as a sheet, took courage to say, 'How can that be, for the bairn has fits, an we canna get him to tak notice of aught?' then the awfu' man laid his hand on the lad's head, and muttered some words in another tongue, an fra that hour the bairn mended, and wasna like the same."

"Well, and what become of this wonderful man?" said the stranger, scarcely able to repress a smile.

"Aye, sir, here comes the secret of the story, for whilst Sandy and Peggy were leuking all amaze at puir Mattie, all of a sudden there was a great noise like a clap of thunder, an whether he went awa wi' it they nivir could tell, but when they leuked up he was gane, an they nivir saw him mair; sae some folk said the lad was uncanny, an it was nane but the auld enemy had touched him; however, it passed over at last, an the bairn came on all of a sudden an took to his larning, an—"

"Stay," interrupted the stranger, "I think I have heard something of this singular story before; but were there not two gentlemen?"

"Na, na, ye are clear mista'en there, sir," said the talkative hostess, colouring at the idea of her veracity being doubted, "though to be sure it was said sae at the time, an our auld minister wanted to persuade folk that it was twa younkers travelling, but I kenned better, for, says I, did ever

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any body hear of twa gentlemen coming to D—— an not either of them ganging to the Blue Bells. Its na vera like that, and I suld hae kenned weel aneugh if they had, though I was but a lassie at the time; na, na, I canna be mista'en; but I reckon, sir, its a maist time to be ganging down to the kirk. I wadna hae ye be vera late;" and then, as if fearing she should be more closely questioned, the good woman bustled away.

It is surely needless to add that the gentleman whom the landlady of the Blue Bells so kindly amused with this marvellous tale was no other than the principal actor in it, and, as he slowly pursued his way to the kirk, he could not wholly suppress his risible feelings at the idea of the prodigious bustle his appearance had caused in the village so many years ago, though there was a degree of melancholy blended in his sensations when he thought of the changes those fleeting years had made in him. It was an interesting sight to observe the inhabitants of D—— issuing from their cottages, and all flocking, as it were, with one accord to the house of prayer. Here was the sturdy peasant marching at the head of his young family, and the sober matron, with her head encircled in a kerchief of the purest white; whilst behind them strayed the village damsels, each carrying her prayer-book neatly folded in a linen handkerchief, half serious, half coqueting, with the sun-burnt, plaided youths; whilst still further in the rear were seen advancing the more tardy steps of age, some supporting themselves on crutches, others leaning on the arms of those whom nature and affection pointed out for their best support—their children; but all bearing an appearance of great cleanliness, gravity, and decorum.

The stranger from the Blue Bells was the last to enter the sacred edifice. The service had already commenced, and the minister stood in his place, pale, firm, and tolerably collected; but vain was the endeavour to trace in his countenance any resemblance to the poor neglected boy who had formerly excited so much compassion. Matthew Glenarchy was certainly calculated for the pulpit, for, when there, his lameness could not be observed, and the folds of his surplice concealed what otherwise was a great defect—his habitual stoop; besides, in his care-worn visage there was an expression of great patience and genuine mildness, which cha-

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racterized well with his holy office, and the fire that but rarely sparkled from his eyes, seemed kindled by the enthusiasm of his zeal. On a seat nearest the pulpit sat the new minister's relations, who were easily distinguished from the rest of the congregation by the singular anxiety they displayed. The old man, restless and perturbed, seemed unable to sit still a moment together; one instant he shook back his silvered locks, and his face beamed with renovated hope and delight, and again his brow was wrinkled with anxiety, and he looked fearful and tremulous; at length, unable to command himself any longer, he rose, and, walking with unsteady steps, drew near that side of the pulpit where his son could not see him, and remained leaning against it, with his back turned to the congregation, till the service concluded. The mother's face was concealed by her handkerchief, yet those nearest her saw that her bosom heaved convulsively, and once or twice her sobs were very audible; whilst Jeannie's clear blue eyes glistened with all a sister's hopes, and her heightened colour betrayed no slight emotion.

The opening prayer was, according to the usual custom, delivered extempore: it was long and impressive, consisting chiefly of ejaculations, and verses of Scripture; at first the preacher's voice was low and tremulous, he seemed to feel that on this effort depended, in a great measure, his future success and the hopes of his beloved family, and he dreaded to disappoint them; but as the fervor of his spirit seemed gradually to awaken, so did his voice rise higher and higher till it gained its accustomed energy, and then all his mortal feelings gave place to the sublimer views of the Christian. The sermon was a composition admirably adapted to the occasion: slightly and yet affectionately he touched upon the merits of his predecessor, and from thence, with great pathos, spoke of the relative duties of life, and the gratitude which children owed to the authors of their existence, summing up the whole by a comparison between the duty we owe to God and our parents. To an Englishman, accustomed to speak and decide rapidly, there may at first appear something singular in the slow and solemn manner of our northern brethren; but in the pulpit this peculiarity is not so striking, because we then expect a greater degree of precision than at any other time.

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There was an elegance in Mattie's language, notwithstanding his broad dialect, which delighted and astonished one, at least, of his hearers; beautiful from its very simplicity; it breathed the true essence of pure and animated eloquence, softened by the genuine spirit of Christianity. At first it was impossible not to behold pourtrayed in him the dutiful and affectionate son, so gently and so sweetly did he speak of parental hopes and filial obedience; but as the subject opened before him, and he expatiated at length on the bounty and love of a heavenly Parent, his voice became elevated almost to a tone of rapture, and his eyes sparkled with unusual brightness.

"Eh! Jeannie, lassie, I suppose ye winna speak to me now, sin Maister Mattie is grown sic a fine man, an sic a great preacher," said Robin Dugald, as he waited for Jeannie near the kirk door.

"Dinna say sae, Robin," exclaimed Jeannie, smiling through the most joyous tears she had ever shed; "I ken weel eneugh there be few sic clever folk as our Mattie, but that is no raison at all against ye, because ye ken I'm no sic a clever body mysel; an, as Mattie himsel says, we maun all keep in our ain spheres."

The stranger arrived at the manse soon after Mattie had led thither his happy parents, and was received by the whole party with that unrestrained freedom and native hospitality which results from light hearts anxious to extend their own pleased emotions to all around them. But when he mentioned having once met them before, and introduced himself as an English clergyman, who, twenty years since, had, in company with his friend, a young physician, been travelling through Aberdeenshire, and had partaken of their hospitality, the surprise and delight of the little group was beyond imagination. Peggy caught his hand and pressed it repeatedly to her lips, bursting into tears; whilst Sandy pointed to his son, exclaiming, "There he be, God bless him! an its all owing to ye, I ken vera weel. Mattie, lad, Jeannie, lassie, dinna ye hear, that is the gude gentleman your mither an I hae sae often talked about." "Oh!" cried Peggy, "that ivir I suld hae lived to see this blessed day: it has been the joy of my heart to see that dear bairn stand up in gude Maister Mac Iveson's place; an then, that ye suld hae

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come agin, is mair than I could hae thought; and doubtless ye hae heard him preach. Eh! sir, it went to my heart like inspiration, an—" She would have said more, had not her attention been arrested by seeing her son, usually so grave and solemn in his movements, suddenly throw himself at the feet of the stranger, and in broken language pour out his gratitude to him, acknowledging that he owed all his present happiness to his kind advice and encouragement. "Ye saw me," he said, "a puir stricken bairn, an ye took pity upon me, and may ye be abundantly blessed for the kindness ye showed on that day."

"Rise," said the stranger, "I entreat you; your acknowledgments oppress me; for, after all, what have I done? I saw you, as I thought, a poor neglected child; I pitied you, and endeavoured to interest your parents in your favour: it appears, then, that I succeeded, and I am more than rewarded for the pains I took."

That day was a happy one at D——, and in the evening, when the stranger departed for A——, the residence of Dr. H——, the gentleman who had been his companion when he first entered the village, he was once more followed by the benediction of Sandy and his now happy and prosperous family.

CONSTANCE.

UNRECORDED GRAVES.

BY CATHERINE G. GORDON.

The tombs of princes, they are found
Amidst cathedral halls,
With gold and marble glittering round
The high and trophied walls;
And crown and sceptre, imaged fair,
Proclaiming proudly who lies there.

They of the red right hand, whose fame
Hath filled the wondering world,
They, too, sepulchral honours claim,
And sleep with banners furl'd—
A glorious and triumphant band—
Among the great ones of the land.

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And it is well:—an empire's lord
 Should fill a gorgeous grave;
They of the senate and the sword,
 Let them due honour's have:
Thrice holy, if a nation's love
Have ranked them with the just above.

But where are they, the nameless dead!
 Who, since the birth of Time,
Their life-blood generously have shed
 In Freedom's cause sublime?
Ay, where are they?—no trophy waves
Above their unrecorded graves.

And where your martyrs, radiant Truth!
 Who on the flaming pyre,
In hoary age, in blooming youth,
 Have stood baptised with fire?
Their death-songs have gone up to heaven—
Where are their sacred ashes driven?

Ask we the winds—the rushing blast
 Hath borne them far and wide:
Some in the forest's depths are cast,
 Some on the green hill's side.
Oh that meet fruits might crown such seed,
That were a harvest rich indeed!

Your tombs, ye wanderers, who repose
 'Neath Afric's burning sky,
Rejoicing even in life's drear close
 For Science' sake to die,—
Say—who, to grace your exiled dust,
Hath reared funereal urn or bust?

Ye sleep amid the deserts, calm—
 Ee'n where you gasping fell,
Beneath the obeliskal palm,
 Or nigh the brackish well;
And but the camel's echoing tread
Furrows the light sand o'er your bed.

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I gazed upon a field of death
Where kingdom's had been won,
What saw I ? The green sod beneath—
Above, the golden sun;
While one proud chieftain bore away
The laurels of that blood-red day.

Rear, rear the cenotaph :—but no—
'Twere better thus to rest,
Like gems whose hidden glories glow
Deep, deep in nature's breast,
Than meet the cold and withering sneer
Of Envy, asking—" Who lies here ?"

SERENADE.

BY CHARLES MAY.

A thousand stars shine bright, love,
Bright as thy own blue eyes;
The gale is breathing light love !
As e'en thy balmy sighs.

Oh, come ! still Evening calls, love,
We'll trace the crystall'd mead,
On which each dew drop falls, love,
Not lightlier than thy tread.

Thy father soundly sleeps, love,
Nor will one twinkling star,
That on our meeting peeps, love,
Our raptures e'er declare.

Throughout the " garish day," love,
I've sighed to think of thee,
Condemned to be away, love,
From all that's heaven to me.

Now on the ear of Even, love,
Shall breathe our whispered kiss.
Our sighs shall waft to heaven, love,
But they'll be sighs of bliss !

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ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.—WRITTEN IN HER FOURTEENTH YEAR.

Sweet child, and hast thou gone, for ever fled?
Low lies thy body in its grassy bed;
But thy freed soul swift bends its flight through air,
Thy heavenly Father's gracious love to share.

And now, methinks, I see thee clothed in white,
Mingling with saints, like thee celestial bright:—
Look down, sweet angel, on thy friends below,
And mark their trickling tears of silent woe.

Look down with pity in thy infant eye,
And view the friends though left for friends on high;
Methinks I see thee leaning from above,
To whisper to those friends of peace and love—

"Weep not for me, for I am happy still,
And murmur not at our great Father's will;
Let not this blow your trust in Jesus shake,
Our Saviour gave, and it is his to take.

"Once you looked forward to life's opening day,
The scene was bright, and pleasant seemed the way;
Hope drew the picture, Fancy, ever near,
Coloured it bright—'tis blotted with a tear.

"Then let that tear be Resignation's child
Yielding to Heaven's high will, be calm, be mild;
Weep not your child no more, she's happy still,
And murmur not at your great Father's will."

TO TWO YOUNG LADIES.

Still may your friendship with your years increase,
In all the changes of this life unbroken;
And joy, and bliss, and happiness, and peace,
Gladden each heart that's true to friendship's token.

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EGYPTIAN POLICE.

A poor man applied one day to the A'gha of the police, and said, "Sir, there came to me to-day a woman, and she said to me, 'Take this *ckoor*, and let it remain in your possession for a time, and lend me five hundred piasters:' and I took it from her, sir, and gave her the five hundred piasters, and she went away; and when she was gone away, I said to myself, 'Let us look at this ckoor;' and I looked at it, and behold it was yellow brass; and I slapped my face and said, 'I will go to the A'gha, and relate my story to him; perhaps he will investigate the affair, and clear it up;' for there is none that can help me in this matter but thee." The A'gha said to him, "Hear what I tell thee, man. Take whatever is in thy shop, leave nothing, and lock it up; and to-morrow morning go early, and when thou hast opened the shop, cry out, 'Alas for my property!' then take in thy hands two clods, and beat thyself with them, and cry, 'Alas for the property of others!' and whosoever says to thee, 'What is the matter with thee?' do thou answer, 'The property of others is lost: a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own I should not thus lament it;' and this will clear up the affair." The man promised to do as he was desired. He removed everything from his shop, and early the next morning he went and opened it, and began to cry out, "Alas for the property of others! a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own I should not thus lament it." The woman who had given him the ckoor in pledge heard of this, and discovered that it was the man whom she had cheated; so she said to herself, "Go and bring an action against him." She went to his shop, riding on an ass, to give herself consequence, and said to him, "Man, give me my property that is in thy possession." He answered, "It is lost." "Thy tongue be cut out!" she cried; "dost thou lose my property? by Al'lah I will go to the A'gha, and inform him of it." "Go," said he; and she went and told her case. The A'gha sent for the man; and when he had come, said to his accuser, "What is thy property in his possession?" She answered, "A ckoor of red Venetian gold." "Woman," said the A'gha, "I have a gold ckoor here; I should like to show it thee." She said, "Show it me, sir, for I shall know my ckoor." The A'gha then untied a handkerchief, and

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taking out of it the cheor which she had given in pledge, said, "Look." She looked at it and knew it, and hung down her head. The A'gha said, "Raise thy head, and say where are the five hundred piasters of this man." She answered, "Sir, they are in my house." The executioner was sent with her to her house, but without his sword; and the woman, having gone into the house, brought out a purse containing the money, and went back with him. The money was given to the man from whom it had been obtained, and the executioner was then ordered to take the woman to the Roomeh'leh (a large open place below the citadel) and there behead her, which he did.

ON HEARING THE CUCKOO.

BY THE REV. W. MUNSEY.

Hark! 'tis the cuckoo's sprightly note
That tells the coming of the vernal prime,
And cheers the heart of youth, and aged men.
Say sweet stranger, whence hast ta'en thy flight,
From Asia's spicy groves, or Afric's clime?
And whose the hand that guid'st thy journey far!
Philosophy says, instinct—religion—God.
Though simple is thy note, it speaks to man's
Reflecting soul (since thou did'st wing thy course
From Albion's cliffs) another year is gone,
Fraught with events to cause vast realms to quake—
A year! how short the space, unnoticed by
The gay and mindless throng, yet awful to
The race of human kind,—
Another year may pass, unheeded as
The one so lately number'd in the book
Of time, and thou wilt take thy flight to realms
Unknown. But when thou cheer'st the future spring,
Wilt those who *now* admire thy song, walk forth
To hear thy lay? This awful question brings
A thousand thoughts of serious import to
Th' attentive mind. Another year! and then,
Oh God! the souls *who greet this smiling morn*
May stand for judgment at thy dreadful throne.
This serious call should check man's sinful course,
And raise his views to Heaven.

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LAST LETTER OF MARIE ANTONIETTE.

The character of this unfortunate queen has been cruelly maligned, not only by the writers of France, but by such of our countrymen as, permitting their political prejudices to extinguish their charity and sympathy for a suffering woman, have treated her as if she had deserved the fate she experienced. It has been often said that no description of evidence proves more clearly the characters of persons than their correspondence. If this be true, the following letter, which cannot be read without exciting admiration for the writer, as well as interest in her sufferings, will help to set her reputation in a more just light than it has been contemplated by such persons as have drawn their information respecting her from the revolutionary writers of France, or such Englishmen as have adopted the notions of these writers.

LETTER FROM THE QUEEN OF FRANCE, MARIE ANTOINETTE, TO HER SISTER, MADAME ELIZABETH.

October 16, Half-past Four.

"I write to you, sister, for the last time; I have just been condemned, not to a shameful death, it is only so to the guilty, but to go and rejoin your brother, innocent as he was. I hope to shew the same fortitude as he did in these last moments.

"I am calm, as one is, when one's conscience does not reproach us. I feel deep sorrow at abandoning my poor children—good and tender sister, you know I lived but for them and you—by your affection you have sacrificed every thing to be with us. In what a situation do I leave you! I learnt by the pleadings in my case, that my daughter was separated from you. Alas! poor child, I dare not write to her—she would not receive my letter. I know not whether this even will reach you. Receive for them both my blessing.

"I hope one day, when they will be older, they will be able to rejoin you, and enjoy all your tender care. Let them both reflect upon what I have never ceased to instil into them, that the principles and exact execution of their duties are the first bases of life, and that affection and mutual con-

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fidence will constitute the happiness of it. Let my daughter feel that, at the age she is, she ought always to assist her brother with her counsels, which the greater experience she will have and her affection may suggest to her; let my son, in his turn, administer to his sister all the solicitude and services which affection can inspire; finally, let them feel that in whatever position they may be, they cannot be truly happy but by their union. Let them take example by us—How often in our miseries has affection afforded us consolation?—In happiness we have a double enjoyment when we can share it with a friend. And where can any be found more dear and tender than in one's own family.

"Let my son never forget the last words of his father, which I repeat expressly—Let him never seek to revenge our death!

"I have to speak to you of something very painful to my heart. I know how much pain this child has given you. Forgive him, my dear sister: think of his age, how easy it is to make a child say what one pleases, and even what he does not understand. A day will come, I hope, when he will feel more deeply the value of your goodness and tenderness for both.

"It remains for me to confide to you my last thoughts. I would have written them at the commencement of the process; but, besides that they would not suffer me to write, the march of events has been so rapid, that I have not had in reality the time.

"I die in the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion—in that of my fathers, in which I was brought up, which I have always professed, having no spiritual consolation to expect—not knowing if there still exist any priests of our religion; and even the place where I am would expose them too much if they once entered it.

"I sincerely ask pardon of God for all the faults I may have committed since I was born. I hope that in his goodness he will receive my last wishes, as well as those I have long put up, that he will receive my soul in his mercy and goodness. I ask pardon of all I know, and of you, sister, in particular, for all the pain I may, without meaning it, have caused you.

"I forgive all my enemies the ill they have done me;

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I bid adieu here to my aunts, and all my brothers and sisters.

"I had friends; the idea of being separated from them for ever, and their troubles, is one of the greatest griefs I have in dying. Let them know, at least, that to my last moments I thought of them.

"Good and tender sister, farewell! May this letter reach you? Always think of me! I embrace you with all my heart, as well as my poor dear children. Oh, my God! what agony it is to quit them for ever. Adieu! Adieu!

"And now I will resign myself wholly to my spiritual duties. As I am not free in my actions, they will bring me perhaps a priest; but I protest here that I will not say a word to him, and that I will treat him as a perfect stranger."

Conformable to the original writing, entirely in the handwriting of the Queen Marie Antoinette.

The Minister of Police,

(Signed) COMTE DE CAZES.

This letter is an affecting memorial, and the heart must be callous indeed that does not feel for an illustrious female under the influence of such agonies!

VERSES WRITTEN FOR AN UNPUBLISHED MELODY.

BY CAMDEN SOMERS.

I do not say I love thee
The word is too profan'd,
And I would have what I have felt
Unaltered and unstained.
A fount in Sandy Araby,
The Polar star at sea,
Are nought to what thy love hath been,
Beloved one, to me.

I might have won me beauty,
Perchance as bright as thine,
But not the heart, but not the mind
Within that lovely shrine.

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Oh, dreary as my lot hath been
And drear as it may be,
I would not change it for a throne
If 'twere unshared by thee.

They point to where Ambition
Is beckoning o'er the sea,
They tell me Fortune's glittering wreck
Is there awaiting me.
I do not value gold and gems,
For Fame I do not care,
But I fling me in thy arms my love,
And I feel my home is there.

Isle of Wight.

THE USEFUL AND THE BEAUTIFUL.

Every gift is valuable, and ought to be unfolded. When one encourages the beautiful alone, and another encourages the useful alone, it takes them both to form a man. The useful encourages itself, for the multitude produce it, and no one can dispense with it. The beautiful must be encouraged, for few can set it forth, and many need it.

THE QUEEN.

On Monday the 17th of July her Majesty went in state to the House of Lords, to prorogue the Parliament. The procession was the most splendid that can be imagined, and the concourse of people was greater than was ever known on any similar occasion. Her Majesty was seated in a magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses, was attired in a kirtle of crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, in stripes and gold lace, which was worn over a white satin petticoat, embroidered with gold. The robe was confined at the waist and shoulders with gold cords and tassels. Her Majesty had a diamond stomacher; on both arms strings of diamonds, and on the left an armlet, with the motto of the Order of the Garter; her Majesty also wore the riband, badge, and stars of the order, the two latter set in diamonds, and on her head a splendid circlet of diamonds. Opposite to her Majesty sat the Duchess of Sutherland, mistress of the robes, and the Master of the Horse.

On entering the House of Lords, her Majesty ascended the

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throne with a firm and dignified step, and read her address with a clear and unfaltering voice. The whole scene was one of intense interest and splendour. The Duchess of Kent was seated on the woolsack, and about a hundred peeresses were in the house, all attired in deep mourning with black feathers. These were strongly contrasted with the splendour of the great officers of state in their robes of office, and the peers in their robes. After proroguing the Parliament till the 10th of August, her Majesty left the house and returned to Buckingham Palace amid the deafening shouts of the populace.

On the following Wednesday her Majesty held her first *Leves* at St. James's, which was more numerously attended than any during the preceding reign, there being about 2000 persons present. The Queen was attired in mourning, and wore her hair quite plain.

On the next day the Queen held her first *Drawing-room*, which was very numerously attended, principally by ladies, so many gentlemen having been presented at the Levee the day before. Among the dresses the principal were—

Her Majesty—A black crape dress, richly embroidered in jet, over black silk; train of black crape over black silk, tastefully ornamented with jet flowers. Head-dress, feathers, jet ornaments, and crape lappets. Her Majesty wore the ensigns of the order of the Garter, the badge, and the star of diamonds.

Duchess of Kent—A black crape dress over black silk, elegantly ornamented with crape and jet flowers; train of black crape, over black silk, tastefully trimmed to correspond. Head-dress, feathers, jet ornaments, and crape lappets.

Princess Leiningen—A black crape dress over black silk, tastefully ornamented with crape and riband; train of black crape over black silk, trimmed to correspond.

Duchess of Northumberland—Dress of black crape over a rich ducape silk, tastefully trimmed with jet and rich bugle fringe train of black crape over a rich ducape, trimmed with jet and bugles; ornaments, the Queen's portrait, bracelets of diamonds, splendidly set with the ciphers of the late King and Queen Dowager. Head-dress, black plumes and crape lappets, jet ornaments.

Duchess of Somerset—A dress of black crape over a rich silk dress, elegantly trimmed on each side with crape and

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jet; body *à la fille du Danube*, sabots of goffered crape, and ornamented with jet; train of rich silk, covered with crape, and elegantly trimmed with jet.

Duchess Dowager of Richmond—A Court costume, composed of a black crape dress, splendidly embroidered with jet, over a rich black satin jupe; train of rich black *poult de soie*, covered with *crepe noir*, and tastefully trimmed with a rouleau. Head-dress, elegant black crape and jet toque, with long crape lappets and black feathers, and jet ornaments.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—Ornamental gates, enriched with Mosaic gold, have been affixed to the marble entrance to the Palace. They are considered to be the largest and most splendid in Europe, not excepting even the great gates of the Ducal Palace of Venice, hitherto esteemed the most remarkable for their size. The cost of the new gates, including the circular railings fixed on each side of the arch, has been estimated at 10,200*l*.

ADELAIDE COTTAGE, in the Home Park, at Windsor, was built and furnished under the superintendance of the Queen Dowager. The furniture is elegant and appropriate. The Queen Dowager has left this delightful retreat in the most perfect state to her present Majesty, with the exception of a few simple ornaments, of no great value, but highly esteemed by Queen Adelaide, because they were presents by his late Majesty. The beautiful flower gardens that surround Adelaide cottage were originally laid out under the direction of the Queen Dowager and Sir Herbert Taylor, whose fine taste in ornamental gardening is very conspicuous in his own grounds attached to his gothic residence in the Regent's Park.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.—The following is a list of the ladies already chosen by her Majesty for the royal household:—*Mistress of the Robes*, the Duchess of Sutherland; *First Lady in Waiting and Groom of the Stole*, the Marchioness of Lansdowne; *Ladies of the Bed-chamber*, Mrs. Brand, Lady Caroline Barrington, Lady C. Copley, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell; *Maids of Honour*, Miss Spring Rice, Miss Cox, Miss Murray, the Hon. Miss Dillon, the Hon. Miss Cavendish, Miss Paget, Miss Lister, and Miss Davis.

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LONDON EVENING DRESS.

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LONDON PROMENADE DRESS.

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ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

London Evening Dress.—Lavender *pou de soie* robe, the border trimmed with a deep flounce of black lace, headed by a wreath of *coques* of black ribbon. The *corsage* cut low and square at the top, and pointed at bottom, is trimmed round the top with a horizontal drapery of black lace. Short sleeves formed of two moderate sized double bouffants, it is terminated with a black lace ruffle, and ornamented with a knot of black ribbon on the shoulder. The hair disposed in open bows at the back of the head, and in loose ringlets at the sides, is ornamented with a *gerbe* of black crape flowers, and a jet arrow. Black lace gloves.

London Promenade Dress.—White cambric under dress; open pelisse of French gray *gros de Naples*. The *corsage* high and tight to the shape, is trimmed round the top with black lace disposed *en cour*. Tight sleeve, the upper part finished with three black lace flounces. The skirt is trimmed down the front on each side with black lace set on full, and a rouleau of black *gros de Naples* round the border. A black ceinture and bracelets complete the ornaments of the dress. Rice straw hat, a round and rather deep brim, the interior trimmed with blond lace, and black foliage: black aigrettes and white satin striped gauze ribbons ornament the crown.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

At the moment at which we write, the mourning is still universally observed, though with such modifications that it does not by any means present a sombre aspect. We have given in our prints two of the prettiest and most fashionable dresses that are adopted for it, and shall proceed to detail such slight changes as have taken place since we last month gave our fair readers an account which they have since found to be perfectly correct of what it was in the commencement.

We see but few black silk robes in promenade dress, the majority being either *foulards* or *mousselines de laine*, of second mourning patterns, that is to say, lavender grounds flowered either with black or lavender of a different and very deep shade, or else quadrilled in the two colours. In many instances white dresses with black ribbons and black silk mantelets are adopted, particularly by very young ladies. Bonnets are either white or lavender, but the former are in a majority. We scarcely see any black ones.

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Robes in carriage dress are either of black silk or black *mousseline de soie;* the latter, owing, we presume, to the lightness of the material, are more generally adopted. We have seen with surprise that pelerines and mantelets of white blond lace, are much more generally adopted than those of a mourning description; it is one of the modifications which is highly advantageous to the appearance of a dress, but it quite takes away the character of mourning. Hats and bonnets are white or lavender; we have seen a few, but very few, of black crape, trimmed with lavender flowers and ribbons; or else black and lavender ribbons with *esprits* to correspond. White chip hats, with either dyed birds-of-paradise, or black feathers, are very much adopted among the high fashionables. We have seen some of these hats trimmed with white crape, a large knot with floating ends being placed on one side of the crown, and light sprigs of white flowers disposed *en gerbe* in the interior of the brim: we consider this the most simply elegant stile of mourning head-dress that has appeared. White crape drawn bonnets, also trimmed with black flowers, are a good deal in request.

Several evening dress robes have appeared of black grenadine gauze, trimmed with lavender gauze ribbon; we may cite, among the prettiest of them, those that have the ribbon disposed on each side *en tablier*, the *tablier* formed by bands of ribbon disposed in the demi crescent form, each marked by a knot of ribbon, in the centre of which is a jet ornament. The corsage is draped horizontally at top, the draperies fastened by jet ornaments, and the short and moderately wide sleeve having the fulness arranged by ribbon and jet in the demi crescent form. Head-dresses of hair are in a decided majority in evening costume. The favourite ornament for them is a small wreath of either black or white flowers, which encircles the summit of the head.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, July 21.

Orders for the Court's change of mourning, on Thursday the 3rd day of August next. The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, black or white shoes, fans and tippets, white necklaces and ear rings. The gentlemen to wear black, full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles. The Court to change the mourning further on Thursday the 24th day of August, viz.:—The

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PARIS EVENING DRESS.

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ladies to wear black silk or velvet, coloured ribbons, fans and tippets. The gentlemen to continue in black, full trimmed, coloured swords and buckles. And on Thursday the 14th September next, the Court to go out of mourning.

Earl Marshall's Office, July 20.

In reference to the order for a General Mourning, these are to give notice, that it is not desired or expected that the public should appear in mourning after Thursday, the 3rd of August next.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES

PORTRAIT AND CARRIAGE DRESS OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.—The robe is of India muslin lined with pink *gros de Naples*. The front of the skirt is embroidered *en tablier* in a very novel stile, and the border is trimmed with a superb flounce of English point lace. The *corsage* is made partially high, and with a square collar trimmed with lace, a second row of lace is disposed *en pelerine*, and descending on the skirt is set on full down one side of it, it is intermixed in a very novel and fanciful stile with knots of pink ribbon. The sleeve is disposed in five bouffants which reach from the shoulder to the wrist. Rice straw hat, a deep open brim trimmed next the face with blond lace and damask roses. Low crown profusely ornamented with white ribbon edged with pink feather fringe, and a bouquet of white ostrich feathers shaded with pink.

EVENING DRESS.—The robe is citron coloured *tulle* over *gros de Naples* to correspond. *Corsage à la paysanne*, plain behind, but with the fullness drawn longitudinally in front, it is cut high at the back of the neck, but low on the bosom, and is trimmed with a falling tucker of blond lace, and a breast knot of blue ribbon; a rouleau of which edged by blond lace adorns the front of the skirt. The sleeve is tight on the shoulder, bouffanted in the centre of the arm, and then tight from the elbow to the wrist. The hair is disposed in loose curls at the sides, and a low bow at the back of the head, a piece of black velvet forming a point on the forehead, rounded, and trimmed with lace at the top, is placed on the summit of the head, and gold pins passed through it; knots of blue ribbon and a small gold ornament suspended from the point of velvet, complete the *coiffure*.

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Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

Our Court mourning for the late Sovereign of England has been of a much deeper kind than was ever formerly adopted even for any of our own royal family, with the exception of the Sovereign. As it is now over, we shall only observe that, during the first ten days, the dresses were black, the five following black and grey, and the remaining five black and white. This interruption to the *eclat* of our summer fashions has made them, now that it is over, more brilliant than ever, as our readers will see by the details we are going to give them.

We have to announce a very visible diminution in the size of hats and bonnets, with the exception, however, of those of Italian straw, which have lost nothing of their enormous size, but this is easily accounted for by the fact of their very high price, which makes the purchasers so tenacious of cutting them, that the brims are frequently plaited up at the back to avoid it, the crowns are always very low. The trimmings of these hats vary, but feathers are, upon the whole, most generally adopted; they are either white or else white shaded with green or blue, the latter is of a new and very pretty shade, called, in compliment to the young Duchess of Orleans, *bleu Helene*. Rice straw hats, though decidedly smaller, have not altered in their form. Those *à la Pamela* are most in request. Some are trimmed with feathers, but flowers are more generally adopted; moss roses, strawberry blossoms, and rhododendron are among the favourite flowers; a *liseré* of a corresponding colour generally ornaments the brim. In some instances branches of fruit, with its blossoms and foliage, are used to adorn these hats We may cite, among the prettiest of them, one ornamented with a beautiful branch of strawberries with its blossoms and fruit.

Drawn bonnets have lost something of their vogue, that is silk ones, for though those of white or blue *pou de soie* are still adopted by many *élégantes*, they are not near so fashionable as those of crape; the majority are white, but we see also a good many of them straw colour, rose, and lilac. These bonnets are either trimmed with a knot of ribbon with long floating ends, or a sprig of flowers such as the acacia, clematis, guildres roses, honey suckle, or jessamine. The in-

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terior of the brim is trimmed next the face with blond lace, with which a few small flowers are tastefully intermingled, and the edge is frequently finished with a *ruche;* this last accessory is not, however, so general as it was only a few days ago, a curtain veil being frequently substituted for it. These veils seem to have again resumed their vogue. In some instances we see a veil of *tulle illusion* thrown carelessly over the bonnet, and, when that is the case, a light *tulle ruche* placed just within the edge of the brim, in the interior, is frequently adopted instead of the one outside.

We may cite, as the most elegant of the new drawn bonnets, one of straw coloured crape, the casings very narrow and put close together. It is trimmed with two straw coloured roses of somewhat a deeper shade than the bonnet, and fringed ribbon striped at the edge, and shaded in the middle; the colour, which is there very deep, fades almost to a white at the sides. Another bonnet, which has also been much admired, is also drawn, but with very little fulness; it is of clear muslin strewed with rose buds and their foliage; the buds are red, the foliage in different shades of green; the embroidery is in the finest cashmere worsted.

The rage for mantelets has not in the least abated. What is extraordinary is, that they are as much in vogue among the highest ranks as with middling people. The most simple as well as the most expensive materials are employed for them, but generally speaking, it is good *ton* to have them of the material of the dress: thus, where the robe is white, which at present is the case with a majority, the mantelet may be made extremely expensive by being trimmed with Brussells or English point lace, surmounted by a rich embroidery in feather stitch, they are mostly, but not always, lined with coloured silk. Notwithstanding the heat of the weather, black ones are still very much in request, we mean those of black mode, or *pou de soie*, but then the value of the lace that trims them marks the rank of the wearer. The most elegant, however, of the black ones are those of black Grenadine silk, netted by hand and trimmed with black net lace made in the same manner; these mantelets are of a large size, rounded behind, and descending in points before.

Silks are, for the moment, but little worn, and *mousseline de laine*, which was last month so much in vogue, is, at pre-

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sent, owing to the great heat of the weather, laid aside. White muslins, both jaconet and clear, are in a majority, but coloured muslins are also fashionable; the patterns are either very large or very small, we have no *juste milieu* for them. We may cite, as the prettiest novelty for morning dress, the *mousselines bazinées*, and striped in colours.

We have little to say with regard to the forms of robes, except that for muslin ones sleeves moderately large are coming again into favour; this is owing to the partiality which the Duchess of Orleans has expressed for them. Those made for silk robes are still tight, but trimmed at the top with three *volans*, or else ornamented with *volans* in the *manchette* stile at the elbow, and sometimes two placed at the upper part of the sleeve, leaving the centre tight. We do not perceive that any change has taken place in *corsages*, except that they are cut lower than they were last month in evening dress. Skirts continue unbecomingly wide, and so long, that they actually trail upon the ground. Flounces are, upon the whole, the trimmings most in request; when they are adopted for muslin dresses, a ribbon is generally run through the hem. One flounce is all that is in general employed for silk robes, and it is frequently puked round the border.

At the balls given at the *Hotel de Ville* and the Opera House, in honour of the Duchess of Orleans, the dresses were distinguished by an elegant simplicity, many were of India muslin of the most exquisite fineness, bordered with *chefs d'or*. Others of *tulle*, or white lace made in the tunic form, looped at the corners by bouquets or knots of ribbon. Some had tight sleeves trimmed with *sabots;* others were formed of a kind of jockey, made of a piece of the material of the robe, doubled and full, from which issued three or four rows of *tulle*, sometimes edged with satin ribbon, or lace, or blond quilled very full, which formed a sleeve of considerable volume.

The head-dresses were generally of hair ornamented with flowers, which were generally disposed in wreaths, but in such a variety of forms as to have an extremely pretty effect. The colours most in request are white, *bleu Helene*, rose, straw, lilac, and some delicate shades of green, but white is decidedly most in request.

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CARDINAL WOLSEY'S COLLEGE.

In Ipswich, on the south-side of the passage leading from St. Nicholas-street to the church-yard, stands the house in which tradition reports that Cardinal Wolsey was born, in 1471. It has been generally believed that his father was a butcher, but there appears no grounds for such a supposition; he rather seems to have descended from a respectable family. Be this as it may, he received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, and at Magdalen-college, Oxford. Having embraced the ecclesiastical profession, he was presented, in 1500, to the rectory of Lymington, by Henry

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Grey, Marquis of Dorset, whose three sons were under his tuition.

Probably through the recommendation of this nobleman, he was sent by Henry VII. on a mission to the Emperor Maximilian, and acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of the king, that, on his return, he was rewarded with the deanery of Lincoln, and a prebend in that cathedral. His introduction to the court of Henry VIII. he owed to Fox, bishop of Winchester, whom he soon supplanted in his master's favor, by which he rapidly rose to the station of sole and absolute minister. He successively became bishop of Tournay, in Flanders, which city the king had just taken, a cardinal, bishop of Winchester, archbishop of York, and lord high chancellor of England. The revenues derived from all his places are said to have equalled those of the sovereign, and he expended them in a manner not less magnificent. Among his retinue, composed of 800 persons, were many gentlemen, knights, and even individuals of noble birth. He built the palace of Hampton Court, and York Place, in London, which afterwards received the name of Whitehall. Naturally ambitious, Wolsey was not satisfied with the honors which he had obtained, but aspired to the papal tiara. Disappointed in his hopes by the Emperor Charles V., who had promised to support him, Wolsey revenged himself by promoting the divorce of his master from Catherine of Arragon, aunt to his imperial majesty. This affair, however, proved the occasion of the cardinal's downfall. The obstacle to the accomplishment of Henry's wishes being too powerful for even Wolsey to remove so speedily as the king desired, he incurred Henry's displeasure, and being at the same time undermined by his enemies, he was suddenly stripped of all his employments, banished from the court, and apprehended for high treason. Having reached Leicester, on his way from Cawood, in Yorkshire, to London, death interposed on the 30th of November, 1530, and saved him from further humiliations.

Wolsey was a zealous promoter of learning, as the foundation of Christ-church College, Oxford, and of his College at Ipswich, sufficiently attest. The latter was situated in the parish of St. Peter, which, as appears from Doomsday book, had large possessions in the time of Edward the Confessor. It was afterwards impropriated to the priory of St.

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Peter and St. Paul, which stood contiguous to the church-yard, and was founded in the reign of Henry II, by Thomas Lacy and Alice his wife, for Black Canons, of the order of St. Augustine. This house was suppressed in 1527, by Cardinal Wolsey, who, willing to bestow some marks of regard on the place of his nativity, as well as desirous of erecting there a lasting monument of his greatness, resolved to build and endow a college and grammar-school, to serve as a nursery for his new college at Oxford. For this purpose, being then in the meridian of his prosperity, he obtained bulls from the pope for the suppression, and letters patent from the king for the site of the estate, of the priory of St. Peter and St. Paul, where, in the twentieth of Henry VIII., he founded a college, dedicated to the honour of the blessed virgin, consisting of a dean, twelve secular canons, eight clerks, and eight choristers, together with a grammar-school; and for its further endowment he procured part of the possessions of ten monasteries. The first stone was laid with great solemnity by the Bishop of Lincoln, on which occasion a grand procession was made through the town from the college to the church of our lady. But this noble foundation was scarcely completed before the cardinal was disgraced.

No part of this college now remains except the gate, which stands adjoining to the east side of St. Peter's church-yard, the rest having been long demolished to the very foundations. About the year 1764 the first stone was found in two pieces, worked up in a common wall in Woulform's-lane, with a Latin inscription to this effect:—"In the year of Christ, 1528, and the twentieth of Henry VIII., King of England, on the fifteenth of June, by John, bishop of Lincoln." This was John Longland, who likewise laid the first stone of Wolsey's college at Oxford.

This gate, with the exception of a square stone tablet, on which are carved the arms of King Henry VIII., is entirely of brick, worked into niches, and decorated according to the fashion of the time. It is supposed to have been the great, or chief, gate; for as the cardinal, by setting the king's arms over a college of his own foundation, meant to flatter that monarch, it is not probable he would put them over any other than the principal entrance. This gate now leads to a private house.

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THE MALEDICTION.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Early in the month of August, a few years ago, I was tempted to take a solitary ramble through a fertile and highly cultivated district in the south-west of Ireland. The early meadows had been mown; the new hay was scattered in small piles over the bosom of its native fields; and young and tender grass began already to shoot up, where but a short time before the scythe had held its devastating course; true emblems, both of the as merciless scythe that passess over, and levels the fair, ripe generations of man, as of the ceaseless uprise of a fresh, but still fated race. On the slope of an opposite hill, some dozen young men and girls were employed in tossing up the new hay, obedient to the threadbare adage, for an unclouded sunshine smiled upon their labours; and I could observe the 'side-long looks' of the lads upon their blooming fellow-servants of the other sex, as they occasionally leant over their wooden rakes, as if to shoot off with more effect a tender word or a brilliant jest: and then came the hearty laugh from all the group, the laugh that has heart, and life, and joy in it, and they resumed their work with redoubled zest and energy.

A striking contrast to this busy scene of young life, and strength, and vivacity, suddenly presented itself. My eye turned, and rested upon a very old man, who, at some paces distant from me, was seated on a large grey stone, his thin white hair at rest in the breezeless morning, his head bare, and his whole clothing of the most ragged order. He had attracted my notice by a feeble and quavering shout that accompanied the noise of a wooden clapper, with which he occasionally scared away the birds from a rich field of corn before him, as he sat, a little below where I stood, on the gentle descent of a shallow valley. Behind him, at the bottom of the little hollow, which formed a good landscape back ground to such a figure, I saw a patch of field, that in the midst of the surrounding verdure and cultivation, was barren and desolate. I thought there might be the old man's dwelling: and, avoiding him in the first instance, I advanced to explore it. It was a plot of about half an acre

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in extent, encompassed by a wall of rough stone, through which, at no point, could I discover an entrance, and which I afterwards learned rather served to exclude from than to enclose the hated ground that, like a spell, it thus surrounded. Within the boundary stood a cottage, or, to use the Irish word, a cabin, of which the walls had partly fallen down; and, inside, the wattles and thatch that formed the roof were fast mouldering away. It struck me, however, as most singular, that I could perceive through the broken walls, pieces of such coarse furniture as usually decorate the interior of a cabin; half buried in the rotten thatch, and themselves participating in the decay of every surrounding thing. There were a few chairs, a deal table, and the wreck of an old bedstead; with the scattered remains of a coarse feast, and a bundle of black gear that might have been used as bed clothes. Against the greenish damp wall also hung part of that finest piece of cabin furniture, a dresser, upon which are ranged the wooden platters and noggins of the poor Irish peasant; or, if the proprietors be considerable folk, the burnished pewter plates, dishes, and other details of simple housewifery. Half of this dresser yet retained its place; but the other half had yielded to the general decay, and lay mouldering on the ground. I wished to enter this rude and wild temple of desolation, but the door and windows were so firmly built up, that the task might not have proved agreeable: and, as I gazed at the neglected spot, it seemed as if no human foot, save mine, had for years entered the enclosure. Lank and untrodden grass, thistles and brambles, luxuriantly rioted on every side, and there was no pathway visible.

I now recollected the old man, and approached to speak to him. He was still seated within my view, near the brow of the valley, and while I remained near the cabin I could observe that his head had been turned towards me, and that he seemed to watch my motions. A few steps brought me to his side; when his voice and clapper were instantly silent, and he returned my gaze with an expression, in his weak, glassy eye, of wonder and anxiety. As I have said, he was in extreme old age; perhaps between eighty and ninety; yet a little colour still tinged his cheeks, which were much sunken in; his jaw was elongated; his hair, eye-

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brows, and beard, were all blanched snow white; and when he spoke his voice sounded querulous and indistinct. I addressed him with the peasant's usual salutation of "God save you;" and after a pause, during which he seemed to gain confidence, he answered with—"God save you kindly, *a vourneen*" "I have been down to the forsaken cabin yonder," I continued; "can you tell me why it is so ruinous and deserted; and why the ground about it remains untilled?" He took off his hat, which during my absence he had worn, devoutly crossed his forehead, and, raising his eyes, seemed absorbed in inward prayer. "The Lord be between us an' all harm à vich, an' sure there is enough of that, dear: these many years no liven christin sowl bud yourself has put his foot inside that unlucky place, an' I pray God no evil may come iv id to you, or your's a vich." This gave my curiosity an additional spur: I was in no haste; I had left home with the intention of spending the day as I might, and of taking up my quarters with a friend who lived a few miles distant, in the solitude of the country. So I stretched myself by the old man's side, took out my snuff-box, which I always found a good introduction to familiarity with a peasant, whether he happened to be a snuff-taker or not, and offering it to my neighbour, repeated my request, that he would give some account of the ruined cabin, from which I now expected an abundance of the romantic and the marvellous.

My old companion took the proffered pinch with great *gout*, and at once proceeded in a strain of characteristic garrulity to comply with my request. I cannot pretend to repeat his story precisely in his own words; but the substance I have faithfully retained; with, occasionally, a phrase or sentence for which I may not well venture a translation.

Phelim Walsh was the elder son of a comfortable farmer, but though possessing many personal advantages, his heart, and consequently his habits, were vicious and depraved. His father and mother, being industrious people, had, during the early part of their lives, lived frugally and saved a little money; and, along with Phelim, they had a younger son, who, following the good example of his parents, was honest and laborious, while Phelim became, from his infancy, idle, graceless, and dissipated. His first excesses—the step-

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ping stone to all others—were at the shrine of Bacchus and Venus. With his handsome face and figure, and swaggering address, few of the rustic beauties around him remained proof against the advances of this rural Lothario. "He grew up," said my narrator, "a clane, likely young fellow as ever you set your eyes upon of a summer's day walk: but he'd frighten the douel himself, wid his cursin' and swarin'; an' the day never came that saw him out o' the public-house. Many a handsome colleen he put in the could grave afore her time, or sent out in shame through the wide world, an' among strangers; an' many a father's an' mother's heart broke a cursin' iv him. An' there's a great differ, sure now, between a *boulamskeeoch* that takes a drop o' drink whin he 'earns id, an' goes to work again whin his money is spent, an' such a wan as Phelim, that from Sunday mornin' to Saturday night was never sober: an' moreover that, never put his right or his left leg inside a chapel door from year's end to year's end. Phelim would never lay his hand on the plough; Phelim would never sow nor rape, nor do any thing else; an' yet, for all that, he must have his drink? an' you see, besides the sin an' shame, it was'nt a thing he could honestly expect any how."

To the logic of my old friend, which he made more forcible by laying hold of my arm, and squeezing it proportionately to the size of its climax, I readily assented: but just then the starving crows came cawing about us, alighting one by one among the corn, as if they had awaited the estrangement of our interest from themselves to our story; so that we were obliged to exert our clapper and voices to the utmost, and once more ensure a clear field before we could proceed in the narration.

It was plain that to support his profligate life, Phelim, when he earned nothing himself, must have had recourse to extraordinary means, and he continued to supply himself in money by plundering his father and mother. His brother industriously exerting himself to make up to his parents for the misconduct of Phelim, they naturally loved and cherished him more than their profligate son; and, as naturally, alas! the libertine hated his good brother. In hopes of reformation, the father proposed a match to Phelim, and he was married to the sister of a respectable young man in the

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neighbourhood; his father giving him part of his property, and receiving him and his young wife under the paternal roof; while, at the same time, he got a considerable sum of money with his gentle partner. But nothing could check or change his disorderly habits. His wife's fortune was speedily spent in his old career, and his portion of the farm sold for non-payment of rent, and many heavy debts. It was then that he watched and discovered where the old man kept his little savings, robbed him of them, and plunged deeper than ever in the most abandoned dissipation. Seldom did he sleep at home; in fact, never, but when he lacked means to pass the night under a worse roof; and then he would return to the domestic hearth with that savage, lowering disposition, which a guilty conscience, hardened by habit, never fails to create, and vent his brutal temper on objects he should have loved, venerated, and protected. A strong and athletic fellow, neither father nor brother durst oppose him; "And," said my ancient chronicler, "he would think no more, jewel, of risin' up his curse-o'-God hand against the father that reared him, or the mother that bore him, no, no more nor the brute; an' its not all one between them." As to his poor wife, she was his most immediate victim. Thrice did he commit murder on his own offspring in the womb!

Phelim's continued spoilations on his aged parents at length reduced them, notwithstanding the care and prudence of his brother, to poverty. Acre by acre their valuable farm reverted to the dissatisfied landlord, and money and credit were alike gone. His brother drove the last part of a large stock of sheep and cows to a fair, to satisfy additional claims, and on his return was murdered and rifled of the payment.—"Oh! that frightens you, a cuishla," said the old man, "an its little wonder; my own ould bones shake whin I think of id; they said,—the Lord forgive protect us!—they said, the brother spilt the brother's blood. Myself does'nt know; an' God forgive me if I wrong him, bud"—finishing the sentence in a strange and frightful whisper—"there the corpse was found, stark stiff in the hollow, an' Phelim had his own fling for a month after; an' his brother was buried without a brother at the pall, for sure he passed the day in a public-house hard by."

Left alone in their decrepid age to the mercy of the merci-

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less, the old people, poor and without a blessing in their children, now rapidly approached the grave, to hide in it two broken hearts. One day Phelim had beaten his wife so as to produce a premature and dangerous labour, and then rushed out of the house. His tottering mother followed him, found him in one of his bad haunts, brutally intoxicated, and with scalding tears supplicated him to return. He replied to her ferociously; she used some terms of reproach, and the savage raised his unhallowed arm, and flung her rudely on the earthen floor. The blood rushed from her forehead, and she was swooning away, as the monster, chilled at his own act, would have withdrawn from its sight; when, hearing him move, the old woman sprang upon her knees and seized him by the skirts. It was a gush of blood,—not tears,—that now dimmed her eyes, and ran down the furrows of her cheeks, as with an agonized voice and heart she prayed the vengeance of heaven on the head of her undutiful and brutal son!

"Curses," said my old friend, "don't fall on sticks nor stones, an' the mother's curse goes up afore God himself, an' would split open the rocky mountain. From that day Phelim went by the name of *Mollochth na Vaugh heigh* (the Mother's Curse,) all through the country. But she never after raised her head: in a month she was in the grave, an' her ould man soon followed her." Phelim was now shunned by every one. The old people crossed themselves whenever he appeared; the children were taught to shudder at his name, and would cling to the nurse's breast, or hide themselves in terror as he passed by. He was soon an outcast, without a home or shelter; without a friend, save one. Yet still did one being remain faithful to him; one forgiving and fond bosom yet panted to support and soothe—if he would rest on such a pillow—the aching and branded head of the wicked and forlorn man. This second Cain had, too, his companion and comforter in the wilderness. With many tears and prayers his poor wife prevailed on her brother to build a cabin for, and give a patch of garden-ground to her wretched husband: they were the cabin and field I had just visited. But Phelim seemed now irrevocably hardened in crime, and made no return to the affectionate solicitude of his only associate and fellow sufferer. Sinking into a sullen, and

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almost silent apathy, he beheld her toil unaided at the cultivation of the little garden, whose simple produce was to keep her and her children from starving. To enable himself to gratify in solitude the incurable propensity to intoxication, he became a bailiff; and it soon seemed that the exercise of this low office afforded him a pleasure beyond its pecuniary advantages. He hated mankind; the human race were his foes; and whenever a miserable creditor was to be pursued to the death—whenever a father was to be dragged from an afflicted and helpless family, and the last chair and blanket riven from the devoted victims—Phelim appeared but too mercilessly active in the work of destruction; and his dark eye would flash, his habitually bent brow relax, and his compressed lips quiver in a malignant smile, as the tears and shrieks of women and children rained and rose around him. But in a short time remarkable observations were made by the neighbours. Phelim grew richer than the poor pittance of his degraded occupation could possibly allow; and eventually he became inactive in his capacity, yet still retained very ample means to pursue all his favourite and vicious courses. Nay, he now indulged himself to more extent than ever; leaving his unhappy wife and children completely unassisted, however, and still dependent for subsistence on the potatoe crop of their little garden. People saw and wondered; but none could solve the mystery. Some hinted one thing, some another; and some would whisper dark suggestions, and cross themselves as they did so. It was said that he had found a hidden treasure, a chance superstitiously regarded as very probable by the Irish peasantry; it was said he spent his nights with a formidable gang of robbers, who infested the country; it was said—and those that said it grew pale, and shuddered at their own surmises—that he obtained his riches upon a dreadful stipulation, upon a bond written in his own blood, and now in the keeping of a fearful and merciless creditor. He had been seen, it was avowed, in the shadow of the evening, walking the hollow where his brother was found murdered; and upon the very spot where the corpse had lain, a dark stranger met him, and a terrible bargain was proposed and ratified. I strove—though I own against the influence of the feeling that oppressed yet interested me—to smile at this part of the

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old man's story; but he grew more serious, and perhaps offended at my levity; and therefore, half in curiosity, and half out of respect to the prejudices of his white hairs, I allowed him to conclude without further interruption.

On one stormy evening, in December, while the wind roared, and the rain and sleet pelted around their miserable cabin, Phelim sat amid his wretched family. With a demoniacal scowl, and an alarming ferocity glancing from his eyes, as his head rested on his breast, he muttered to himself in a subdued and hollow tone, something, of which the only audible parts were dreadful imprecations. His countenance showed that he was engaged on a horrid subject; and he remained apparently unconscious of the presence of his family. His wife had collected during the day some dry twigs in the adjacent ditches; and the last handful now expiring on the hearth, emitted a faint glimmer, that more forcibly displayed the misery it could not cheer. Even this shadow of comfort, Phelim, with tyrannic selfishness, appropriated to himself. He sat immediately over it, encompassing the embers with his out-stretched legs. His child, now an only one, a boy of about four years old—had fled on his entrance, and sat crippled up in a corner, chattering with cold and fear; his young eyes fixed in terror on his unnatural father, watching his motions, and starting at the sound of his terrible voice. For, alas! the poor infant had never felt love for that bad parent; for from the dawn of consciousness, tyranny and cruelty had taught it fear only, and not affection. The mother was employed in another part of the cabin, washing the clay from a few potatoes that were to form the supper of her and her helpless little one, for she did not expect that Phelim would share it; better fare awaited him, as usual, she thought, under another roof; and she supposed the storm alone kept him so long at his own hearth. As she performed her household task, the bitter tears fell plentifully. Long habits of endurance had not steeled her heart to the wretchedness of her situation; nor had she been able to drive away the choking recollections of early days of happiness and plenty.

It was amidst the furious howlings of the blast, that a strange voice without called, "Phelim Walsh!" He heard it not. Whatever might have been the subject of his thoughts he seemed absorbed in his own dark reflections. His wife

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approached, and asked, if he had not heard himself called? He made no answer; she repeated the question, and, while speaking, the voice again pronounced his name more loudly, and peremptorily. He started wildly at her second appeal, and—"What is that you say?" he asked, with a shudder, and a convulsion, that proclaimed great inward agony. She again replied that some one had twice called him. This he met by a brutal contradiction, and a tiger-like spring towards his wife. She screamed loudly; and the poor little being, her child, repeated her cries, half rising from its posture of concealment, with an instinctive effort to assist its mother, yet withheld in its place by terror for itself.—"I say, you jade o' hell, no one called me!" roared out the cruel husband, as he rudely clutched her arm, and looked intensely into her face for an answer. At that moment the voice, louder than even the storm that shook the cabin to its foundations, a third time, and as if thunder spake, fearfully syllabled his name. He let his wife go, and stood inert and paralyzed. Almost instantly the dreadful voice rapidly added, "Are you coming, Phelim Walsh!" With eyes set and staring, and horror impressed on every feature, he moved mechanically to the door, hurried through it, and shut it after him; and from that hour no human eye ever beheld him, and no vestige of Phelim Walsh was ever found. His wife and child heard one yell, and then a pause, even of the tempest, and nothing after. Outside the door; indeed, the morning exhibited, over the wet path, confused marks of stamping feet, as if there had been a fearful struggle; and in the hollow where his brother had been murdered, and where Phelim himself had been seen with a mysterious visitant, similar tokens appeared, indicating that there the desperate strife had been resumed.

"His mother's curse fell heavy on him," concluded the old man, "for he was pursued in this life with evil, and he went, body an' soul, to his long reckonin', an' no one he left behind ever dared to say, God be merciful to him! His wife an' child were taken home by her brother, an' the cabin, an' every thing in it, 'an the cursed ground it stood on, were left all alone to themselves. The neighbours keep the dry wall in order about the place; an' none of us pass it by without drawin' the sign of the cross on our foreheads, an' prayin'to be kept out iv the way of temptation for ever an 'ever!"

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ON PASSAIC FALLS.*

BY WASHINGTON IRVING,

AUTHOR OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."

In a wild tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,
Where nature had fashion'd a soft sylvan scene,
The retreat of the ring-dove, the haunt of the deer,
Passaic in silence roll'd gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonish'd the sight,
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight;
There the wild flowret blossom'd, the elm proudly waved,
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that rul'd o'er the thick-tangled wood,
And had fixed in its gloomy recess his abode,
Loved best the rude scene that the whirlwinds deform,
And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm.

All flush'd from the tumult of battle he came,
Where the red-men encounter'd the children of flame,
While the noise of the war-hoop still rung in his ears,
And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he wears.

* The above view of Passaic Falls in North America, is from a drawing by Mr. Doughty, an American artist.

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Oh! deep was the horror, and fierce was the fight,
When the eyes of the red-men were shrouded in night;
When by strangers invaded, by strangers destroy'd,
They ensanguined the fields which their fathers enjoy'd.

Lo! the sons of the forest in terror retire,
Pale savages chase them with thunder and fire:
In vain whirls the war-club, in vain twangs the bow,
By thunder and fire are the warriors laid low.

From defeat and from carnage the fierce spirit came,
His breast was a tumult, his passions were flame,
Despair swells his heart, fury maddens his ire,
And black scowls his brow o'er his eye-balls of fire.

With a glance of disgust he the landscape survey'd,
With its fragrant wild flowrets, its wide-waving shade,
Its rivers meand'ring through margins of green,
Transparent its waters—its surface serene.

He rived the green hills—the wild woods he laid low,
He turn'd the still stream in rough channels to flow.
He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,
And hurl'd down the chasm the thundering wave.

A scene of strange ruin he scatter'd around,
Where cliffs piled on cliffs in wild majesty frown'd—
Where shadows of horror embrown the dark wood,
And the rain-bow and mist mark the turbulent flood.

Countless moons have since roll'd in this long lapse of time,
Cultivation has soften'd those features sublime,
The axe of the white-man enliven'd the shade,
And dispell'd the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

Yet the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,
On rocks rudely torn and groves mounted on high—
Still loves on the cliff 's dizzy border to roam,
Where the torrent leaps headlong embosom'd in foam.

THE FOUR BLESSINGS OF LIFE.

A good temper, a good fortune, a good wife, and a good friend, are four of the choicest blessings of human life.

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THE MAYOR OF GALWAY.

A TALE OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES OF IRISH LIFE."

(Concluded from page 42.)

It happened that about this time one of the most fashionable ladies of Galway gave a fancy ball, at which the mayor and his family promised to attend. The dresses of the younger party were chosen with some care, and all were different. Maria was habited as a shepherdess, and Margaret assumed the more stately and not less becoming garments of an Irish princess. Henry gazed on her as he led her to the ball, and he thought she never looked more lovely; but then she no longer loved him, as he supposed, and his heart maddened at the thought—his blood boiled tumultuously through his veins, and disdaining the society of one who could so grievously wrong him, he abruptly quitted her side, and hid himself amongst the crowd of maskers who were now assembled.

In the course of the night he missed the Irish princess from the ball-room; and he looked in vain for Gomez amongst the dancers. Suspecting that they had retired in company to the garden, he drew a mantle about him and descended a flight of steps that led to a parterre, which communicated with the garden. By the moonlight, which now "silvered o'er the scene," he distinctly saw two figures enter the summer-house, and, drawing near cautiously, he overheard Gomez breathing the most ardent sentiments into the willing ear of the lady at whose feet he was kneeling. Henry's eyes almost started from their sockets, his hand instinctively grasped his sword; and when he had satisfied himself that the fair one wore the dress which Margaret had assumed but a few hours before, his jealous rage overpowered him; he rushed upon his friend, and before any explanation could possibly take place, his sword was stained with Sullivan's heart's blood! The lady gave one deafening scream, and in the sound Henry discovered not the tone of Margaret's voice, but that of his sister, and on turning to look at her, the moon-

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beams revealed to him those features which left no room to doubt that he had done his friend a horrible wrong.

Before he could recover from the stupor into which a sense of his crime, and the conviction of his mistake, had thrown him, the host and his servants had entered the garden. Henry did not seek to avoid discovery; he openly avowed the cruel deed, and from his sister's lips he now learned that she had only just exchanged dresses with Margaret in mere frolic, and that her fair friend had never been the object of Sullivan's attention. She was only the medium through which he had first conveyed his sentiments, and that evening was the first time he had ever unbosomed himself to Maria.

What was now to be done. The inflexible justice of the mayor left no doubt on their minds respecting the course he would undoubtedly pursue, and the only way therefore left was for Henry to fly to the country of the Irish until means were taken to disarm the severity of the law. The young man, with evident reluctance, yielded to this advice; the garden-door was open, he was provided with the watch-word, and half an hour after he had been a murderer saw him a fugitive without the city walls.

When the sad intelligence was conveyed to the mayor, he felt as a father, but he acted as became the chief magistrate of a prosperous town. He commanded the culprit to be brought before him; for he held the scales of life and death in Galway; and when he learned that he had fled, he offered an ample reward for his apprehension. No one, however, thought of earning this money—the young man had won for himself the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and much as they condemned his crime, they were not unwilling to acknowledge that it admitted of many palliations. The impetuosity of his youth; the vehemence of his jealous dislike; and the excitation of the moment, were taken as so many apologies for the rash deed; and although they thought he ought not to go entirely unpunished, they conceived that the blood of his friend, the ruin of his sister's hopes, and his own blasted prospects, were sufficient to make life to him anything but enviable.

In the mean time the wretched fugitive, oppressed with a sense of his crime, had sought an asylum in the country of the O'Flaherty's. The ceanfinny, or head of the tribe, re-

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ceived him at first with the rough courtesies of uncivilized hospitality; but when Henry had detailed the circumstances under which he sought his protection, the look of rude and careless revelry, which sat habitually on his furrowed countenance, gave place to indications of fierce passions, as if some dark purpose had cast its shadow on his mind. He seemed, for some minutes, lost in thought, and on recovering from his reverie, he grasped Henry by the hand, and whilst his eyes looked as if they could penetrate his very soul, he held him at the full length of his brawny arm.—"Young man," said he, in a tone of deep solemnity, "I had a son, on whose manly brow was stamped the maturity of just twenty summers. He was about your size but more compact—more Irish. These eyes beheld him with a father's fondness; and this old heart rejoiced in his presence; because he was the pride of all our race: he longed to make the deeds of other men his own; he shamed our bravest kerns where danger tempted; and he was wise beyond the sagarth's* wisdom. At the social board he drained the bowl without feeling its effects, and the fairest of Ireland's daughters essayed to look most lovely in his eyes. Such, Sassanach, was my boy. One morning, tempted by Saxon promises, he entered your city—a purse-proud chapman provoked his wrath, and the wretch fell beneath his hand. He was seized—tried—condemned. One they call a justice—a mayor—your father," he continued in great agitation, "signed his death warrant—and doomed the pride of his race to die a felon's death—to swing, a thing of scorn, upon your gallows-tree, and feast with his delicate flesh the ravenous fowls of air. Oh! God, that I lived to see that day! Where," he exclaimed abruptly, letting go Henry's hand, and pacing up and down, "where O'Flaherty's were your good swords then? A blight had fallen upon our arms—the tribe shrunk from your ramparts—a coward's subterfuge—and I alone entered your city. I sought your chief brehon—he looked humane—his eye appeared as if it held communication with his heart—seemed to melt in pity when his bosom throbbed at the calls of humanity, but I was mistaken—his was the serpent's beauty, but not the lion's magnanimity—he was inflexible. I tempted

* The priest.

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his avarice—your Saxon loves money—offered twenty cumals of cows,* the golden color of our ancestors, but all in vain, he persisted in his judgment. I then promised to swear an alliance with your hated race, but my friendship he scorned, and it was not till then that I—oh, sad disgrace! humbled myself at his feet. I besought his pity, thought to move him by a father's tears—I clasped his knees, I kissed the dust he stood on, but all in vain. He merely said, the calls of justice must be obeyed.

"I started to my feet, I breathed a curse upon his race, regained my hills, obtested heaven for the means of vengeance—I have it—I'll break his heart as he broke mine—I'll see if he *dare* do justice—and you—you are my victim!" Saying this, he pounced upon Henry with a tiger spring, and almost instantly proceeded to convey the wretched youth back to Galway.

When he arrived at the city gates, he said—"I seek your chief magistrate on an affair of importance," and he was instantly admitted. The mayor was then dispensing justice in the town-hall, and thither the ceanfinny proceeded.—"One," said he, addressing the judge in a tone of irony, "who admires the Brutus-like impartiality of your decisions, claims your interference in a matter of great moment. A stranger has been assassinated, and the assassin is in custody."

"Produce the culprit," said the mayor, and Henry, his hands held by two bare-headed kerns, walked into court. The mayor started; the feelings of the parent for a moment predominated over those of the justice, and it was some minutes before he recovered his wonted composure.—"Saxon justice," said the Irish chieftain, "is, we are told, blind, and incapable of partiality."

"Silence!" said the mayor, "we shall do our duty—let a jury be sworn."

The trial soon proceeded, the evidence was conclusive, and the father was called on to pronounce sentence of death upon an only and beloved son. The people felt for their chief magistrate, and vociferously called out for mercy; but the judge was not to be diverted from his purpose: he would not avail

* A cumal was equal to three cows.

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himself of public opinion to save his child—his character was at stake, and he did his duty; he pronounced the fatal verdict, and the culprit was consigned to his cell.

We shall not obtrude upon the anguish of that moment; the wretched youth knew too well the inflexibility of his father to hope for pardon; but while he was preparing for the awful summons, his townsmen were loud in their petitions for mercy. The mayor, however, was deaf to their entreaties, but when the fatal hour approached he had reason to apprehend an attempt at rescue; and he had the more reason to prepare against a riot when he learned that Margaret had quitted the city, and besought the chivalry of her kindred, the Joyces, to save her lover.

These were circumstances which the father would have availed himself of, had not the character of the judge been implicated. The mayor felt as a parent; but he resolved to act as became his character for impartiality and justice.

Early on the fatal morning the city was thronged with the Joyces, and their presence, for once, excited no feelings of hostility in the people. Once more the mayor was importuned for the pardon of his son; and when he had refused to accede to the popular prayer for mercy, the mob marched *en masse* for the prison. The chief magistrate, alarmed for the ends of justice, entered the gaol by a back entrance, and called upon his son to follow him: the youth, who had made up his mind to die, obeyed the parental mandate; and when the populace entered his cell they found him absent. Their fury now became boundless; they called riotously for the youth, and proceeded to demolish the prison. They had hardly, however, commenced the work of destruction, when to their horror, they saw suspended from an upper window in the mayor's house the fair form of the culprit. The father himself had been the executioner.

The feeling of horror, however, soon gave way to one of admiration. No one doubted the parental kindness, and it was soon evident, that in performing an act of justice the mayor had done the utmost violence to his own heart. He sickened, and a few days saw him borne to the tomb.*

* In Hardiman's admirable History of Galway, a plate of the mayor's house is given. Under the window where the youth was executed, was placed a tablet, on which were engraved a skull and bones. It may still be seen there.

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His daughter and her fair friend could no longer enjoy a world in which their happiness had been so prematurely blasted, and, therefore, hid themselves and their sorrows in a convent.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY G. R. CARTER.

Lovelier than all the dreams that light
The youthful poet's musing eyes,
Is she—her hair shines with the glow
That floats in yonder tranquil skies;
And ringlets hang around her brow
As summer clouds o'er the blue sea,—
Oh, beauteous portrait—from thee beams
The pencil's immortality!

Her hand is on a gentle lyre,
And her sweet lips are warm with song:
I would an angel choir were there,
To waft her mellow voice along!
Tremulous as a timid stream,
Whose waves in sunny silver meet,
Her rich song consecrates the air;
As syren's soft, and not less sweet.

Oh, poesy! thy magic light
With painting's spell is here combined;
And *he*—the sire! hath shown in her
The deathless triumphs of the mind.
Delightful portrait! thou hast all
That genius e'er could give to thee:
Those lips, instinct with love, attest
The pencil's immortality!

Deal.

THE BELOVED.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTSON HAYWARD.

There is a something in that face,
Though what it is I cannot guess:
To me the only charm I trace,
Is undefined loveliness.

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It *is*—but *what* it is, in sooth,
Unskilfully my musings seek;
It hangs not on thy playful mouth,
Nor dimples on thy smiling cheek.

Nor in thine eyes effulgence meek,
The lustre of their lovely hue:
'Tis what I *feel*, but cannot speak,
Nor ever till I saw *thee* knew!

Oh! I could gaze for ever, blest,—
(Priz'd as thou art and dear to me,)
On that sweet glance delighted rest,
And idolize its witchery.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

Peter Heylin, in his *Cosmographie*, printed in the year 1652, gave the following picture of the women of England:—The women here are generally more handsome than in other places, sufficiently endowed with natural beauties, without the addition of adulterate sophistications. In an absolute woman, say the Italians, are required the parts of a Dutch woman, from the girdle downwards; of a French woman, from the girdle to the shoulders: over which must be placed an English face. As their beauties, so also their prerogatives are greater than any nation; neither so servilely submissive as the French, nor so jealously guarded as the Italian: but keeping so true a decorum, that as England is termed the purgatory of servants, and the hell of horses, so is it acknowledged the paradise of women. And it is a common by-word amongst the Italians, that if there were a bridge built across the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would run into England. For here they have the upper hand in the streets, the upper place at the table, the thirds of their husband's estates, and their equal share of all lands; privileges with which other women are not acquainted. In high esteem, in former times, amongst foreign nations, for the modesty and gravity of their conversation; but of late so much addicted to the light garb of the French that they have lost much of their ancient honour and reputation amongst knowing and more sober men of foreign countries who before admired them.

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THE BRIDAL OF BUONDELMONTE.

A TALE OF FLORENCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARP OF INNISFAIL."

In all the sunny Italy, and it is indeed the land of sun and beauty, what maid was fairer, or who of more voluptuous loveliness—with eyes that it were love to look upon, and cheeks whose blush was deeper and more radiant than the fairest rose of Cathay—than Laura Amadei? The perfection of eighteen summers had but lighted her into womanhood, and the happy smile of innocence was yet upon her lip in all its original playfulness. Her youth had been watched over by the solicitude of an anxious mother, and as she blossomed into maturity, she preserved all the freshness of unaffected infancy, flinging additional charms round the many others which adorned her. Had she walked among the palaces or gardens of Florence, many of its proud sons willingly would have made sacrifice of their heart, in testimony of her empire; but while growing up in seclusion with her parent, there was little opportunity of playing the victorious part for which she seemed destined. However, although Signora Amadei was thus watchful in the education of her daughter, her solicitude did not proceed from any desire to give her a disrelish for the world, nor from any inclination to dispose her to seek the solitude of the cloister. Although it was her wish to secure her heart from the dangers which a promiscuous intercourse with the gay young cavaliers of Firenza might produce, yet she did not seek to render it callous to the delightful influence of the softer passion, when it should be properly bestowed; and, accordingly all the adventitious assistance of art was drawn upon to enhance the beauties of her person by the accomplishments of her mind. When, considering the proneness of the human heart to love, I have sometimes been astonished at the readiness with which it bestows its best and purest affections. The first feeling of many is that of love; and there are few, who, before they enter upon the list of manhood, have not known some one object, whom they hung upon with all the rapture and intensity of first love, and whom they think that they shall ever love thus singly and fondly. But, however strong the passion may

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exist in the breast of man, it is in the female world that we discern its action to be most incessant and violent. Most females are vain, and there are not many, who,

when, lingering, they take
A last look of their mirror at night ere they go,

do not well appreciate the potency of the charms with which nature may have blessed them. It is not difficult, then, to win the female heart; "a little wooing, and they are won;" you dangle by their side for a few days; you whisper to them compliments on their beauty; you dance with them two or three quadrilles; you attend them on two or three riding excursions; and, in most instances, their heart is yours, if you take the trouble to demand it. If you are a poet, and that a little merit has been attached to your verses, their vanity will considerably assist your progress; and if you be the heir to a large estate, you have still an ally more potent even than poesy herself. I have seen the world, and I have mingled with all classes of its societies, and I have never known a young and beautiful girl, whose heart was not open to the softest impressions, whose imagination did not dream of love, and who did not cherish the poet's song, in proportion as it was more glowing and voluptuous. Many will love because their affections have twined themselves round some bright and admiring being; and if disappointment comes upon them, they will pine, and wither, and die, of their own too pure affection; and there are others who will yield up their hearts because it seemeth good that they should; and if their prospects should be darkened, philosophy will step in and be a prop to support them resignedly through the trial. But of none of these species was Laura Amadei; she was all beautiful and warm, the ardent child of an Italian clime, with all its perfections without any of its stains. As I have said, she had not yet been taught to love, for the signora, destining her to be the bride of Buondelmonte, had preserved her heart, as yet, virginal and pure.

Buondelmonte stood among the highest of the Florentine nobility. He inherited the ancestral virtues of a long line of princely progenitors, his valour was without stain, and his knightly mien and eloquent eye were adequate to captivate the heart of any willing maid.

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He was enjoying the festivities of the carnival when the long dark lashes of Leonora Uberti attracted his notice. She was the daughter of a princely house, and as her beauty was not inferior to her dignity, Buondelmonte was soon a sighing suitor at her feet. He would take his guitar, and stand beneath the viranda of her windows, for hour after hour, with the clear, cold moon shining down upon him, and singing some ditty of love, perhaps something like the following:—

"Come down—come down from your lattice high,
For the moon rides fair through the summer sky,
The breeze is mute, and the lake is bright,
And hearts are awake that love the night.

"Like thee—like thee the night is fair,
Then come, to the bower of love repair:
I have built a shrine in its leafy core,
Where thou'lt be the goddess, and I'll adore;"

or else he would wander among the glories of Florence, and Leonora would be the theme of his meditations. In consequence of some domestic arrangements, the nuptial day had been deferred longer than a lover's impatience would desire; and, in the mean time, from the intensity of his first idolizing passion, his affection cooled into a more rational feeling.

While these events were taking place, the Signora Amadei was informed that her tardiness in engaging the heart of Buondelmonte had allowed the daughter of Uberti to anticipate her. Her purpose, however, was not to be thus baffled; and resolved on hazarding its success on one bold manœuvre, she determined on laying aside her womanly modesty, and, in person, disclose to Buondelmonte her intentions. But fortune was more her friend than she could have hoped, and circumstances brought about the accomplishment of her project, in a manner different from what she had expected.

Evening had descended upon the earth, and such an evening as Italy alone can know, streaming along the sky in a most glorious harmony of light and shadow, and mellowing the world with its soft and enervating odours. The bridal-day was fixed; the bride panting with virgin timidity, and anxious, yet apprehensive of the dreaded hour, was engaged

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with her tire-women in making the arrangements of dress, necessary for the important occasion; and Buondelmonte, mounted on a superb steed, rode into the country to give a loose to his thoughts, and catch a breath of healthy air. The languid glory of the evening seduced him into a longer excursion than personal security rendered safe; and night had already spread its face of shadows over the mountains, when he turned his steed towards the walls of Florence. His ride had been through a country surrounded with hills, and intersected by protruding rocks and deep sunk glens, and as he galloped through long avenues of lofty trees, he was in momentary expectation of being retarded by some of the forest banditti, with which Italy then abounded. However, his fears were not immediately realized, and he had accomplished the greater part of his journey, when, at an angle of the road, which brought him to a defile narrower than those through which he had been passing, his horse rose on his haunches, and three men rushing forward, seized on the bridle and demanded his purse from their prisoner. His horse fretted and chafed; again he reared, and again he flung his fore-feet against those who retained him. Buondelmonte's drawn sword assisted the exertions of his steed, and one of his captors lying at his feet, the noble animal, in foam and speed, bore his rider from the remaining two, not, however, until the poniard of one of them had inflicted a severe wound on his side. For some time he was able to keep his seat; but loss of blood, and fatigue, finally overpowering him, he fell faint and insensible from his saddle.

Memory retained no recollection of what followed; but when he next opened his eyes, he found himself in a strange room, with strange faces about him. There was an indistinct and sickly light struggling through the closed shutters, a quiet footstep stealing over the carpeted apartment, and an occasional hum of the most silvery voices muttering through the silence. He opened his eyes, and the swimming of brain with which his last recollections had been accompanied, came across him: he opened his eyes again, and on turning them abroad, they looked into those of a young, sylph-like female, most surpassingly fair, who stood above him, as if watching his slumbers with sisterly solicitude. The lovely nurse started on seeing him awake, but stopped for a moment to

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ascertain the fact, and gaze upon his living countenance, which, of course, gave either an opportunity of examining the other; and, as Lord Byron observes,

> When two such faces are so, 'twould be wise,
> But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

"He wakes, mi madre!" whispered his guardian, and, in an instant, a matronly woman stood beside him, whom Buondelmonte recognised to be his acqaintance, the Signora Amadei. Warm greeting passed between them, when he was informed that some contadini passing through the forest on the preceding evening, found a gentleman stretched by a pawing steed, richly habited, and faint, and cold, and stiff, through exhaustion and loss of blood. They immediately came to the dwelling of the signora, which was not far distant from the spot, whither, at her orders, they brought the unfortunate gentleman, who was then discovered to be Messer Buondelmonte, A physician was called to examine his wounds; who, although he pronounced them to be not immediately dangerous, said that removal in his present state would be highly injurious. Accordingly our knight found himself obliged to be comfortable in his present abode; and while the care of Laura smoothed the thorns on his pillow, he felt no uneasiness as to the slowness with which his convalescence was effected. In the smiles of Laura he forgot those of Leonora; and while gazing on her bewildering face he ceased to remember that he had ever loved another. Laura was so pure and ethereal in all her feelings and movements, and so much of a spiritualized character, seemed to enter into the very expression of her countenance, and to make part of all her actions, that transition from the worship of any other creature unto her, seemed a right that could not be withheld.

Sickness had already passed from his frame; his brow again brightened to the hue of health, and he was beginning to talk of returning to fulfil the obligations which his accident had retarded, when Signora Amadei informed him that she had once hoped her daughter should be the bride of Buondelmonte, but that his determination would, of course, present a barrier to her fondest wishes. "What!" said Buondelmonte, on hearing the intelligence, "could it be pos-

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sible that I should reject the proffered love of one so fair? since you have reserved her for me, she must be mine: it would be ingratitude to say her nay." Poichê voi me l'avete serbata, io sarei uno ingrato, sendo ancora a tempo, a rifiutarla. Unmindful of the vows he had plighted to the daughter of Uberti, and regardless of the consequences which would wait on such a violation of faith, he prepared to espouse Laura Amadei.

The day that was to witness his perfidy arrived; but it was not to be supposed that the insulted family of Uberti could readily stifle the feelings which this indignity had aroused within them. There are few insults that men are less disposed to forgive than that conveyed in the wanton outrage of feeling, which such a disregard to honourable promises must produce in the female bosom; and as there is no principle which can authorise a man to play with the affections of any woman, so much the more justified is the vengeance that would punish such cruelty. And fully did the Uberti participate in these sentiments. However, they concealed their purpose until it could fall with greater weight; and, accordingly, Buondelmonte proceeded in his preparations for his marriage solemnity, without any apprehension as to the fate that was ordained for him.

Merry was the peal of the marriage bell, and light was the heart of the thoughtless bridegroom as he led the destined partner of his happiness to the foot of the high altar, in the cathedral church at Florence. The priest was standing, robed and stoled at the foot of the sanctuary; he held his book in his hand, and ready to commence the awful ceremony, he knelt before the tabernacles to offer up a preparatory prayer. In the mean time the bridal procession had entered the aisles, and in a few minutes the youthful pair were at the holy father's feet. It must be an odd moment, when a brave and noble youth, and a tender and gentle girl, kneel before the minister of God, and, at his sacred commands, unite their fates indissolubly together. What strange sensations must arise, and how the one must blush and tremble, and the other look foolish and not know what to say. But, as I have never experienced either of the sensations, I cannot enter into their explanation. Reader! canst thou? Buondelmonte and Laura Amadei were bent to receive the sanction

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and blessing of Heaven on their lives—the mystic words were being breathed from the sacerdotal lips, and already the rite was completed, when the rushing of many voices swept along the aisles, swords flashed. and a band of armed men, with Stiatta Uberti at their head, interrupted the priest in his function.

"Villain!" cried Uberti, and the vaults around echoed to the name, "thinkest thou to escape me and the merited chastisement of thy perfidy?"

But before Buondelmonte could essay a reply, the sword was reeking in his breast, and he lay a horrid, bleeding corse at the feet of his unoffending bride. Their deed was done, and the murderers issued from the church with the same rapidity with which they had entered. Laura bent over her all but husband; she called on him to answer her, but he could not, and after folding him to her bosom, she sunk by his side to share his couch in the grave, since it was prohibited her on earth. The blood of her guilty lover was no atonement to the lacerated affections of Leonora Uberti; she was rather of Baba's opinion, when addressing the sultana on the propriety of putting the erring Don Juan to death, he says,—

> Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,
> That killing him is not the way to cure you:

and although his assassination might have gratified the revenge of her kindred, it did little to appease the sorrowings or solace the loneliness of her own heart. The cells of a convent, "where pensive meditation dwells," received her into their seclusion; and history recordeth not how long she survived to weep the "Bridal of Buondelmonte."

Although events thus terminated, as regarded the principal personages of my tale, we learn that the evil consequences of this affray were of much longer continuance. The feud of a family communicated itself to the state, and Florence became the theatre of a long and harrassing civil war. The circumstance forms an incident in Florentine history; and is mentioned by Machiavelli in his "Istorie Florentine."

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I SAW THEE COLD—I SAW THEE DEAD.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

I saw thee cold—I saw thee dead,
And o'er thy senseless clay I wept;
Feelings I thought long since had fled,
Burst from the cells where they had slept:
The thoughts of days gone by, came o'er
Thy troubl'd soul, and from its core
Full many a tear was shed.
I well might weep—for there went one
My spirit loved to think upon.

What madness laid my spirit low
At that most saddening sight,
I know not now, nor care to know,
If sunk my reason's light,
I only think on one who left
My heart of hope and joy bereft,
And gave existence blight.
I only think on her, who, gone,
Hath left me joyless and alone.

Alone!—yes, in the haunts of men,
And in the banquet's mirth,
My thoughts revolve in their dark den,
And mourn thy perish'd worth.
Alone—in crowds, in mirth, and glee,
Oh! dearest shade I think of thee,
Too fair to cling to earth:
And if thy spirit from its sphere
Looks down on earth, still loves me here.

For of thy haunts I've made my home,
And there I think of thee—
In the vain hope that thou may'st come
And wave thy wings o'er me.
Spirit or shade—whate'er thou art,
Thou rulest the empire of this heart
In its full sovereignty;
And oft I think thou hoverest round
Thy green and lowly burial ground.

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For o'er thy grave no pillar stone
Its solemn grandeur rears,
And there I nightly pour alone
The grief that lasts for years.
No trees around their shadows spread;
One wilding rose is by thy head,—
'Tis watered by my tears,
When other flowers have lost their bloom,
That sheds its fragrance o'er thy tomb.

Sometimes I rush into the crowd,
Where thou wert used to shine,
And still they hymn thy name aloud,
And tell thy worth divine.
And then, in all softened mood,
I hurry to my solitude,
And of that worth feel proud;
But tears flow fast whene'er my heart
Thinks what thou *wert*, and what thou *art!*

They idly flow, for thou art now
Free from all pains of life:
Unclouded is thy sunny brow,
And still'd thy passion's strife.
Whilst I, chained to this mortal coil,
Beset by many a hidden toil,
Before His might must bow,
Bending beneath his chastening rod,
Nor dare presume to judge my God.

CONNUBIAL LOVE.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

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LONDON WALKING DRESS.



LONDON EVENING DRESS.

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STANZAS TO MARY.

My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burden thine. *P. B. Shelley.*

Thou need'st not doubt me blessed one,
Nor fear my love's decay,
To well I prize the star I've won
Ever to shun its ray.

Elsewhere the world is all of gloom,
Weariness and despair,
Only existence I resume
Where *thou* art—only there.

Cease to adore thee Mary mine,
'Tis "a lost fear" indeed,
My heart is vowed to one bright shrine
Whence it never may recede.

Isle of Wight.

PHILOSOPHICAL EPIGRAM.

Says the Earth to the Moon, "You're a pilfering jade;
What you steal from the Sun is beyond all belief!"
Fair Cynthia replies, "Madam Earth, hold your prate;
The *receiver* is always as bad as the thief."

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

WALKING DRESS.—Pelisse of one of the new summer silks, a white ground striped with blue; it is fastened down the front by rosettes of blue ribbons, and the sides and border trimmed in the tunic style, with a double bias band of the same material. A tight high *corsage*, partially covered by a *fichu à la paysanne*. The sleeves made to fit the arm, are trimmed at the upper part with three flounces. Victoria bonnet of pink *pou de Soie*; the edge of the brim is finished by a *tulle ruche*, and the interior trimmed in the cap stile, with blond lace. Pink ribbons, and a bouquet of roses, with their foliage, adorns the crown.

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EVENING DRESS.—Organdy robe, over white *pou de Soie*, the *corsage* is made low, pointed at bottom, and tight to the shape; the top is trimmed with a round lappel, finished by a *ruche*. Short tight sleeves terminated by *ruches*. The skirt is encircled by a single flounce, finished round the border by a *biais* of *pou de Soie*; it ascends a little in the drapery stile on one side, and terminates in a point to which a sprig of exotics is attached. A second sprig is placed considerably higher up—*Coiffure à la Vierge*. The front hair is disposed in bands, and the hind is open bows, which are placed low and far back. A wreath of flowers encircles the bows, and a few sprigs issue from them. A fancy jewellery *ferronière* completes the *coiffeur*. Necklace and bracelets fancy jewellery.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

Simplicity is the order of the day: our *élégantes*, weary of splendour, seek new attractions in a light and elegant *negligé*, but our fair readers must not imagine that this *negligé*, so simple in appearance, is not of a costly kind: on the contrary, it is very much so, as we shall convince them by an enumeration of the elegant novelties now preparing for our fashionable watering-places.

We may cite, as the most decidedly fashionable hats, those of the shepherdess form, they are of fine Italian straw, of the same shape as they are sent over, that is with low crowns and immense large round brims; the interior of the brim is trimmed just over the forehead with a small wreath of flowers; the *brides* are passed under the brim, so as to leave it standing quite out from the face, and descending very low upon the back of the neck, so as to cover a great part of it. The crowns are always trimmed with flowers, honeysuckles, fruit blossoms of various kinds, heath blossoms, and several other sorts of wild flowers, are all in request. Some are disposed in wreaths, from one side of which a *gerbe* falls upon the brim. Others are arranged in bouquets, which also droop upon the brim; the ribbons employed are always of a very rich kind. The hat is placed very far back upon the head, and the *brides* may be either tied under the chin, or left floating over the neck, at the pleasure of the wearer.

Drawn bonnets retain their vogue, that is to say those of

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the transparent kind; for at present we see scarcely any others in half dress. They are made either in crape or *tulle*, with a *ruche* at the edge of the brim, and a bouquet of field flowers placed on one side of the crown, in such a manner that it droops upon the brim. The ribbons employed for these bonnets are always white, the centre plain, but the border figured, and some finished by a very rich fringe. We have seen also some *tulle* bonnets with the edge of the brim finished by a certain veil instead of a *ruche*. Some were lined with pink gauze, others had the casings drawn by pink ribbons.

Mantelets are for the moment laid aside, particularly those of black *pou de Soie*, they are succeeded by *mantillons*, which are only a smaller kind of mantelet: these are made of either black or white lace, or muslin, if the latter is employed it is richly embroidered and trimmed with lace. *Fichus à la paysanne* of the material of the dress are also in considerable vogue, and, as white muslin dresses are very fashionable, these *fichus* from their expensive embroidery, and the lace that trims them are frequently very costly.

Clear printed muslins, foulards, and *cachemiriennes d'été*, are all in favour for morning-dress, and are sometimes adopted in *demi toilette*. The grounds are always white, and the patterns to be fashionable must be simple, and not shewy; thus what is termed a shower of hail, dead stripes, or a ground figured in very small patterns, are the only ones fashionable for plain morning dress. Bouquets and stripes are both adopted in half dress; the former are very light, of delicate colours, and at considerable distances from each other. The prettiest novelty among the stripes is an organdy, a white ground with a dead white stripe, with the narrowest possible sky-blue cord at each edge. Simple as this pattern appears in description, the effect is strikingly pretty and original. We have seen several *peignoirs*, trimmed with lace, composed of this material, and also some half dress robes trimmed with flounces.

We have, at present, no decided change to announce in the form of robes, but a great deal is talked of; skirts, it is now positively said, will be considerably reduced in width in the ensuing season; it is indeed time that they were, for the manner in which they are at present trimmed, added to their

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preposterous width, renders them excessively ungraceful. We have seen some finished with a single flounce of more than a quarter of a yard deep, and set on very full; and others trimmed with three flounces which reached above the knee. Nothing can be more ungraceful than this stile of trimming, which however, at this moment, is the most fashionable for robes. The pelisse and the *peignoirs* form are in favour, both in morning and half dress. Tight sleeves are expected to go entirely out of fashion, and this seems highly probable, since their number diminishes daily; indeed none are now made absolutely tight, for all have the upper part of the arm rendered full by some kind or other of trimming; a good many are made moderately full, from a little below the shoulder to the wrist, the fulness being surmounted at the top by one or two *bouillons*, but the most decided novelty of the month, if that can be called a novelty, which in fact is only a variation, is a new kind of *manche à volans*, the flounces being set on below the shoulder fall very deep upon the arm in forming a *sabot;* that is to say, they are much longer before than behind. Fashionable colours are the light shades of rose, blue and yellow, lilac, apple, and emerald green, *pousiere*, and some neutral tints.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

Evening Dress.—Dove coloured *tulle* robe over a satin under-dress to correspond; the *corsage* is made tight to the shape, pointed at bottom, and low and square at the top, which is trimmed with a wreath composed of red and purple grapes with their foliage. Short sleeves, tight at the top, but finished by a double *bouillon* of a new shape, which is formed by a wreath *en suite*. The skirt is looped on each side of the front by a full *gerbe* of grape with their foliage. The hair dressed low at the back of the head, and in full ringlets at the sides, is ornamented with a *quierland chaperon* composed of grapes, vine leaves, and gold beads.

Dinner Dress.—Pink figured *gros de Naples* robe, the border is trimmed with a flounce which is arranged in a succession of draperies by loops of ribbon of a brighter hue, it is headed by a rouleau of ribbon ornamented with a knot and ends on one side. The *corsage* tight to the shape, and

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PARIS DINNER DRESS.

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pointed, is half high, and finished by a knot of ribbon at the point. The sleeves are tight at the lower part, and double bouffanted at the upper. Two rows of English point lace disposed in the double pelerine stile, with a knot of ribbon in the centre, and bands and bows which form the *bouffants*, complete the trimming. Drawn bonnet of white crape, placed very far back upon the head, the interior of the brim trimmed next the face with flowers, and the edge finished by a *ruche;* the crown round and not drawn, is decorated by a *ruche* from which a *gerbe* of flowers falls upon the brim.

Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

Although Paris is at present a desert, it is from thence that Fashion issues her Ordinances, for it is from thence that all the fair wanderers to the warm and cold springs of Germany, and the *bains de Mer* of France are supplied with the elegant toilettes which we are going to describe.

Sewed straw hats, of extreme finess, are worn in morning and even in half-dress dress; some are trimmed with flowers, but it is considered more *distingué* to have them ornamented only with a knot of ribbon placed quite on one side, and with the ends hanging on the shoulder. Rice straw hats have the crowns trimmed with white curled ostrich feathers, and the interior of the brims with flowers. Italian straw hats are very frequently ornamented with false birds-of-paradise; they are of the natural colours, and also some of fancy hues, and a good many that are all either green or yellow. Although they are in great vogue at this moment, they will not continue so for any length of time. Drawn bonnets of organdy increase in favour; the knots of ribbon that trim them are all made with long floating ends. A good many have the edge of the brim trimmed with *tulle ruches*, and all have the interior of it adorned with flowers. Indeed we must observe that neither hats nor bonnets are now trimmed either with blond or *tulle* inside of the brim, flowers being substituted for both; they are disposed so as to suit the stile in which the hair is arranged, where that is in bands, the flowers form a wreath, but if it is ringlets, they are *en gerbe*, so as to droop upon the curls. But, to return to the outsides of bonnets, a considerable number are trimmed with flowers, but some of the most novel, and in our opinion of the

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prettiest also, have the entire trimming composed of bands of the material of the bonnet, that is of organdy, embroidered in a small pattern at the edge, and finished with a narrow lace.

Muslin, either India, jaconet, or clear, is the only material adopted for robes at this moment. Several of those in half dress are made in what may be called the *demi fantaisie* stile; a low *corsage* finished either with a round lappet, or one of the shawl form, which is embroidered, and trimmed with lace. The trimming is continued in the same stile down the fronts and round the border. The sleeves are long, and a good many are made full from the shoulder to the wrist, but moderately so, and with a *mancheron* of the bell form, finished by lace and embroidery; this is an extremely graceful stile of robe.

Neck ribbons in half dress are now worn plaided, the ends pass under the ceinture, and have attached to them a smelling bottle, a seal, or any other *bijou* that the wearer may fancy; three or four runners, either of gold or precious stones, confines the ribbon at equal distances from the neck to the waist. The pretty little turned up hats of rice straw, which we have already cited in evening dress, continue their vogue; they are decorated either with a bird-of-paradise, a willow feather, or a long white curled ostrich one. If a good many feathers are employed, it is then considered a fancy *coiffure*, one of the prettiest of these is a *chapeau à la Dubarry*, ornamented with five *têtes de plumes panachées*, which form a bouquet on the crown.

Bracelets are coming very much into favour; two pairs may be worn even in *negligé*, but they must be narrow. Several rows of gold chain has a pretty effect. We see also gold chains and gold beads very frequently employed for head-dresses of hair. The former is much in request for *ferronières*, the latter is principally employed for *coiffures chaperons*, in which the hair is disposed in long tirebouchons, that hang low at the sides, and the beads droop in loops among the ringlets. The summit of the head is encircled with a wreath of flowers, fruit blossoms, or sometimes grapes and vine leaves. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, but white predominates.

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SHAW HOUSE.

This mansion, which is situated near Newbury, in Berkshire, owes its celebrity to having been the head-quarters of the unfortunate Charles I., after the memorable battle of Newbury, which was fought in the year 1644. The king having detached three regiments of horse to the relief of Banbury castle, which was then besieged, was on his way to Oxford, when he was met near Newbury by the forces of the parliament, and compelled to fight with his army weakened as it was by its late disasters. The king fortified himself as well as he could at Newbury, and placed his foot in the entrenchments, whilst the horse were posted in two adjoining fields, and for some days there were frequent skirmishes between the two armies. At length, on Sunday, the 27th of October, the parliament generals having divided their forces into two bodies, attacked the king's entrenchments at two several places. The fight, which began at three or four o'clock in the afternoon, held till night, and was extremely sharp, each party repulsing the other by turns. On the approach of night the assailants forced part of the entrenchments, and took several pieces of ordnance.

A variety of evidences yet remain at Shaw House of the execution done by the conflicting parties. In an old oak wainscot of a bow window in the library is a hole, about the

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height of a man's head. This aperture, according to tradition, was made by a bullet fired at the king, as he was dressing at the window, by a musketeer of the parliament army. The shot narrowly missed him, and the wainscot is carefully preserved in memory of the transaction; a basket of ball is likewise shown which was gathered about the premises.

Shaw House was built by an eminent clothier, named Dolman, about the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; it is a large edifice, built principally of brick. Mr. Dolman being sufficiently enriched by his business, erected this mansion, intending to pass his remaining days here in ease and retirement; having withdrawn his capital from mercantile pursuits, those who had been benefitted by his former speculations followed him into his retirement with many sarcasms; and it has been observed that the many Latin and Greek sentences inscribed upon different parts of the house show that he was well acquainted with the opinions of his neighbours, the remembrance of whose illiberality has been preserved to this day by the following grotesque distich:—

Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners!
Thomas Dolman has built a new house, and turn'd away his spinners.

BALLAD STANZAS.

BY J. M. LACEY.

Ask where bliss may be found? and the youth will reply,
"On the bosom of pleasure bliss surely reposes;"
But, alas! he will find pain to pleasure is nigh,
And that Care's sharpest thorns are strew'd thick on her roses!

Ask the man who is tir'd both of life and its joys,
Where Bliss, angel-featur'd, has taken her dwelling?
With a frown he will say, "Blisses all are vain toys;"
But Misanthropy's murmurs prompt all he is telling.

Yet ask it of him, who, with competence crown'd,
Hails Content his companion,—and this his plain diction,
"In this cottage of comfort that bliss will be found,
Over whom vicious pleasures have plac'd a restriction.

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For, reclin'd on the bosom of her I adore—
Of her who has vow'd to share pleasure or sorrow,
I sink to soft rest, nor attend to the roar
Of the wind that will wake us to joy on the morrow.

Oft a friend shares my meal, whose affection is pure,
And we sit 'neath the woodbine that creeps round my bow'r;
With no anguish to grieve, no false hopes to allure,
Peace sits at our board, and bliss shares the bright hour.

Then to me 'tis indifferent how the world goes,—
I hate all its noise, its deceit, and its trouble;
For ambition leads man to the worst of all woes,
And too late he discovers that fame is a bubble."

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

It was early in the last century, on the eve of an Allhallows Day, that a set of riotous young men, the greater part of whom were students of the university of Göttingen, were seated round the table of a public tavern near the college. The bottles had circulated so rapidly that many of the boon companions were lying beneath the table, joining in the revels only by an occasional half-uttered imprecation or a loud snore. By slow degrees the party dwindled away, and there were but two left whose brains had resisted the stupifying effect of their debauch. One of them was Leopold Von Desterreich, a student; the other was a captain in a regiment of Jägers, then quartered in the town: his name was Schwartzwald.

In the whole university there was not any young man who kept up the true character of a collegian with a more assiduous perseverance than Leopold Von Desterreich. He was the only son of a too indulgent mother; his follies and faults were not only overlooked, but his purse was so amply supplied that he had the means—and, to persons of his age, the inclination is never wanting—to indulge to the uttermost in all the absurdities of Burschenism, as a college life was then called.

Captain Schwartzwald was a soldier: he had upon many

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occasions shown a great inclination for the company of the students, and was one of the very few persons who, without being of their fraternity, were allowed to join their revels.

He was a profligate daring person, with a most forbidding countenance. His conversation was as odious as his manners were disagreeable. A professed free-thinker in matters of religion—by turns a bully and a sycophant, but always ready to back his opinions and his insolence with his sword—he was feared and hated by most of the Burschen, to whom, however, he contrived, upon many occasions, to make himself useful. His example was infinitely pernicious among young men already too apt to be seduced into wrong; and he was so well known to be a corrupter, that every new-comer to the university was cautioned by the rectors not to associate with him.

Leopold neither feared the captain nor any other person; but he hated him cordially, and to this feeling he added an utter scorn of him, and Leopold was the only man in the university with whom the captain dared not trifle.

The soldier and the student now sat smoking their large pipes, and puffing the dense clouds into each other's faces with a very laudable diligence: the bottle was stationary, and one of those deep pauses prevailed which sometimes ensue after very noisy revels. It was broken by the captain proposing to sally forth in search of adventures.

"Shall we take a walk?" he said. "Shall we storm the governor's house, and run away with his nieces? Shall we break into St. Ursula's convent, where the blue-eyed girl is going to take the veil, and prevent her locking up so much beauty from the world?—any thing that is mad and wicked, and I'm your comrade."

"'Tis All-hallows Eve," said Leopold. "Hark, how the wind blows! the devil and all his imps are riding on the night-blast! Would you walk on such a night?" The captain soon overcame Leopold's scruples, by alarming his pride with some ingeniously placed sarcasms. At length he asked Leopold if he would go with him to the house of the witch Alice, and have their fortunes spelt. Leopold consented; and, quitting the tavern, they sallied forth into the street.

It was now twelve o'clock. The night was totally dark;

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not a star was visible through the thick black clouds which palled the heavens. The wind blew in fierce gusts; and, as it rushed through the ample sky, shrill sounds, which seemed horrible and unnatural, were mingled with its fitful blasts. The old houses shook, the signs creaked in the wind, chimneys were heard to fall into the silent streets, window-shutters flapped, and watch-dogs howled. Nothing could be more gloomy or oppressive to the spirits than this weather; and Leopold, more than once, wished that he had never begun the adventure.

"We shall be sure to find company at the old crone's," said Schwartzwald: "the girl's will be afraid to return home while the wind blows thus."

"A man need have some inducement to go out on such a night," replied Leopold; "I mean something beyond that old woman's juggling. I look for some pretty wenches; and, if I find them, they shall pay for it. I won't take all this trouble for nothing; nay, if I should even find some of those fiends, which, as folks say, visit the old sorceress, provided they come in the shape of young and pretty women, I will boldly make love to them." Leopold said this merely for the sake of saying something, and for keeping up the character of a dare-devil, which he had got.

"Well said, Orlando Innamorato!" replied the soldier; "even such a cold wind as this, I see, cannot cool hot young blood;—but here we are at the gate." He gave the word, which, as an officer of the guard, he was acquainted with; and being, moreover, well known, he and his companion were permitted to pass.

They quitted the town, and struck into a path diverging away from the road, which led them on to a barren heath. A quarter of an hour's rough walking brought them to a low hovel, the lights in which they had seen some time before they reached it. A loud sound of laughter, mingled with screams, was heard, but ceased as the soldier and the student approached. The lights, too, were extinguished; and, by the time the visitors were at the door, all was dark and silent.

"This is odd," said Leopold: "it seems we are just too late; the revelling is finished."

"We shall make them begin again," replied Schwartz-

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wald. "After coming so far, and in such a night, we must enforce old Alice's hospitality."

He knocked sharply at the door with his sabre-hilt, and his dog set up a loud and disagreeable bark.

Immediately afterwards the door was opened, and the withered face of the wretched beldame, who called herself the mistress of the hovel, was seen by the light of a small lamp which she bore.

"How now, mother!" cried Schwartzwald. "Are they robbers or goblins that you fear, since you are so cautious in opening your doors?"

"You are not alone," mumbled the old woman, without replying to the soldier's observations, as she saw the figure of Leopold beyond.

"I am not," replied the captain; "I bring a gentleman to visit you on this auspicious night; he wishes to see some of your ——. But, zounds! why do you keep us standing in the cold here?" he said abruptly, as he pushed into the cottage, and was followed by Leopold.

The place exhibited the most desolate appearance. On the hearth was some scanty embers; on a table near it stood the homely food on which it seemed that the old woman had been regaling when her visitors interrupted her supper. This consisted of some of the coarsest bread of the country, and a raw onion. A starved black cat was lying near the fire, and was not disturbed either by the entrance of the student and the soldier, or by the black dog of the latter, with whom she seemed to be on very good terms.

"Come, mother," said Schwartzwald, "we thought to have found some of the lasses of Göttingen here, who had come to see their future husbands in your famous mirror."

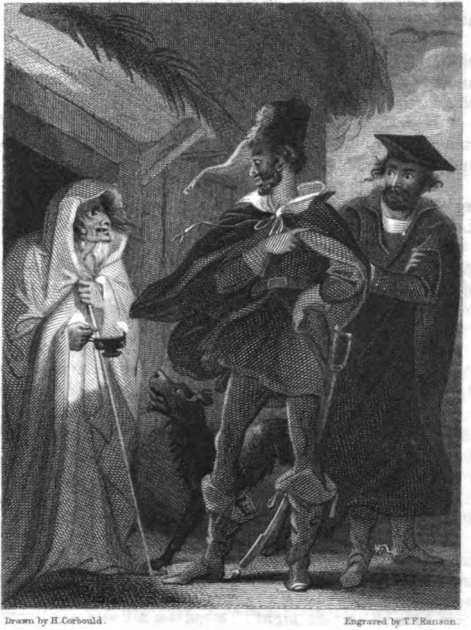
"What! on this night?" cried the old woman.

"Aye! why not?" said Schwartzwald: "when were mad-cap girls to be frightened by bad weather from what they had set their hearts on?"

"There is not a girl in all Göttingen," said Alice, "that would come out to-night, even if she were sure of getting a husband to-morrow by doing so."

"Come, come, my good old dame," said Leopold, "tell us where you have hidden these young ladies. I am sure

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Drawn by H. Corbould. Engraved by T. F. Ranson.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

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that I heard sounds as I came along the heath, which could be no other than female voices. Beseech them to come forth now, my gentle sybil: for, if you don't, I must begin to court you. I am pledged to make love to some one this night."

The old hag grinned, and shook her palsied head, swearing over and over again that there was no female in the house but herself.

"Come, Alice," said Schwartzwald, "let us have a peep into thy mirror."

The hag muttered some unintelligible words between her teeth, but at length yielded to their united importunities; and, still muttering, while her aged frame shook with an increased agitation, she arose, and began to make her preparations for exhibiting the mirror. She first carefully raked up all the embers of the fire into a heap, and covered them with a close vessel, so that the faint light which before streamed from them was now wholly obscured. She next went to a recess in one corner of the room, and, removing a quantity of rags and lumber which stood against the wall, she opened a door, within which was seen a black curtain. She then took Leopold by the arm, and, placing him directly opposite this curtain, she extinguished the lamp, and the room was left in utter darkness.

"Now," mumbled the old crone, "what is it you would see?"

Leopold had, in spite of himself, been in some degree overawed by the hag's manner, and the caution of her preparations. He hesitated as to what he should choose.

"I should like," said Shwartzwald, "to see the place of my burial, as, in all probability, when I visit it for the last time I shall not be able to recognise it."

"Thank you for the hint," said Leopold; "it shall be so: show me my grave."

The curtain was heard to be slowly withdrawn, and Leopold saw a small square mirror before him, which was perfectly distinct, and in which light seemed to be reflected, although there was none in the chamber. He looked again, and the surface appeared to be dulled, as if by some vapour passing before it. This soon cleared away, and he saw

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within the mirror a sight which rivetted his attention. A small square enclosure, surrounded by high walls, and thinly planted with cypress-trees, seemed to lie before him. The walls were like those of a cloister, and were covered with a climbing shrub: the branches of some acacia-trees, loaded with blossoms, hung over; and in that part which was opposite to him, and beyond them, he saw the spires of a building, which seemed to be either a church or a monastical establishment. Looking down, he perceived that the small enclosure was thickly covered with graves, on each of which a small wooden cross had been placed, and flowers thickly planted. One grave was open, as if it had been just dug: he looked upon the wall against which this open grave was made, and he saw upon it a marble tablet, with an inscription. He gazed upon the tablet, and read his own name, "Leopold Von Desterreich," in large and distinct letters. An emotion, for which he could not account, held him fixed to the spot: he rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he laboured under no delusion; still the silent burial-ground lay before him—still his own name seemed to be uttered from the marble on which it was written, and to ring in his ears as well as to pain his eyes. A cold sweat settled upon his brow—his head turned round, and he would have fallen but for Schwartzwald.

The hag, who knew well enough, although she could not see, what was going on, called out, in an almost unearthly voice, "You have looked upon it once—of the third time beware!"

A hollow and discordant voice, which he believed to be hers, then groaned, rather than sung—

"Hither, hither, shall you come;
This your last and lowly home.
Wheresoe'er your way you bend,
Hither must your travel tend:
Roam the earth, or swim the deep,
Hither, hither, still you creep
In this dull cold bed to sleep."

While this melancholy strain still lingered in his ears the curtain was again drawn, and the lamp lighted. Leopold hurried from the house, and hastened back to the city.

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He reached his college, and threw himself in a delirium on the bed. On the following morning he was found to be in a fever which held him long.

By slow degrees he recovered his health, but tranquillity and self-possession seemed now to have fled for ever. He was not ill; but a heavy weight hung upon his mind, and prevented him from enjoying any of the amusements which had formerly given him so much delight. His courage and the fiery temper of his mind were still unsubdued: he looked back upon the events of the dreadful All-hallows Night with horror, but not with fear.

In order to dispel the horrid influence which seemed to beset him, he determined to enter the army, and took service in a French regiment, which was then making the first campaign in Italy after the French Revolution. After passing through a few mere forms, and proving that he was a soldier in more than mere words, he was promoted to the rank of a captain; and in this character he served throughout the campaign. He had, in a great degree, overcome the impressions which the fatal All-hallows Night had made upon his mind, although he had not forgotten them, when a circumstance happened which recalled them with all their original force.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening that the party to which he was attached drew near the place appointed for their quarters. The fatigue of a long march had not rendered him insensible to the beauty of the country he was traversing. He was in a remote and unfrequented road among the hills beyond Bergamo; and the eminence which he had attained commanded an extensive view of the fertile country. The setting of an autumnal sun shed a blaze of liquid radiance over the plain, which lay laughing and rioting, as it were, with plenty; while the rich and varied colours of the foliage and the fields glittered under its beams with indescribable splendour.

Before the day had quite closed, the detachment had reached the place at which they were to halt for the night: it was called the Convent of Santa Croce, and was situated upon a gentle eminence, commanding the whole of the view which had so much delighted Leopold.

The abbess had provided for the reception of the soldiers, who found a repast prepared for them in a large out-building,

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and where also they were to take up their abode. The officers and Leopold were her own guests, and were received by her in her parlour, where a simple, but elegant, supper was laid out.

It was nearly time to retire, when one of the officers, attracted by the beauty of the evening, proposed a walk in the garden of the convent, which was seen through the windows of the room where they were sitting.

This suggestion met with universal approbation, and, Leopold offering his arm to the abbess, the whole party quitted the parlour. The garden was disposed with great taste, and was well filled with flowers and fruit-trees, exhibiting, as, indeed, every thing about the convent did, the good taste of the person who presided over it. The soldiers complimented the old lady upon the beauty of her garden; and, as this was one of those innocent enjoyments in which she indulged, and of which she was rather proud, their praises were highly gratifying to her.

"There is another part of my domain," said she, "which, although it is somewhat melancholy, looks so very beautiful by moon-light, that I will show it you, if you will permit me."

"By all means," was uttered simultaneously by the whole party.

"It is the cemetery," she said; and, calling to the gardener, she bade him unlock a door in the garden-wall.

They entered the burial-ground, which was one of the most striking that, perhaps, was ever beheld. The moon was now declining, and threw its strong broad light against one side of the square, while the other was in deep shade. Cypresses were thickly planted within the square, and the white marble pillars of the cloisters which surrounded it shone in the clear moon-light between their black trunks and their sorrowful motionless foliage.

They had walked down one side of the quadrangle, and had passed under that cloister which was in shade. On turning out of it a sight met Leopold's eyes, which fixed him to the spot with astonishment.

The moon, which was now at his back, shone full upon the wall of the opposite cloister;—behind it arose the acacia-trees, loaded with their white streaming blossoms, and waving

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like plumes in the soft night-air. In the distance were seen the slender white spires of the convent, against which the moon-beams fell, and showed distinctly the richly-carved crochets which decorated them. In short, he saw the very scene which he had beheld in the mirror at old Alice's hovel! —He looked again at the wall nearest to him. The stone upon which, in the mirror, he had seen his name inscribed, was not there; but the branches of a clematis that had been trained against the wall had left a square space of exactly the size of the tablet of his vision. Nothing was wanting but the name. He gazed at it with horror; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, and a groan burst from his overcharged bosom.

"You are unwell, I fear," said the abbess, who saw the paleness of his face, and felt the trembling of the arm she held.

Her voice recalled Leopold to himself. "I find the night-air chill," he said; "and the length of the march has fatigued me more than usual. With your permission we will return."

The company proceeded back to the convent, and Leopold was able to master his emotion so well that his momentary indisposition was universally believed to have arisen wholly from the cause to which he had attributed it. Having taken some wine, at the entreaty of the abbess, he retired to his chamber.

For a long time it was in vain that he attempted to sleep: when he closed his eyes the scene in the cemetery was as vividly before his sight as it had been when he gazed on the real substance. At length shaking off, by a violent effort, the thick-coming fancies which crowded upon his brain, he recommended himself to the protection of Heaven; and, resolving that he would no longer vex himself with speculating upon an accident, which, however frightful it had been rendered by circumstances, he could neither prevent nor hasten, he closed the window, and retired again to his bed, where his attempts to sleep were more successful.

He rose in the morning refreshed by his rest, but he could not entirely get rid of the seriousness which the sight of the burial-place had occasioned. After breakfasting with the abbess the order for marching was given; and, having bidden

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the old lady farewell, the whole party set off from Santa Croce.

Leopold felt relieved when he had quitted the convent; and, as he pursued his journey, the conversation of his companions, and, still more, the increasing distance which every step put between him and that place of terror, contributed to restore his cheerfulness. When they had passed the Alps orders were received for the return of the troops into France, where they were to go into quarters; and Leopold, not choosing to accompany them in the dull country life they were about to lead, went to reside at Berne, with some others of the officers who had obtained leave of absence, intending to rejoin the army at the commencement of the next campaign.

(To be concluded.)

TO AN UNKNOWN ONE.

BY MAURICE HARCOURT.

Thou beauteous creature of a waking dream!
I've seen thee once—once heard thy seraph voice,
While on me fell thine eye's ethereal beam,
Bidding my soul, in thraldom sweet, rejoice
In those delightful and those only hours
Wherein my life was strewed with Pleasure's flowers.

Dear cherished relic of affection deep,
Whose image gentle memory oft recalls,
Whom still with rapture I behold in sleep,
When that oblivion on my spirit falls;
I mourn that thou to me art lost for ever,
But joy to think that soon *this* heart will sever.

In this affliction I a lesson read—
A bitter lesson of the love divine,
Which bids me not terrestrial phantoms heed,
Since happiness below cannot be mine.
Oh! let me then resign the joys of earth,
And, through my Saviour, seek a heavenly birth.

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THE FALL OF THE LEAF,

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There is no vice that causes more calamities in human life, than the intemperate passion for gaming. How many noble and ingenious persons it has reduced from wealth unto poverty; nay, from honesty to dishonour, and, by still descending steps, into the gulph of perdition. And yet how prevalent it is in all capital cities, where many of the chiefest merchants, and courtiers especially, are mere pitiful slaves of fortune, toiling like so many abject turnspits in her ignoble wheel. Such a man is worse off than a poor borrower, for all he has is at the momentary call of imperative chance; or rather he is more wretched than a very beggar, being mocked with an appearance of wealth, but as deceitful as if it turned, like the monies in the old Arabian story, into decaying leaves.

In our parent city of Rome, to aggravate her modern disgraces, this pestilent vice has lately fixed her abode, and has inflicted many deep wounds on the fame and fortunes of her proudest families. A number of noble youths have been sucked into the ruinous vortex, some of them being degraded at last into humble retainers upon rich men, but the most part perishing by an unnatural catastrophe; and if the same

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fate did not befal the young Marquis de Malaspini, it was only by favour of a circumstance which is not likely to happen a second time for any gamester.

This gentleman came into a handsome revenue at the death of his parents, whereupon, to dissipate his regrets, he travelled abroad, and his graceful manners procured him a distinguished reception at several courts. After two years spent in this manner he returned to Rome, where he had a magnificent palace on the banks of the Tiber, and which he further enriched with some valuable paintings and sculptures from abroad. His taste in these works was much admired; and his friends remarked with still greater satisfaction, that he was untainted by the courtly vices which he must have witnessed in his travels. It only remained to complete their wishes, that he should form a matrimonial alliance that should be worthy of himself, and he seemed likely to fulfil this hope in attaching himself to the beautiful Countess of Maraviglia. She was herself the heiress of an ancient and honourable house, so that the match was regarded with satisfaction by the relations on both sides, and especially as the young pair were most tenderly in love with each other.

For certain reasons, however, the nuptials were deferred for a time, thus affording leisure for the crafty machinations of the Devil, who delights, above all things, to cross a virtuous and happy marriage. Accordingly, he did not fail to make use of this judicious opportunity, but chose for his instrument the lady's own brother, a very profligate and a gamester, who soon fastened, like an evil genius, on the unlucky Malaspini.

It was a dismal shock to the lady when she learned the nature of this connexion, which Malaspini himself discovered to her, by incautiously dropping a dice from his pocket in her presence. She immediately endeavoured, with all her influence, to reclaim him from the dreadful passion for play, which had now crept over him like a moral cancer, and already disputed the sovereignty of love; neither was it without some dreadful struggles of remorse on his own part, and some useless victories, that he at last gave himself up to such desperate habits, but the power of his Mephistophiles prevailed, and the visits of Malaspini to the lady of his affections became still less frequent; he repairing instead to those

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nightly resorts where the greatest portion of his estates was already forfeited.

At length, when the lady had not seen him for some days, and in the very last week before that which had been appointed for her marriage, she received a desperate letter from Malaspini, declaring that he was a ruined man, in fortune and hope; and that at the cost of his life even, he must renounce her hand for ever. He added, that if his pride would let him even propose himself, a beggar as he was, for her acceptance, he should yet despair too much of her pardon to make such an offer; whereas, if he could have read in the heart of the unhappy lady, he would have seen that she still preferred the beggar Malaspini, to the richest nobleman in the Popedom. With abundance of tears and sighs perusing his letter, her first impulse was to assure him of that loving truth, and to offer herself with her estates to him, in compensation of the spites of Fortune: but the wretched Malaspini had withdrawn himself no one knew whither, and she was constrained to content herself with grieving over his misfortunes, and purchasing such parts of his property as were exposed for sale by his plunderers. And now it became apparent what a villainous part his betrayer had taken; for, having thus stripped the unfortunate gentleman, he now aimed to rob him of his life also, that his treacheries might remain undiscovered. To this end he feigned a most vehement indignation at Malaspini's neglect and bad faith, as he termed it, towards his sister; protesting that it was an insult to be only washed out with his blood: and with these expressions, he sought to kill him at any advantage. And no doubt he would have become a murderer, as well as a dishonest gamester, if Malaspini's shame and anguish had not drawn him out of the way; for he had hired a mean lodging in the suburbs, from which he never issued but at dusk, and then only to wander in the most unfrequented places.

It was now in the wane of autumn, when some of the days are fine, and gorgeously decorated at morn and eve by the rich sun's embroideries, but others are dewy and dull, with cold nipping winds, inspiring comfortless fancies and thoughts of melancholy in every bosom. In such a dreary hour, Malaspini happened to walk abroad, and avoiding his own squandered estates, which it was not easy to do by reason

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of their extent, he wandered into a bye place in the neighbourhood. The place was very lonely and desolate, and without any near habitation; its main feature especially being a large tree, now stripped bare of its vernal honours, excepting one dry yellow leaf, which was shaking on a topmost bough to the cold evening wind, threatening at every moment to fall to the damp dewy earth. Before this dreary object Malaspini stopped some time in contemplation, commenting to himself on the desolate tree, and drawing many apt comparisons between its nakedness and his own beggarly condition.

"Alas! poor bankrupt," said he, "thou hast been plucked, too, like me; but yet not so basely. Thou hast but showered thy green leaves on the grateful earth, which in another season will repay thee with sap and sustenance; but those whom I have fattened will not so much as lend again to my living. Thou wilt thus regain all thy green summer wealth, which I shall never do; and, besides, thou art still better off than I am, with that one golden leaf to cheer thee, whereas I have been stripped even of my last ducat!"

With these and many more similar fancies he continued to aggrieve himself, till at last, being more sad than usual, his thoughts tended unto death, and he resolved, still watching that yellow leaf, to take its flight as the signal for his own departure.

"Chance," said he, "hath been my temporal ruin, and so let it now determine for me in my last cast between life and death, which is all that its malice hath left me."

Thus, in his extremity he still risked somewhat upon fortune; and very shortly the leaf being torn away by a sudden blast, it made two or three flutterings to and fro, and at last settled on the earth, at about a hundred paces from the tree. Malaspini instantly interpreted this as an omen that he ought to die; and following the leaf till it alighted, he fell to work on the same spot with his sword, intending to scoop himself a sort of rude hollow for a grave. He found a strange gloomy pleasure in this fanciful design, that made him labour very earnestly; and the soil besides being loose and sandy, he had soon cleared away about a foot below the surface. The earth then became suddenly more obstinate, and trying it here and there with his sword, it struck against some very

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hard substance; whereupon, digging a little further down, he discovered a considerable treasure.

There were coins of various nations, but all golden, in this petty mine; and in such quantity as made Malaspini doubt, for a moment, if it were not the mere mintage of his fancy. Assuring himself, however, that it was no dream, he gave many thanks to God for this timely providence; notwithstanding, he hesitated for a moment to deliberate whether it was honest to avail himself of the money; but believing, as was most probable, that it was the plunder of some banditti, he was reconciled to the appropriation of it to his own necessities.

Loading himself, therefore, with as much gold as he could conveniently carry, he hastened with it to his humble quarters; and by making two or three more trips in the course of the night he made himself master of the whole treasure. It was sufficient, on being reckoned, to maintain him in comfort for the rest of his life; but not being able to enjoy in it the scene of his humiliations, he resolved to reside abroad; and embarking in an English vessel at Naples, he was carried over safely to London.

It is held a deep disgrace amongst our Italian nobility for a gentleman to meddle with either trade or commerce; and yet, as we behold, they will condescend to retail their own produce, and wine especially,—yea, marry, and with an empty barrel, like any vintner's sign, hung out at their stately palaces. Malaspini perhaps disdained from the first these illiberal prejudices, or else he was taught to renounce them by the example of the London merchants, whom he saw in that great mart of the world, engrossing the universal seas, and enjoying the power and importance of princes, merely from the fruits of their traffic. At any rate, he embarked what money he possessed in various mercantile adventures, which ended so profitably, that in three years he had regained almost as large a fortune as he had formerly inherited. He then speedily returned to his native country, and redeeming his paternal estates, he was soon in a worthy condition to present himself to his beloved Countess, who was still single, and cherished him with all a woman's devotedness in her constant affection. They were, therefore, before long united, to the contentment of all Rome; her

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wicked relation having been slain some time before, in a brawl with his associates.

As for the fortunate wind-fall which had so befriended him, Malaspini founded with it a noble hospital for orphans; and for this reason, that it belonged formerly to some fatherless children, from whom it had been withheld by their unnatural guardian. This wicked man it was who had buried the money in the sand; but when he found that his treasure was stolen, he went and hanged himself on the very tree that had caused its discovery.

STANZAS TO WOMAN.

I love thee, Woman! yes, indeed,
I love thee when thou'rt kind;
But ah! how tenderly I love
When virtue forms thy mind!
For I have felt life's thorny woe,
And I have shared its charms;
Yet still the sweetest bliss I found,
Was, Woman, in thy arms.

Beside the bed I've seen her sit,
And brave infection's rage,
And with her soul-subduing care,
The suff'rer's pain assuage;
And I have seen, when fortune frown'd,
Or worldly cares oppress'd,
Her smile appease the troubled soul,
And set the heart at rest.

Yet some will say that woman's frail,
And that men often rue
The day, when they unite themselves
To what is so untrue;
But I have heard a poet* sing,
And I believe it all,
"Domestic love's the only bliss
That has surviv'd the Fall."

* Cowper.

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A SWISS DAY.

FROM THE ALBUM OF THE INN AT ZURICH.

'Tis Dawn, lovely Dawn! and the sky is all white,
And the cattle on vale and on hill-side are lowing,
And the lake lies in vapour, half morning, half night,
And the breeze through the tops of the pine-groves is blowing;
And the vineyards are shaking the dew from their leaves,
And down in the valley the village roofs shine,
And the doves are all rustling their wings in the eaves,
And the earth and the heav'n cool, lovely, divine.

'Tis Morning, rich Morning! the Yagers are out,
And the rifles are ringing from valley to hill;
But the sun rises broad, and the horn and the shout
Sink down, till we hear but the rush of the rill;
And far up the mountain the roebuck's brown troop
Are seen, with the nostril spread out to the wind,
While the eagle above spreads his wings for a swoop,
And the Yagers toil on thro' the forest behind.

'Tis Noon, burning Noon! and the far village spire,
And the peaks of the mountain are arrows of flame,
And the air is a fever, the sunbeam a fire,
And the deer, like the hunter, are weary and tame;
And the Yagers by fountain and pine-tree are spread,
Where the smoke of their meal curls up through the trees,
And the shepherd is slumbering in chalet and shed,
And the fainting earth longs for the shower and the breeze.

'Tis Eve, balmy Eve! and above the hush'd world,
Like a mother's red cheek o'er her soft sleeping child,
On the east, with her pinion of crimson unfurled,
The twilight is stooping, sweet, dewy and mild;
And the planet of Eve looks on mountain and lake,
Like a centinel spirit just glancing from heaven.
Oh! thus may we life and its trials forsake,
And the hour of our parting be calm as this even.

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LAURA THE NUN.

BY THE LATE "HERMIT IN LONDON."

Dame Nature, amongst the variety of human beings fabricated by her hand, has certainly treated us with no small degree of partiality. To her favourites she has bestowed features and lineaments, which make one presume to imagine them the very reflection of the Divinity; whilst she has meted to others a very scanty proportion of the divine ray, or of that attractiveness which inspires affection and claims admiration from their fellow-men. The female sex is particularly indebted to the creative power for a softness which is celestial, and a harmony of expression which is love's magnet,* drawing all hearts to it. No man has this. I have seen women whom I could fancy to be the winged messengers of light; others, whose mild blue eyes and coral lips appeared to be only made to contemplate their kindred heaven, and to sing sweet sounds of soothing comfort; some, who looked like the longed-for spirits of peace, for which the heart of man pants through the feverish dream of life; lastly, one who was all that we can imagine of the faithful impress of an angel, lent to mankind for a model, to make us the more enraptured with another and a better world; the more convinced of the resemblance of the creature to the blessed inhabitants of a higher sphere—that of the great Creator. She was a paragon, equal in all her proportions of beauty, grace, and imaged innocence. Such was Laura. To form a cast in Nature's finest mould, she added a seraphic countenance; the transcendant whiteness of her bust was so pure, that one might have dreamt oneself into a belief that it was immaterial; but the figure moved, and the bosom breathed, and the language of the eyes spoke affection and loveliness. Her colour varied like a sunbeam on a landscape, which, when present, was a blaze of splendour, and when abstracted left the scene soft, calm, and lovely. She had a downcast pensiveness of the eye that riveted the beholder to the spot where she was placed, and made what might have been passion, devotion and reverence.

* How beautifully appropriate is the French word for magnet—*l'aimant*.

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When she raised her long silken lashes, one felt like those who longed for the break of day, and whose breasts glanced from the pre-ence of the coming dawn ; her lips were like the maiden rose-bud, opening to exhale sweets alone ; her whole countenance had the effect of enchantment.

I shall never forget the day when I first saw her in a chapel. I held my breath as I placed myself behind her, and could scarcely refrain from saying, "Sweet saint, remember me in your devotions!" And what if I had done so? Are we not all brothers and sisters? Ought we not mutually to intercede for each other? To bodily perfections, Nature added a mind of a very uncommon stamp. She might be fancied to be formed for a throne, born to occupy the most enviable situation in life, destined to be the object of extensive admiration, or shaped only to love and to be be beloved. Her mind took no such turn ; retirement, contemplation, study, and solitude, were all that she found pleasure in. She had few companions ; and although her timidity was perceptible, it was neither coldness, nor the reserve of melancholy, nor wavering pride. An only child might well be her father's darling, (her mother she lost at an early age) ; and so she was, almost to idolatry; no expense was spared in her education. She was fairly and generally accomplished ; but she took no decided lead as to perfection in any particular accomplishment, except as a vocalist, and as such she had more sweetness than execution or command of voice. When she sung she was like an animated statue, placed by an artist in the finest position. She sung as if she sung not, but as if harmony exhaled from her lips ; or as if a warm breeze drew the aroma from the richest flowers, to fill the surrounding air with their fragrance. Nevertheless, her taste for the vocal art did not usurp her mind : the study of the closet still predominated in her choice. To gratify and cultivate this inclination, she accompanied her father to France, was destined to travel, but was placed by her own desire, provisionally, in a convent. Her father's regrets commenced here, for he had nothing else for his heart to rest upon, save only her, his pride, his comfort, and his delight. His eyes fell on a blank when her image, which was their dearest light, ceased to irradiate life's footpath, and to give a second summer to his age.

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Laura loved her father tenderly, but there seemed a something wanting still which would fully occupy the dominion of her affections. At the parting of the parent and his dear child many tears were shed: hers were those of resignation, his almost those of despair. He felt the loneliness of the heart: she was impressed with the conviction that, in the most sequestered spots and in the most dreary hour of darkness, a protective power hovers over us, and that then we can best commune with the Almighty. Wrapt in these reflections, a convent-life lost its restraints; frequently, indeed, she used to steal from those associates who were placed under the same roof for education, to meditate in the cloister, the vast garden, or in the cemetery attached to the convent. Moonlight had great charms for her, and she was often observed watching the wavering shades of aged yew-trees, as they flitted about like departed spirits, lingering near their late earthly haunts.

A short time elapsed, when Laura became quite wedded to a monastic life; its quietude, its security, the sisterly love which she most completely engrossed—being looked up to as a star of beauty and of piety by all around her—attached her irrevocably to the cloistered walls. Her venerable sire visited the convent, and in an agony of grief besought her to give up all ideas of thus bereaving him of his only promised felicity in the remnant of an advanced life. With showers of tears, which she kissed off, he reminded her that he had amassed a fortune for her alone; that all his exertions, hopes, prayers, anticipations, and earthly interests, had been for her; that he should be widowed and childless without her, if she thus, to use his own expression, "buried herself alive."

Laura was inflexible, and but one hope remained; he trusted that at the conclusion of her noviciate the monastic rigours, added age, and the cessation of a novice's ardour, would change her resolution, and give her back to the world and to a fond parent's arms; but he was mistaken. Older and more feeble, fonder and more forsaken, he again sought the dove from her willing cage: she persisted, and the fatal sacrifice was made. Despair now seized the father's brain; it was more, he thought, than he could bear; but our mind is unconscious of what trials it can withstand. A further and a greater one was still his portion. We presume to

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murmur under the hand of Providence, and draw down upon us heavier visitations. Long silence, voluntary seclusion, intense meditation, and protracted midnight orisons, insufficiency of air and exercise, acting upon a tender frame, struck at the root of this summer flower, and brought it to decay. She was continually missed from among the sisterhood, and as often found in prayer or meditation in the oratory. At all hours was she to be seen with her splendid eyes upturned to heaven; her placid forehead, calm as a marble sepulchre; her little hands clasped together, like the early snow-drop's folding leaves, and herself insensible to the approach or examination of inquiring intruders. Thus did she pass a few short months, when, sinking in her usual genuflexions, she was transported from her orisons to her last couch, where she left life like the last gentle streak of twilight, bequeathing regret and mourning to all around her.

The old man had now his last anguishing shock to endure. The news of her dissolution, albeit she was already lost to him, smote him as the lightning's flash when the ancient half-withered tree is rent in twain. Infuriated, he seeks the dreary pile which contained his only child's dear remains, and, like a second Priam,

"The first of men in sovereign misery,"

he demands her body. He weeps; he points to his grey hairs, now fast approaching in sorrow to the grave; he storms, he raves, he accuses the sisterhood as conspiring to rob him of his heart's treasure—

"And, acting what no words can say,
Tore from his head the reverend locks away."

With difficulty he obtains his child, and brings over all that remained of her to that home and country which had possessed her a few fleeting months before, young, fresh, and promising.

We will throw a veil over the rest: the father's heart was broken, not by violence, as in the meridian of the passions, but progressively, as the worm destroys the declining fruit. These events deeply affected those to whom they were more particularly known: blame fell on institutions where enthusiasts induce youth and inexperience to tear themselves from society. Profound sorrow was expressed on the consideration

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of what a gem was hidden in an unproductive mine. It was thought abhorrent to philanthropy that such a being should not have fulfilled the important duties of wife and mother, in which situations she might have been an ornament, an honour, and a bright example. Increased years, and further acquaintance and intercourse with society, might have produced these desirable ends; but when one reflects on the superlative chastity of the being translated from a scene of temptation and misery to an abode of peacefulness and bliss—when we take into calculation the snares and temptations to which transcendant beauty like hers is exposed—when we consider that there are certain flowers which cannot endure vicissitudes of temperature, and are formed but for one season and climate, and are too tender for all others—we may believe that she, who was considered at her devotions of almost unearthly appearance, was formed for a higher station, and fitted for it at an earlier period than ordinary beings. What she lost in this nether world is easily computed; what she escaped is beyond our comprehension; and on balancing each, the uncertainty of the beam fixes the maxim, that whatever is, is best, more than ever in the mind of AN OLD SOLDIER.

A RUSSIAN WEDDING.

BY DR. GRANVILLE.

Early one day in November, a kind young friend, the son of Mr. Anderson, the oldest English merchant in St. Petersburgh, whose attentions to me were unremitting, put a finely embossed card into my hands, on which was printed, in Russian characters, the following invitation, literally translated:

"Ivan Ivanovitch and Prascovia Constantinovna Ivanoff humbly request the favour of your attendance to the marriage ceremony of their daughter Anna Ivanowna with Nicholai Demetrivitch Borisow, and to the dinner table, this November the 13th day, in the year 1827, at two o'clock in the afternoon."

On the embossed border of the card, delicately edged with rose colour, the emblematic figure of Hymen was represented on the one side, standing under a palm tree, between the sleeping dogs of fidelity, and inviting from the other side the figures of the bride and bridegeoom. I learned that the par-

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ties were wealthy Russian hemp commission agents; and most excellent people; and as such an invitation promised to afford me an opportunity of witnessing the church marriage ceremony, of which I had read so many dissimilar accounts, I gladly accepted it.

At two the friends of the parties assembled from all quarters in the winter church of the *Annunciation*, in the Vassileiostrow, where a great concourse of people had already collected round the choristers or chanters, who, in the most delightful manner imaginable, and in the fuga style, were singing hymns, mixing with skilful combination the sopranos and bass voices. We beguiled half an hour in listening to their strains, waiting for the arrival of the bride. In the meantime I surveyed the picturesque groups of people that kept gradually forming in various parts of the church, where the kaftaned Russian, with his well caressed beard, mixed with the throng of young and good-looking females. Some of the latter dressed in the fashion of the country, their heads profusely ornamented with gold, and embroidered veils; and others, according to the more attractive garb of the French, presented a striking contrast to many of the assembled men, whom I understood to belong to the class of Russian merchants, but who wore neither the kaftan nor the beard. Their smooth and shaven faces, with the general style of dress common to most of the European nations, scarcely permitted their being distinguished from several English merchants present, who had been invited on the occasion. The officiating priest, decked in his rich church vestments, accompanied by the deacon, advanced from the sanctuary towards the door of entrance into the church, and there received the pair about to be made happy, to whom he delivered a lighted taper, making, at the same time, the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. Incense was scattered before them, while maids, splendidly attired, walked between the paranymphy, or bridegroom and bride. The Greek church requires not the presence of either of the parents of the bride on such an occasion. Is it to spare them the pain of voluntarily surrendering every authority over their child to one who is a stranger to her blood? I stood by the side of the table on which were deposited the rings, and before which the priest halted at the conclusion of

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a litany, wherein the choristers assisted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud and impressive voice, the following prayer, his face being turned towards the sanctuary, and the bride and the bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers.

"O Eternal God,—thou who didst collect together the scattered atoms by wondrous union, and didst join them by an indissoluble tie, who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and made them heirs of thy promise; give thy blessing unto these thy servants, and guide them in every good work; for thou art the merciful God, the lover of mankind, and to these we offer up our praise now and for ever, even unto ages of ages."

The import of this beautiful invocation was, at the time, interpreted to me by a friend well acquainted with the whole service and office of espousals, the language of which he assured me was all equally impressive; of the truth of which assertion I have since had ample opportunity of being convinced by a perusal of Dr. King's excellent work, from which I have borrowed the translation of the above prayer.

The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and, taking the rings from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man, and proclaiming aloud that they stood betrothed, "now and for ever, even unto ages of ages," which declaration he repeated thrice to them, while they mutually exchanged the rings an equal number of times. The rings were now again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the forehead of the couple with them, and put them on the forefinger of the right hand of each; and turning to the sanctuary, read another impressive part of the flower, emblematic of innocence, with the rich tresses of the bride, which were farther embellished by a splendid tiara of large diamonds. Her white satin robe, from the hands of Mademoiselle Louise, gracefully pencilling the contours of her bust, was gathered around her waist by a zone, studded with precious stones, which fastened to her side a *bouquet* of white flowers.

The common cup being now brought to the priest, he blessed it, and gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to her who was to be his mate, for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short pause, and some prayers from the responser, in which the

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choristers joined with musical notes, the priest took the bride and bridegroom by the hand, the friends holding their crowns, and walked with them round the desk thrice, having both their right hands fast in his, from west to east, saying—

"Exult, O Isaiah! for a Virgin has conceived and brought forth a Son, Emanuel, God and man, the East is his name. Him do we magnify, and call the Virgin blessed!"

Then, taking off the bridegroom's crown, he said—

"Be thou magnified, O bridegroom, as Abraham! Be thou blessed as Isaac, and multiplied as Jacob; walking in peace, and performing the commandments of God in righteousness."

In removing the bride's crown, he exclaimed—

"And be thou magnified, O bride, as Sarah! Be thou joyful as Rebecca, and multiplied as Rachael; delighting in thine own husband, and observing the bounds of the law, according to the good pleasure of God."

The ceremony now drew to its conclusion, the tapers were extinguished, and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who walking towards the holy screen were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other.

We all now hurried to our carriages, the youngest to their sledges, and took the direction of the house of the bride's father, where we were received by that person in his Russian costume, and with a flowing beard, who conducted the company, at the sound of a full band of music, into the banqueting-room, already prepared for about fifty guests, with tables decked with golden *plateaux* and vases bearing artificial flowers, mixed with piles of fruit and *bonbons*. Here a large assemblage of friends had already met, through which we made our way to an inner room, where the bride, seated by the side of her mother, and surrounded by matrons and damsels, received, with becoming modesty, our congratulations. I was surprised at finding in the Gynæceum of a class of society of this description, such agreeable and easy manners, untainted by the least *gaucherie*, or awkward pretensions. My engagements prevented my remaining to dinner; but I returned time enough in the evening to be present at the conclusion of the day's ceremony. The dinner had passed off without any remarkable occurrence, and considering the enormous quantity

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of Champagne consumed (a very favourite beverage on all gala days with the middle classes of society at St. Petersburgh,) I found the party *almost* philosophical. Toasts to the bride and bridegroom had been repeatedly drank, and the night was far advanced, when the *Passajonalatetz* took the bride by the hand, and conducted her into the bed-chamber, where he consigned her to the care of all the married ladies present, himself retiring immediately after. Those matrons assisted in disrobing her of the bridal vestments, and in assuming the garb appropriate to the chamber in which they were. The Passajonalatetz next performed the like office of conducting the bridegroom to the chamber, who put on his *schlafrack*, or night-gown, the married ladies having previously retired. These operations being concluded, the doors of the bed-chamber were thrown open, and we all walked in in procession, quaffing a goblet of champagne to the health of the parties, kissing the bride's hands, who returned the salutations on our cheeks, and embracing, *à la Française*, the cheeks of the bridegroom, who luckily, in the present instance, had neither the Russian beard, nor the modern English whiskers. With one voice, we then wished the happy pair a hearty blessing, and withdrew, when the doors were closed. The company gradually dispersed. Dinners and dancing went on for three successive days. On the first of these I attended for a few minutes, being determined to satisfy my curiosity to the last. I had, however, to pay for this indulgence, having been compelled, by immemorial usage, on entering the room, to drink a bumper of the sparkling juice to the dregs, in honour of the bride, to undergo the same ceremony of bride and bridegroom's salutation, and to whirl half a round of a waltz with the former. But I had made up my mind to bear even worse *inconveniences* than these, should it have been necessary, rather than forego the advantage of judging for myself of the truth or falsehood of the many exaggerated and fanciful descriptions given by travellers of a Russian wedding. To complete this account of what I *witnessed*, I should add, that on the eighth day, the happy pair attended once more at the church, for the ceremony of "dissolving the crowns," which is performed by the priest, with appropriate prayers, in allusion to the rites of matrimony.

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A LEARNED LADY.

The following anecdote, related by a French writer (*Jules Lovy*), agreeably quizzes the absurdity of a superficial education in the fair sex:—

A few days since I went with a friend to a little *soirée*, given by an old college chum recently married. A piano was open, and a trio just concluded: the husband presented us to his wife, a very pretty person, upon my honour, to whom I expressed my regrets for not having arrived to pay my respects to her sooner.

"We owe little to your husband, madam," said I, "for keeping you out of society; you seem to live in profound retirement."

"It is true, sir, I do not often go out, but I like solitude exceedingly; I am weary and listless in society."

I looked at my friend. "A woman of simple mind," said he to me, in a low tone; then, to her—

"Madam, if I be not mistaken, we have missed a fine piece of music?"

"Indeed, gentlemen, you have; a magnificent trio by Beethoven—and what a genius is that Beethoven! How mysterious is his harmony! how do his modulations, artfully dovetailing the one into the other, seem to conceal an internal sense, which plunges the soul into vague reveries?"

My friend glanced at me a look of surprise. "Not so simple either," said I, softly.

"No!" continued the lady, "Germany has produced nothing comparable to Beethoven."

"Nevertheless, madam, you must not forget Mozart and Weber."

"Were those composers Germans?"

I was thunderstruck: could she be acquainted with Beethoven, and ——

But an animated discussion, between two amateur painters, called the young lady's attention at this moment to another point. They were speaking of *Arabesques*.

"*Arabesques*, or *Moresques*," said she; "I like exceedingly those ornaments of painting, sculpture, and architecture, formed of foliage, leaves, plants, figures, animals, or of imaginary beings. Have you observed, gentlemen, that

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among the Mahometans the *Moresques* never contain figures of animals?"

"But"——

"It positively is so, gentlemen, because the law of Mahomet prohibits expressly any image or figure to be made of animated beings."

Great was my surprise; my friend stared, and we should hardly have concealed our sentiments, but for the intervention of another of the party, who asked the lady what she thought of *frescoes?*"

"*Frescoes!* what are they? what are they?" said she, "any of the ancients?"

I was confounded. How was this *mélange* of knowledge and ignorance to be explained? Did she do it purposely? Was there some little piece of feminine malice concealed under this pleasantry?

Soon the conversation took an historical turn: they talked of ancient Greece and celebrated Athenians: somebody mentioned Aspasia.

"Few women," said the young lady, "can boast of having exercised so much influence over a people. A courtezan and philosopher, she reckoned, both as pupils and lovers, Pericles, Socrates, and Alcibiades. Such was the empire she exercised over the heart of Pericles, that he repudiated his wife in order to marry the fair Milesian."

My friend and I again looked at each other. "Yes," I rejoined, "a woman of the highest order was that Aspasia. What popularity! what eloquence! what various talents! All the Athenian youth attended her public lectures, as she, at a later period, attended the harangues of Demosthenes."

"Demosthenes!" stammered out the lady, "what was that woman?"

I was horrified; some of the party bit their lips; and my friend insinuated to the lady of the house, with great address, that she had mistaken the sex of Demosthenes.

Music put a truce to this conversation, and shortly afterwards we took our leave, singularly puzzled, and not knowing what to think of the lady and her mistakes. What could that familiarity signify with certain names, and that ignorance of others? There was something piquant in this enigma, and I reflected upon it for the remainder of the evening.

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LONDON WALKING DRESS.



LONDON MORNING DRESS.

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"The problem is solved!" cried my friend next day as he entered, "I am just come from our college friend. He takes in the *Dictionary of Conversation*, and makes his wife study it: very naturally, she begins at the beginning. She is now in the letter C, and had had the words Arabesque, Aspasia, Beethoven, and the others; but as yet she knows nothing of Demosthenes, Frescoes, Mozart, and Weber. Our college friend educates his wife alphabetically." This was true to the letter.

Some days afterwards I called upon the young lady; the conversation turned on politics; she talked to me with extraordinary energy about the Conventional DANTON: it seems she was then in the letter D.

Note.—At the rate in which the Dictionary of Conversation goes on, we are of opinion, that about fifteen years hence the young lady may have arrived at some correct notions touching Zoroaster. B.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON MORNING DRESS.—Pelisse robe of French grey *gros de Naples*, a tight *corsage* partially high, and trimmed with a heart pelerine, bordered with black double-grounded lace. The sleeves tight at top and bottom, but very full in the centre, with gauntlet cuffs, which are trimmed, as are also the tops of the sleeves, with black lace. The fronts and the round of the skirt are likewise edged with it. The head-dress is a *fichu* of *tulle*, edged with the same, and disposed on the head in the cap stile. The hind hair is gathered in a knot at the back of the head, under a bow of pink ribbon, from which floating ends descend; the border part of the *fichu* is ornamented in a light stile with ends of ribbon, which terminate in *brides* tied under the chin.

LONDON WALKING AND MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Robe of red lilac *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a flounce of the same, the heading of which is disposed in full *dents de loup*. The *corsage*, a three-quarter height, and tight to the shape, is partially covered with a *fichu à la paysanne* of the same material, edged with a full trimming disposed in *dents de loup*. Long tight sleeve, the upper part decorated with full trimmings *en suite*. Blue crape drawn bonnet, put very far back upon the head, and a very deep brim, the interior of which is

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trimmed over the forehead with *tulle* in the cap stile. Blue ribbons and a very long *gerbe* of pink and blue flowers decorate the crown: embroidered muslin collar.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

This is a month in which fashion may be said, in a great degree, to rest from her labours; it is too late to devise new modes for summer, and too early to bring forward those of winter. Autumnal dresses, indeed, in general, offer a *mélange* of both, for, if the bonnet is decided by that of summer, the robe, or the shawl, might, without impropriety, be worn in winter; but, without generalising further, let us see what is actually adopted at this moment.

Peu de soie hats, and those of *gros de Naples glacé*, which have been but little worn during the summer, are coming very much into vogue; bonnets of the same materials are also very numerous. We have nothing new to remark in the forms of either, but a decided innovation has taken place with regard to the trimmings of bonnets, for which feathers have not, up to the present time, been employed; but now they are very generally adopted, and their length, and the manner in which they are placed, marks the distinction between a morning bonnet and a half dress hat: for the first they are of moderate length, and arranged in a bouquet. One feather only is generally employed for the second, it must be long and floating; if plain white, it is generally a full curled feather, but if a flat one, it is usually streaked with some other colour. There is no doubt that rice straw hats will continue in favour during the whole of the autumn; the interior of the brim is frequently trimmed with blue flowers, and the crown adorned with white feathers, placed on one side, and drooping on the brim: they may be either curled ostrich feathers, or else with the barbs knotted with marabouts. Some white feathers are slightly tipped with blue. There is a rivalship between blue and ponceau, for the flowers that ornament the interior of the brims of hats; but blue is certainly the colour adopted by ladies of the most distinguished taste.

Shawls, both of Indian and French cashmere, are, for the moment, what are most in request, but as yet no new patterns have appeared. We have seen also some demi-mantles of

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rich silk, trimmed with swansdown, which had at once a graceful and seasonable appearance. Their form is that of a mantle, but they do not reach below the knee. Black satin shawls, of that very rich kind called triple satin, trimmed with broad black lace of antique patterns, begin also to be seen, and boas have likewise made their appearance. It is yet too early to say any thing positive on this latter article, but we have the strongest reason to believe that the furs which for some seasons past have been at the height of the mode, namely, sable and ermine, will preserve their vogue.

Pelisses, both of levantine and *gros de Naples* are becoming very general in carriage dress. Some of the most novel have a trimming round the *corsage* and down the front, which is cut in large *dents de loup*, each of which is attached upon the dress by a pointed button of wrought silk of the same colour.

Although muslin still continues in request, both for half dress and evening *negligé*, yet it is less so than *foulards* and *mousselines de laine*, but although these latter materials are used indiscriminately for morning and evening dress, there is a marked distinction in their patterns. The first have brown grounds strewed with small patterns in quiet colours, or else small detached bouquets rather thickly placed. The latter have white grounds with large flowered patterns in striking colours. We have nothing novel to announce with regard to the forms of robes, but we have reason to believe that a sort of compromise has taken place between tight sleeves and wide ones, at least we have good authority for saying that in the ensuing season they will be of a moderate size.

Dress hats continue to be made of rice straw or crape, the size of the brim is very much diminished in front, so that the sides stand out a good deal; those that are made without a curtain behind have the brim brought round the back of the crown, and generally turned up somewhat in the helmet stile. A knot of ribbon is always placed on the left side at the bottom of the crown, and very near the brim, it has always two long ends which float upon the shoulder. The ornaments for the trimmings of dress hats have not yet varied, but we have great reason to believe that birds-of-paradise will be very much employed towards the end of the month.

Head-dresses of hair have as yet no decided character

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ringlets, indeed, are rather in a majority for the front hair, but this is perhaps because they are most generally becoming; braids, however, both plaited and soft, are very much adopted, and even in many instances the hair is combed entirely off the forehead. We must, however, observe that this latter fashion can be becoming only to a very young and lovely face. Flowers are at present the ornaments most in favour for head-dresses of hair, but as the season advances, gold pins, which were so fashionable last year, are expected to be again generally employed. The colours in request are those of last month, but with the addition of lavender and Pomona green.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARISIAN PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—*Robe-redingote* of *peu de soie*, striped horizontally in two shades of green; *corsage* of the shawl kind, very open on the bosom, and displaying the front of a low *chemisette*. The *corsage* is bordered by a row of muslin puffs, which descend, but of a larger size, down one side of the front of the skirt, on which they are formed by a row of buttons and loops. Long tight sleeves, finished by a muslin cuff, and ornamented at the elbow by a full *bouillonnée* disposed *en manchette*. White *gros de Naples* hat; the brim, of a large size, is lined with *tulle*, and ornamented in a very novel manner, with flowers at the sides, the crown is decorated with white ostrich feathers and white ribbons. Black *satin royal* shawl, trimmed with black lace.

PARISIAN BRIDAL COSTUME.—The robe is white lace over white satin, it has a double ground, and is trimmed round the border with a deep flounce embroidered in silver. A low and tight *corsage*, finished with a rosette in the centre of the back, and deeply pointed in front. Pelerine lappel of lace *en suite*. Tight sleeve, ornamented with a *bell muncheron* and round ruffle, both of very moderate size, the latter is troped by a rosette with floating ends. The hind hair is arranged in a round knot, which is encircled by a wreath of orange blossoms. A lace scarf, corresponding with the dress, is disposed *en bonnet*, and ornamented with bouquets of roses and orange blossoms; the ends float over the dress as low as the flounce.

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Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

Owing to the fineness of the weather, promenade dresses still continue to be of a very light kind; they afford, however, more variety than those of the two last months, though not much actual novelty. Undress bonnets are, principally of straw. Dunstable straw is preferred, though it is by no means so pretty as the French split straw, which is next in favour. A good many of these bonnets are somewhat of the cottage shape, but not so close. They are trimmed with ribbon only. Our *élégantes* have adopted, for morning visits, bonnets of the finest cambric, they are of a large size with drawn brims, the crowns drawn at the lower part, but with the top set in round, and a little full. A cambric rosette edged with narrow lace, is placed on one side, and a band of the same material partially encircles the crown, and passes under the brim, forming the *brides;* it is also edged with lace. These bonnets, notwithstanding the extreme simplicity of their appearance, are yet, from the costly materials employed to make them, very expensive.

Rice and Italian straw hats continue their vogue in half dress; both are worn placed very backward on the head, so much so, in fact, as to shew all the front of it, which renders the arrangement of the hair, whether in braids or curls, a matter of some trouble. Italian straw hats have always an opening in each side of the brim, in order that they may not be drawn too close to the face. The flowers which ornament the interior of the brim are also more disengaged from it. We may cite, as one of the most elegant stiles of trimming for these hats, a sprig of wild roses, placed very much on one side of the crown, and drooping with peculiar grace on the brim: a wreath of the same roses, scarcely half blown, ornamenting the interior of the brim, giving to the countenance that peculiarly delicate tint of rose colour which is so exquisitely becoming.

The most novel stile of trimming for rice straw hats is a single flower, rather large, and more shewy than elegant; as, for instance, the dahlia of Tivoli, the colours of which are orange and purple; a full blown tiger lily, of the same hues, but a still more bizarre form; the red cactus; and the lily of St. Jacques.

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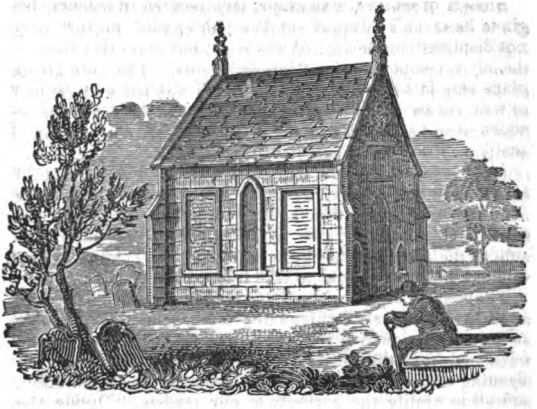
Shawls of white China crape, embroidered in colours, begin to be much in favour for the promenade, but they have not displaced *mantelets*. We observe, however, that those of the latter, composed of muslin, lace, and gauze, are giving place very fast to those of rich silk, either trimmed with lace or with *ruches* of silk We observed one, the trimming of which struck us as very novel, it consisted of a triple row of scollops of different sizes.

India muslin and organdy are still the materials in request for evening *negligé*, for which the robe and the *demi-redingote* form seem in equal favour; the first is made with low *corsages*, the back tight, and the front pointed at bottom, but draped at the top, so as slightly to form a V. The sleeve, if long, is moderately full from the elbow to the wrist; if short, it is tight, but its plain appearance is relieved by *bouillons*, or full trimmings, of either lace or muslin. The skirts are generally trimmed with flounces; in some instances, however, *bouillons*, with ribbon run through them, are adopted, but flounces are more generally employed. The *demi-redingotes* are made with half high *corsages*, tight backs, and fronts with a little, but very little, fulness: the waist is of moderate length. The trimming consists of bands of muslin, embroidered in narrow patterns, or in round festoons. The *ceinture*, worn with a dress of either kind, must be of very broad rich ribbon, tied on one side in two moderate sized bows with long floating ends.

Caps continue their vogue in evening dress; they are small, of a round shape, and but for the long lace lappets now always employed to adorn them, would not have a dressy look. A light sprig of flowers crowns the front, which issues from a knot of ribbon placed rather low on one side.

Mittons, either of lace or silk net, are generally adopted in evening *negligé*; those of Swedish leather, trimmed with narrow black lace at the top, and embroidered in the hand, are coming a good deal into favour. Bracelets, which for some time past have been little worn, are again very fashionable, but they must be of a very small kind, as a narrow gold chain, or a plait of hair fastened by a single precious stone. Fashionable colours have not varied since last month.

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THE GRACE MAUSOLEUM.

The Grace Mausoleum occupies the site of Grace's Chapel, or south wing of the old church of Arles, on the summit of Arles Hill, in the barony of Slievemarigue, and Queen's County, Ireland. Elegance of design is here happily combined with a characteristic style of architecture. The general effect, for which this sepulchral edifice has been admired, is produced by its opposite situation, and its height; by the rich carving of the two Gothic pinnacles which surmount it, the projecting buttresses, and the handsome cut stone mouldings of the narrow Gothic doors, windows, and labels, which adorn its walls. No wood work belongs to any part of this little structure, excepting its oak doors; and the peculiar durability of its roof consists in being covered with a strong flag-stone, three inches thick, brought from the Boley quarries, on the estate of Sir William Grace, Baronet. The lower rows of these ponderous flags rest on a massive eave-course, as the upper ones do on the edges of each other; and the whole being divided by mock joints, or lines, into courses of ten inches by six, resembles a number of oblong stones.

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A vault, formed by a semi-circular arch for the repository of the dead, and an upper chamber, or chapel, formed by a high-pointed Gothic arch for the reception of funereal monuments, comprise its internal arrangements. The decorations of the chapel or upper chamber, in its vaulted and groined ceiling, are strictly of the Gothic order. Moulded ribs spring from the corbel capitals of the piers, which divide the monuments on the walls. These run diagonally on the ceiling, and, intersecting in the centre, are there connected with beautiful boss flowers, entwined through the several members of each rib. The windows of this funereal chapel are of a quatrefoil figure, and admit a "dim religious light," eminently suitable to the architectural character of the place, and in unison with the solemn purposes to which it is consecrated.

The cantred of Grace's country is rich in traditionary lore, as well as extremely fertile in the more general and visible subjects of antiquarian research. The following short poem, translated from the Irish language, which relates to this interesting district, is calculated to command the admiration, as well as gratify the curiosity of our readers. During the protectorate of Cromwell, the Grace family suffered a temporary deprivation of their estates, a circumstance to which the poem alludes, and thus the date of the composition is determined. Though the following translation is not unfaithful, it is far from doing justice to the strength and pathos, the artless diction, and affecting turn of sentiment in some parts of the original.

GRACE'S COUNTRY.

Country of Grace! by Heaven divinely plann'd!
Well till'd and peopled is thy fertile land,
From narrow Nore's bright stream extended wide,
By smooth Momonia's gay and flowery side;
Thence (widening far where Munster river flows,)
To fam'd Kilkenny, powerful o'er its foes.

Thy fields are spacious, and thy meadows green,
And snow-white lambkins gambol o'er the scene;
Thy groves, delightful, decorate each glade,
And, widely-spreading, form a grateful shade;
While wavy autumn gilds the fruitful soil,
To recompense the hind's industrious toil.

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Through golden vales thy crystal rivulets flow,
There silvery fishes leap and sport below;
With hounds and horn, chac'd o'er the mountain's height,
Thy native roebuck flies from morn 'till night;
And fox and hare, the nimblest of their race,
Are hunted down, the wearied in the chace.

Country of Grace! by Heaven divinely plann'd!
A cloudless sun illumes thy smiling land:
Each good is thine that nature can bestow.
And every other bliss enjoy'd below,
But ah! what woes these iron times impart!—
Woes that must sadden every feeling heart.

Ill-fated land! thy joyous days are o'er;
Thy good, thy generous chieftains are no more:
Whose mighty arm pour'd vengeance on the foe;
Who laid th'invader in the battle low;
Whose hardy valour ne'er was known to yield,
But triumph'd ever in the ensanguin'd field.

Whose castle-towers in feudal splendour rise;
Whose sacred abbeys glisten to the skies;
Who rear'd the fort, and rear'd the palace halls,
Where festive merriment oft rung the walls,
Where mantling wines in golden cups went round,
And Erin's harp pour'd forth its silver sound.

Where ceas'd the dance, the tuneful harper done,
A minstrel sung the praise by Raymond won;
Illustrious Raymond! author of that race,
Which, settling here, first took the name of Grace;
When to Ierne's shores the warrior came,
And crown'd his followers with immortal fame.

AN EPIGRAM DEFINED.

An epigram, the greatest wits,
To make it well, has pos'd:
'Tis like a shoe that nicely fits
The better it is clos'd.

J. R. P.

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THE KNIGHT-ERRANT:

A HISTORICAL SKETCH. BY CHARLES MAY.

"Gallant knight advance, and from our daughter's hand receive thy meed of valour."

Such were the words of the fourth Henry of France to the youth who had been pronounced victorious in the tournament. The truly great and princely soul of that mighty monarch was a stranger to mean and envious feelings. Though the knight he addressed, a young unknown Englishman, had vanquished in the tilt that now was drawing to a close the flower of his own chivalry, Henry hailed him conqueror, if not with feelings of the highest satisfaction, at least with the willingness of an impartial judge, who had witnessed and admired the astonishing feats of valour exhibited by the stranger youth.

The English knight advanced towards the beautiful Henrietta: with a throbbing heart he gazed on the princess, and, placing on the ground before her his helmet and victorious falchion, knelt to receive the guerdon he had won. With a trembling hand and a glowing cheek the princess presented to her champion (for though a stranger he had upheld her peerless charms), a superbly ornamented sword, and, in tones that thrilled through the soul of the English knight, addressed him:—"Thou hast won this weapon well, sir knight: I doubt not thou wilt wear it well. Let not dishonour stain it; ever be it ready to protect the innocent, to punish the oppressor; yet be it never drawn without a worthy cause."

The knight pressed the weapon to his lips and to his heart, and, with a voice trembling with agitation, replied, "I will, as the soldier of my God, and the servant of my mistress, wear this weapon—I will guard it as a sacred and a glorious gage—I will wear it, lady, for honour's sake and *thine!*"

The two last words were uttered in a scarcely audible tone; yet neither they, nor the expressive glance that accompanied them, escaped the eye of the princess.

Though the most youthful competitor who had entered the lists, he had displayed no common skill, and, though a stranger and a sojourner for a few days only at the court, his

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weapon had been wielded in her praise. She had marked his unrivalled address in the conflict; she had trembled to see him opposed to veteran knights, to such as she had been taught to deem invincible; and now that, robed with conquest, he knelt at her feet, in all the blushing beauty of early manhood, and pressed to his heart, for *her* sake, the gift she had presented, her bosom throbbed with unusual agitation; but, mindful of her exalted birth, the proud spirit of her father, the firmness of the heroic race of the Capets, rallied within her, and with a composed air, and an almost haughty demeanour, that abashed and pained the youth, she received his acknowledgments.

The trumpets again sounded, the heralds proclaimed the termination of the tournament, and our hero and his esquire were about to retire to their hostel. A messenger from the king delivered them an invitation to the masqued ball that was to conclude the day's festivity. The bidding was, with due respect, accepted, and the knight retired to prepare for the evening's amusement.

"Truly, George, thou ralliest me sore; prithee have mercy—I cannot now brook thy raillery. But come, let's be speedy, or we miss the opportunity of witnessing the entrance of the masques."

"France," replied the speaker's companion, with a lively smile, "has prevailed, and Spain must pay elsewhere her golden dower. Let's on, let's on, prince—sir knight, I should have said—my 'squireship sits, I fear, but awkwardly upon me—let's on, a'God's name, sir knight! for I trow you think

> 'That every fleeting hour is lost,
> If not employed in love!'"

With much similar trifling, the friends (for the late obsequious esquire was now exalted into the playful intimate of the young English knight), proceeded to the palace. They were immediately ushered, by the pages in attendance, into the royal presence. His majesty, with his queen and the Princess Henrietta, were waiting to receive masques. The friends (for the knight introduced his companion as an equal, and a noble, though, from motives of friendship, he had in the morn performed the duties of an esquire), kissed the hands of Henry and his queen.

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"How now, sir knight!" cried the king, with a smile, "are the manhood and chivalrous devotion, which this morning so distinguished your demeanour, faded with the sun? Are your English heroes less gallant in the bower than in the field? Is not our daughter to receive the devoirs of her true and late victorious knight?"

The youth, in a confused and hurried manner, excused his breach of gallantry as arising from a fear of offending the princess, and gracefully pressed to his lips the hand she had extended to him. After a short conversation with the knight, respecting the nature of his commission from King James of England to the court of Spain, on his road whither he had made a short sojourn in the capital of France, the influx of visitors demanded Henry's attention.

It were irrelative to our story to tell what beauty and nobility assembled in the masque. Many a fair and high-born damsel smiled with complaisance on the gallant foreigner who had so nobly won the honours of the day; and many a hardy warrior clasped in amity his hand. But the youth joyed not in the light of beauty's smile, nor beat his bosom high to hear the praises of veterans and nobles. *One* only feeling absorbed his pensive breast, as he gazed, with heedless unconcern, on the gay throngs around him. *That* feeling, *those* absorbing thoughts, centred in the beautiful Henrietta.

Often did *her* expressive glance invite him to become one of the royal party, yet he durst not join himself with her, fearful lest his feelings might betray him. With folded arms and downcast eyes he stood *among*—yet not *of*—the careless groups that flitted before him. A sympathetic feeling seemed to possess the princess. The gallantries and attentions of the nobles of the royal party were disregarded, while her eyes wandered unconscious over the gay scene, and beamed, with fullest feeling, upon the unknown English knight.

> "In the festive scene they met,
> Yet hearts like his, like her's, partook not
> Aught of joy—their deep regret
> Pleasure for a moment shook not."

Often did he check, with a frown of sincere displeasure, the raillery of his volatile companion, whose merriment was

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irresistibly excited by the reserve and mental abstraction his friend could not conceal.

Availing himself of the confusion that at intervals prevailed, the young soldier escaped from his esquire, and, leaving the masque-room, paced alone the most retired walks of the garden that communicated with it. It was a calm and lovely night: the glimmering stars, whose soft and silvery light trembled through the foliage (that now was beginning to glow with the deeper tints of autumn), on the green and flowery ground; the audible murmuring of the neighbouring cascades, the low plaint of the ring-dove, and the note of the distant nightingale, gave to the spot, where loitered the youth, an air of enchantment. The soft and refreshful breeze of the evening fanned his throbbing forehead, and composed, in some degree, his feverish restlessness and tumultuous feelings.

Reclining himself on a rustic seat, the youth gave way to reflections that naturally were excited by the singularity of his situation. "Villiers!" he ejaculated, "thou hast acted toward me an unfriendly part, in pressing on me to become the lovely Henrietta's champion. I love her, I adore her, I will possess her! Yet must I not offend my father. His mind, too well I know, is set upon this alliance with Spain. Well, let my brother James, when he can boast more manhood, claim the Castilian princess as a bride, and secure to our family the golden dower my father so desires. Yet the articles are drawn, the compact signed, and daily I am expected at Madrid. Well, be it so; I am not to be sold by treaty; my heart, my love, my happiness, are not to be bartered by a gilded bait."

He had not long indulged his reverie, when a female form approached him, apparently without observing him. It was Henrietta! it was the princess! The youth sprang forward, and, with respect that savoured of impetuous joy, greeted the fair and wondering object of his solicitude.

"Sir knight, I did not think to meet thee here," she began, "yet had I marked thy absence, and feared thou wert unwell. I thought thou might'st have felt ill consequences of thy day's perilous exertion; and deem me not imprudent," she added, in a voice trembling with ill-sup-

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pressed emotion, "if I tell thee I could but feel anxiety at the thought that, on my account, thou suffered'st aught."

"Well might a warrior joy in direst perils that could wake in thy bosom a compassionate or kindred feeling," replied the raptured youth.

He strove to press to his lips her extended hand, but Henrietta waved him back, and rejoined. "Soldier, thou hast perilled thyself for me. Believe me, I am not ungrateful; yet dost thou err, if thou hast deemed that I have dared to entertain a thought of more than gratitude."

She could with difficulty finish these last words, while her ill-suppressed emotion showed that her reserve and cold expressions were assumed.

"But such is woman! mystery at best—
Seeming most cold when most her heart is burning,
Hiding the melting passions of her breast
Beneath a snowy cloud, and scarce returning
One glance on him for whom her soul is yearning.
Adoring, yet repelling—proud, yet weak—
Conquered, commanding still, enslaved, yet spurning—
Checking the words her heart would bid her speak,
Love raging in her heart, but vanished from her cheek!"

The princess resumed, "Methought I heard you tell my father you purposed journeying into Spain; do you return to Paris in your travel back? Think me not bold in questioning you thus. I have a packet to entrust you with, if you are not unwilling to take charge of it. It is a small tribute of respect and of esteem to the venerable abbess of the royal nunnery at Madrid, once my tutoress. If you will tell me when you leave, and if the trouble—"

"Trouble, princess!" interrupted the knight, "that word could not be meant; but oh, it tells me, were there any other to entrust it to, the *favour* had not been for me? Forgive me, lady, I ought not to address you thus. The object of my journey into Spain is, as I informed your royal father, to adjust matters for an alliance between the daughter of his Majesty of Spain and Charles Prince of England. I must depart on the morrow, believe me, princess, with a heavy heart."

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"Why should you sorrow, sir knight," rejoined Henrietta, "to leave a land of strangers? Your journey will doubtless be repaid by some fair and noble Spanish dame."

"Never! by Heaven I swear, that not Spain's royal daughter's smile shall give me joy."

"Then thou already lovest, sir knight," replied the princess, while her cheek assumed a deeper tinge than it had hitherto worn.

"I *do* love; fondly, passionately love, and none—but thee!"

"Hold, hold, sir!" cried the princess, "another word of love, and I leave thee. Though my hopes, my happiness, were at stake, I must not, dare not, hear of love from *thee!*"

"You must, may—my birth, my rank, all claim equality with your's! I am—"

The explanation of the speaker was interrupted by the entrance of a band of masques In an instant the Englishman was surrounded and made prisoner. The shriek of the princess smote on his ear as he was hurried from the spot.

* * * * *

"Bring in the prisoner," cried Henry, King of France, in a voice that struck terror to the hearts of all present.

The monarch was seated on a throne in the council chamber, surrounded by his nobles, who gazed on each other in silence. The frown that darkened the features of their sovereign was the index of the angry passions of his soul.

"Wretch!" cried he, as the young English knight was led, guarded, into his presence, "wretch! is this thy return for the courtesy we have shown thee? Thus, meanly lurking at the midnight hour, hast thou sought to estrange from her father the affections of our daughter! Nay, shamelessly and treacherously hast forced her from us! This instant name the spot whither thou hast borne her—this instant say if thou hast dared profane, with impious hand, her sacred person, or, by the God of my fathers, my own hand shall do the headsman's office! Speak, or, vile as thou art—unworthy as thou hast proved to die by such a blade, my own sword shall quiver in thy heart!"

"Prince," replied the youth, "thou hast seen me in the conflict—think not, then, thy menaces awaken in my breast one recreant fear. 'Tis not to 'scape thy wrath, I speak; but,

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by the God that made me, by that Great Being who looks down on me and registers my oath, I am innocent—innocent of the charge you allege against me—innocent of indirection touching the princess!"

"Godemar de Launcy, stand forward!" cried the King, whose knitted brows and glaring eyes sufficiently evinced the belief he reposed in the assertions of the Englishman.

The nobleman thus summoned advanced, and, in the most distinct and positive manner, maintained his charge against the stranger. The substance of his evidence was, that, returning with some companions from a hunting excursion, his attention was attracted by a number of armed and masqued soldiers escorting a female, who seemed to be their prisoner. That female he soon discovered to be the princess. Himself and his companions attacked the masques, but, being few in number, only captured this Englishman, who seemed to command the party—the princess, in spite of all his efforts, was carried off by the ravishers.

The Englishman, who, during the evidence of de Launcy, had betrayed signs of great indignation, now burst into passionate exclamations of rage. "False, perjured villain! dost thou not feel a hell-fire upon thy conscience? When thou overtookest thine own myrmidons, didst not thou find me bound, my arms, and even my tongue, inhumanly fettered? Were not thy companions, hunters as thou callest them, thy own hired bravos! Did they not all obey thy beck? Did they not congratulate the princess's captors on the success of their vile plot? When one of the villains loosed me, and another, with scurrilous and ribald tongue, reviled me, did not I fell him to the ground? And say, did not the slave shriek, when he felt my dagger's point, Godemar de Launcy's name, and cry that *thou* hadst brought him to his end? Speak, villain of villains! raise thy hand to Heaven, and make thy accusation; then will I fling thy charge back in thy teeth, will call thee liar, traitor to thy king and to thy God, and will maintain the charge in the ordeal of the single combat! Great monarch," continued the youth, addressing Henry, "I have no evidence of my innocence. A stranger, and unsupported by friends, I stand alone; but look in my face, and then on that crouching villain, and let thy princely soul make its decision. How could I, after the sojourn of a few short days,

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have procured a party sufficiently bold and adventurous to dare so perilous a deed? How could I, even if a band of such miscreants were at my beck, hope to escape from thy dominions with the prize?"

Henry gazed in silence upon the accuser and accused. At that instant the young Englishman's friend and ci-devant esquire was brought, guarded, into the royal presence. His appearance revived Henry's suspicions.

"*Alone* wast thou, Englisman?" he began, "see, we have now thy mate in villany. Fair are ye both in outward guise, but black and foul, I ween, in heart."

"King of France!" cried the English knight's companion, "make not accusations you cannot prove!"

"Insolent miscreant!" vociferated the infuriated Henry.

"Miscreant! I would not hear such words from my own monarch! Shall then an *apostate** brand me with opprobrium? Recal thy expressions, or, by the God that made me, England's embattled armies shall, ere the moon's wane, be at your gates!"

"And who art thou, rash boy, who darest thus chafe my wrath?" rejoined the King, whose anger had now partially abated.

"I am George, Duke of Buckingham, young in years, but old, thy own poor politics confess, in council.

"Ha! is it so?" replied the King, "then I have thee in the toils. Villiers! this is some scheme of thy base heart, some project of thy shallow brain, to bring dishonour on our royal name; and this thy knight, thy champion, to whom, as an humble squire, thou hast exercised a duty befitting thy low birth, say, who is he, an upstart, a minion, like thyself, of a weak-minded monarch?"

"Rave as thou wilt, King of France," rejoined Buckingham, "then eat thine own expressions—this minion, this upstart, as thou callest him, is—"

"Villiers," interrupted the knight, "say no more, his

* Henry IV., though originally of the reformed religion, adopted the Roman Catholic faith. An anecdote is related that, on his triumphal entry into Paris, he exclaimed, in reference to this apostacy, "Veutre St. Gris! Paris vaut bien une messe!"

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majesty is deceived; do not lead him into further error, but endeavour to exculpate thyself; tell his majesty how, and by what fortune, thou becamest a prisoner. I know thou art fallen into difficulty by thy exertions on my behalf."

By this time the anger of the rash young English nobleman had subsided. He addressed himself to Henry, "Forgive, sir, the impetuous warmth that dictated the unworthy language I have held, and permit me to attempt to exculpate myself and my companion. At the conclusion of the masque I missed my friend. I sought him in the saloon and in the garden. While in search of him, my attention was attracted by the noise of a scuffle, and by a faint shriek. I flew to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and saw my friend surrounded by a band of armed masques. It were vain and idle to deny that the princess was there. Herself, with my countryman, was seized and bound; and, both being placed on horseback, were hurried from the place. Taking advantage of a horse, which stood tied at the entrance of the garden, I pursued the ravishers. For three hours I followed them at a short distance, on the road to Melun, within a league of which they were met by a company of horsemen, habited as hunters. The parties exchanged greetings, and my friend (for Buckingham may thus speak of that knight), was released from his bonds."

"Hast thou had communication with thy friend, my lord duke?" inquired the king.

"How can your majesty make the inquiry?" replied Buckingham; "since his capture he has undoubtedly been closely guarded; and I knew not where he was till I met him in this chamber."

"Proceed, my lord," added his majesty.

The duke resumed. "The companies shortly after separated. My countryman was, as I have said, released, and given up to the party that had overtaken his escort, to be conducted, as I learned, a prisoner to Paris. As I found, from the communications of the parties, it was their intention to throw upon my friend the odium of the princess's abduction, I felt no immediate anxiety for his safety, aware that justice would eventually triumph over the machinations of the marauders. I therefore, without alarm, saw him depart for

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Paris, and continued to observe the princess, who, under a strong guard, still continued a contrary route."

"My lord of Buckingham," interrupted Henry, "couldst thou recognize the commander of either party?"

"Your majesty is aware," replied Villiers, "that in the brightest night appearances are deceptive. Yet, could I think so base a villain would gain the favour of the royal presence, I should fearlessly assert that the third man from your majesty commanded the troop that conducted my friend to Paris!"

"It is de Launcy!" ejaculated several nobles.

A look from the king checked their forwardness. Henry, who penetrated farther into the mystery than perhaps any other, concealed the effect the duke's explanation produced on his mind.

Buckingham resumed. "As I have observed, I followed the escort of the princess till we arrived at a chateau near Melun. Availing myself of my masque, which gave me the appearance of one of the party, I stole unperceived, or rather unnoticed, into the house. I saw the princess conducted into a private apartment, while her captors assembled in the hall and gave aloose to merriment. I placed myself in a convenient spot near the princess's chamber, and soon saw her female attendants leave her. I immediately made myself known to her as the esquire of the English knight, who had that morning received from her hand the prize at the tournament, and succeeded in procuring her escape from the house. I placed her on my horse, which I had left at a distance, and, quitting the high road, led her through woods and over heaths, in the direction, as I imagined, of Paris. Two hours after day-break we entered Fontainbleau, and I discovered my error with respect to the route I had pursued. Having communicated to the proper authorities of that place the secret of the princess's exalted birth, and left her under safe protection, I set out for Paris. On my arrival, I was seized and thrown into a dungeon, where, without food, and with damp straw for my pallet, I passed the night."

While Buckingham was speaking, a message from the queen was delivered to his majesty, purporting that the princess had returned under a strong escort, and attended by the chief magistrate of Fontainbleau.

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The king immediately commanded her presence, and, descending from the throne, grasped the hand of Buckingham, and frankly entreated pardon for the expressions he had uttered. Taking from his neck the collar of the Order of St. Louis, he threw it over the young nobleman's shoulders, adding, "Will the noble Buckingham accept this slight proof that my unjust suspicions were dictated only by the impulse of the moment? But," added he, "you have been ill-reported to us, my lord: I was not taught to expect, in the Duke of Buckingham, that disinterested and devoted heroism which has ennobled your exertions."

He had scarce spoken, when the queen entered, leading in the lovely and blushing Henrietta. The nobles present, including Buckingham and his friend (for they had been, by the king's order, conducted to the seats occupied by the peers of France), rose to receive them. Henry's paternal feelings overcame his wonted self-possession. He ran towards his daughter, and pressed her in silence to his bosom. Then re-ascending the throne, with the two royal dames at his feet, he addressed the nobles present:—

"My lords, I am sure you will all cordially join with me in expressions of gratitude and admiration of the conduct of the Duke of Buckingham and his friend. Equally illustrious in valour and true nobility, they have evinced themselves real knights, *sans peur et sans reproché!* As for *that* caitiff, that Godemar de Launcy, his own conscience, if it be not dead, and the contempt of all good men, be his portion and his punishment! Yet one word more," added the king. "Though I can but feel, as must a father, at my daughter's providential rescue, I must thus publicly reprobate the forgetfulness of her dignity and sex that Henrietta has been guilty of, in thus seeking an interview with a stranger—and—" Henry checked himself, conscious that what he was about to add could but be painful to his beloved daughter, and discourteous to the two noble foreigners.

Buckingham gazed in silence on his friend; Henrietta, pale and weeping, would have sunk on the ground, had not the queen supported her. The unknown English knight arose. "Though the peace of my country were at stake," cried he, "I would not hear *that* noble lady, without cause, reproached. Our meeting in the garden was purely acci-

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dental. Your majesty will believe me, when I affirm, that though my proud heart flatters me I share in her esteem, she turned from me with contempt when I durst speak of love. And, royal Henry, for I can withhold no more, forgive me when I tell your majesty that I adore your royal daughter, and humbly solicit her hand and heart, as Charles, Prince of Wales, as the heir of England's crown!"

The prince knelt, and presented his credentials to his majesty. The Princess Henrietta, overcome by emotions of surprise and joy, fainted in the arms of her attendants. Henry descended from his throne, and, leading the prince to a seat beside him, thus addressed him:—

"Our royal cousin must be conscious that how favourably soever his virtues may have disposed us towards the alliance, we can stir in the matter only with and by the consent and approbation of his royal father. If circumstances favour your suit, we can only add, we shall be proud to hail as a son of France a prince whose genuine virtue has so dignified his illustrious rank."

History informs us that King James's aversion to any other than a Spanish alliance was easily overcome, and that, in the ensuing spring, the prince, afterwards the ill-fated Charles I., placed the coronet of Wales upon the blushing brow of the beautiful Henrietta of France.

PARTING LOVERS.

BY P. J. MEAGHER, ESQ.

How sweetly sad is the parting hour,
When lovers are met in the ecoless bow'r,
Their last tale of love and of fondness to tell,
Ere the voice faintly murmurs, "Farewell, farewell!"

How mournful the silence, how warm is the tear,
Which steals down each cheek as the moment draws near;
How gentle each look, how wounded each heart,
When they fearfully sigh, "We must—we must part!"

What a contrast is that 'twixt the fate and the will,
When the parting word lingers—and yet lingers still—
But the moment is come, like a sentence of death,
And to utter "farewell!" they have hardly a breath.

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THE FALL OF JERICHO.

A SACRED MELODY, BY J. A. SHEA.

The armies of Israel encircled her walls,
And the wail of the weepers was heard in her palls;
Her turrets reflected the flash of the swords,
And the trumpet's shrill voice down her valleys was pour'd.

And the shouting of Israel's thousands went forth,
As the waves when awaked from the storm of the North;
And the pale city heard it, and trembled with dread,
And the pulse from the depths of their wild bosoms fled.

For the curse of iniquity hung like a pall
On the homes, and the hopes, and the bosoms of all;
And the hand of the high ONE was heavily lain
On the bosoms that shriek'd out for succour in vain.

The trumpets rung out, and the thundering wall
Was wide in its ruin and loud in its fall;
The death-stricken city was peopled with foes,
And Jericho sank to the dust whence she rose.

TO THE IVY.

Lone tenant of the wasted spot,
Where softened desolation smiles,
And weeds are spread o'er graves forgot,
And Ruin sighs from grass-grown ailes;
Still present round each withered trunk,
Like youth, which cheers the path of age;
Or where the river wall has sunk,
Beneath Destruction's leaguering rage.

Child of decay!—no blushing flower,
Or cup of treasured sweets, is thine,
To breathe in Beauty's fragrant bower,
Or charm where statelier rivals shine.
The column of the desert place,
The warrior's cross, the nameless stone,
Receive thy clasping boughs' embrace,
And shew thy clustering wreaths alone.

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Yet, type of Truth, when Fortune wanes;
And Grief, that haunts the mouldering tomb;
And Love, that, "strong as Death," sustains
The whirlwind's shock and tempest's gloom:
To me thy mournful leaf excels
The fairest buds, whose petals fling
Their odours where the Summer dwells,
Or gem the verdant robe of Spring.

The violet and the queen-like rose,
Frail minions of a passing day,
Brief as the faith which Falsehood shews,
But bloom while lasts their worshipped ray;
Yet thou—beneath the howling blast,
When all is drear, art smiling on,
Unchanged, unshrinking, to the last,
And green when even Hope is gone.

J. F. H.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

(Concluded from last month.)

In the festivities of Berne, which has the invidious reputation of being the most gay of all the towns of Switzerland, Leopold thought he should find the means of passing the winter very agreeably.

He had been living here for some weeks, when one day, as he entered the church on a religious festival, he saw a procession of young girls passing along the aisles, and collecting the contributions of the devout people who filled the church. His attention was particularly attracted by the sight of so much loveliness engaged in so pious an office. Every one of them was distinguished for personal charms, and none had yet reached the age of eighteen years.

One among them attracted the attention of Leopold by her remarkable beauty, which even the neighbourhood of so many other lovely faces only rendered still more striking. She appeared to be about seventeen years old, and the bloom of youth was just ripening into the mature graces of womanhood. Her figure was of perfect symmetry, and such as even

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the most exalted imagination, and the best efforts of painters and sculptors, could not surpass. In all her movements there was an eloquent dignity, and her every gesture seemed to be under the influence of that instinctive loveliness which pervaded her whole frame. Her walk, bounding and elastic, bespoke all the firmness and vigour of youth, but was repressed by a grave modesty, suited to the place and the occasion. Her face was more fascinating and lovely than her form, because it seemed even to pass mortal beauty: it would be impossible to describe accurately such a face; and, if the imaginations of the hearers cannot supply them with an adequate notion of it, it must even go undescribed, so totally is it beyond the feeble power of words to do justice to it. An expression of perfect goodness and simplicity added to it the only charm which it could have received.

Leopold gazed with a rapturous admiration that engrossed his whole faculties.

When she quitted the church he could still scarcely persuade himself that it was merely a human being; and when, by dint of reasoning, he had succeeded in doing so, his desire to know more of her became still more powerful.

Upon inquiry he learnt that she was the daughter of an Italian gentleman of respectability, whom the changes which had taken place in his native country had driven into exile.

It is not necessary to detail the means by which Leopold made his advances to the father and the daughter. It will be enough to say that, after some time, he was her accepted lover, and her destined husband.

The earlier part of Leopold's life had been one of professed gallantry. Now, indeed, he loved; for every thing in the world, compared with his passion and its object, was suddenly lowered in the scale of his estimation. His affection, like a pure flame, seemed to have expelled every dark and unworthy feeling from his bosom, while it filled the space with its own splendour and warmth.

A few weeks had now only to elapse before the day on which it had been fixed that the holy rites of the church should unite Leopold and his Laura.

On one night they were together at a ball given by the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires in Berne, whither all the most

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important persons, as well natives as foreigners, who then happened to be in the city, were invited. The assemblage was, of course, very numerous. Among all the beauties of the saloon (and they were many), Laura Baldini shone the most conspicuous, and excited universal attention. Leopold had so completely got over the gloomy notions which had once entirely poisoned his happiness, that, although he knew this night was the anniversary of that fatal one on which he had been present at the infernal revels which were held in old Alice's hovel, he never once allowed the circumstance to master him.

The evening passed away rapidly and delightfully. The music—the exhilarating effect of the dance—the lively and agreeable conversation of his companions—and the society of his beautiful bride, who seemed to drink joy from his eyes—contributed to exalt Leopold's spirits to a height they had seldom reached of late years.

"Now," he said to himself, as he looked on the gay group around—"now, once more, my heart seems to be my own, and all my past sorrows are like an imperfectly remembered dream."

This thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when a voice sounded in his ear, which was at once familiar and horrible. He looked about, and yet he could not discover whence it proceeded. Still it sounded in his ear audibly, though he could not distinguish the words it uttered, owing to the suppressed tone in which they were delivered. He turned entirely round; and directly behind him, leaning against one of the pillars of the saloon, he saw the Signor Baldini engaged in deep conversation with a tall man, whose back was turned to him.

"Are you sure it is he?" asked the signor.

"As sure as I am of my own existence," replied the stranger; and as he spoke he turned slowly round.

His eyes fell upon those of Leopold, who, to his horror and surprise, saw in the stranger the form of the captain who had been his companion at Göttingen on the All-hallows night.

Leopold's agreeable fancies were in a moment dispelled; his mortification increased when he saw, by the manner of

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Signor Baldini, that his presence was unwelcome as well as unexpected.

"Are you ready to depart?" said the signor: "it grows late." Leopold thought this was uttered with evident embarrassment.

He could not doubt that the altered manner of the signor was caused by something that had been said to his disadvantage by his quondam associate at Göttingen. He saw that this was an inconvenience to which he might be exposed as often as the person who thus harassed him should happen to fall in his way: he resolved, therefore, at once to put an end to such an annoyance, and turned to seek Laura, whom he intended to have seen to the carriage with her father, and then to return and demand an explanation of his conduct from the insolent person who presumed to interfere with his character.

He looked through the ball-room for Laura, but in vain; he hastened into all the adjoining rooms, but she was not to be found; nor did he meet with the signor in his search. He then inquired of the servants, and learnt that the Signor Baldini and his daughter had gone home.

He was astonished beyond measure that they should have quitted the party without him. Some reasons must have induced them to so singular a step, and he could think of none unless they had been furnished by the slanders of the accursed captain.

His resentment against this person was heightened as he thought of this; and he hastened in search of him, to chastise his impertinence, and to prevent all future annoyance from him. He saw him quit the room, and, hastening into the street, he overtook him.

"A word with you, sir," he said, grasping his arm at the same moment, and with not the most courteous pressure.

"You know me?"

"I do," replied the other.

"You have been speaking of me this evening?"

"I have done, then, no more than all the world does."

"I cannot make war with all the world, even if they did as you say; but I can check your insolence, and I will."

"Insolence!—I only said that this time two years you

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went out to old Alice's hovel, near the city of Göttingen, and mingled in certain hellish ceremonies, which rendered you unfit for the company of good Christians."

"Liar and villain, draw!"

"But one moment,' said the captain.

Leopold lowered the point of his sword, but did not quit his position.

"I have said nothing," continued the other, "that you need be so much enraged at. There may surely be some less hostile mode of arranging any slight differences between us."

"You should have thought of that before," said Leopold.

"But surely you cannot be so very angry at my having told what you know to be the truth,"

Thoughts of unutterable horror came over Leopold's mind. He believed, now, that the enemy of mankind, in a human shape, was besetting him, and, in a few angry words, he said, "I know and defy thee!" and he pressed on him with deadly thrusts.

The supposed Schwartswald and the real fiend, as Leopold could now no longer doubt him to be, parried every blow with as much coolness as if he had been practising in a fencing-school instead of being engaged in a mortal combat. He continued at the same time to address Leopold.

"And did you think to escape me after giving me so much trouble?" he said: "could you suppose I would permit you to marry the beautiful Laura—you have improved in your fence though. And you would fain turn pious too—you who have so often outraged heaven and earth with your blasphemies!"

At length the desperate impetuosity of Leopold broke through his guard—the sword of the supposed Schwartzwald flew several yards from him—and his adversary's weapon must have been through his heart, but that at the same moment he drew a pistol and discharged it at Leopold, who fell instantly.

The fiend stood over him, laughing exultingly, "With my last breath," said the fainting Leopold, "I defy thee!"

A loud noise was at this moment heard, and the voices of persons approaching, and when they came up, no one was to be seen but the bleeding Leopold. He was carried in

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this state to his own lodgings. His wound was immediately attended, and, after much care and great doubt of his recovery, he was pronounced out of danger.

His first inquiry was respecting his Laura; and as it was found impossible to deceive him on this subject, he was informed that, on the morning of his duel, Signor Baldini had departed from Berne, accompanied by his daughter, in a carriage hastily hired for the purpose; but that the cause of their abrupt departure, and the place whither they had retreated, were equally unknown.

Leopold was thunder-stricken at this news: he saw that they had been brought to believe some horrible calumny against him, and he could not doubt that the signor had used or would use this as an inducement for his daughter's embracing a monastic life.

After every means had been tried to gain information of the Signor Baldini's retreat, Leopold set out himself in the vain search. He crossed the Alps, not knowing or caring whither he went. It was late in a summer's evening when he perceived that the Vetturino had got into a cross road, in attempting to make a short cut, and that he had lost his way. This was a matter of great indifference to Leopold, who was ill and fatigued, and he told the man to stop for the night at the first inn they should reach.

At about eight o'clock in the evening Paulo, the Vetturino, drew up the carriage at the door of a very small and unpromising inn.

"These seem but sorry quarters, Signor Paulo," said Leopold, looking out.

"Signor," replied Paulo, "there is a house near this where you would, perhaps, find a better lodging than in this inn."

"Let us go thither, by all means, then."

"It is a religious house, signor," said Paulo, loading himself with a small bag which contained Leopold's dressing apparatus, and they set out across the vineyard which Paulo had pointed out.

As they went along, the Vetturino said, "You know, signor, you are to seek the Signora Laura every where; and, as this house to which we are going is filled with religious ladies, surely no place can be so proper to make inquiries in."

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Leopold saw at once the drift of this, and believed that the man had some knowledge of the place of his mistress's retreat.

Arrived at the convent, permission was given by the lady abbess, as soon as asked, for the signor's lodging in that part of the building which was set apart for the reception of strangers.

Leopold begged permission to wait upon her.

This was unhesitatingly granted, and he followed the old porter through the narrow passage which led to the parlour of the principal.

The abbess was a prim, but kind looking, old lady. She received Leopold with an air of stately politeness He looked about the room, and could have fancied that this was not the first time he had been in it. He thought of the nunnery of Santa Croce, but this abbess was not like the principal of that house; besides, he believed this was situated in a different part of the country; and, upon looking again, he saw that, although the general plan of the rooms might be the same, that in which he was now sitting was deficient in the severe elegance which characterized the parlour of Santa Croce.

Leopold, mastering his agitation as well as he could, approached the abbess, and, telling her his name, said he had he had come in search of the Signora Laura, who he had reason to believe was now within these walls.

"I assure you," replied the abbess, with a cold and formal manner, "that she is not."

"I beseech you, madam," said Leopold—while his features expressed the anxiety and pain of his mind—"I beseech you not to trifle with the feelings of one who is already on the very edge of despair. I implore you, by all that you hold most sacred, not to make two persons utterly wretched. This cannot be the end of true religion; and this, perhaps worse than this, must be the consequence of your separating me from Laura. Our passion is mutual; our happiness, our lives—nay, the salvation of one of us—depends upon our being permitted to meet once more."

"My son," replied the abbess, who, apathetic as she was, could not avoid feeling moved by the vehemence of Leopold's manner, "it is not any more in my power to unite you than to increase the space which separates you. Pray calm your

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emotion, and arm yourself with Christian patience to endure those evils which must be the lot of all of us in this world."

"Is she here?" cried Leopold impatiently.

"My son, she is not," replied the abbess.

"But she has been here?"

"It is very true that she has been here, but she has departed hence."

"When did she go, and whither? Tell me, and the speed of the winds of Heaven shall not equal mine in pursuit of her."

"Again I say to you, be patient! Remember that sorrow and suffering are the lot of mortals, and that it is by them alone we can hope to enjoy that true happiness which is in Heaven."

Leopold would have rushed from the room without listening to any more of the old lady's exhortations, but the desire of learning whither Laura had gone restrained him.

"If you will moderate that transport, which even now shakes your every limb, and will promise to bear like a man that which man is born to suffer, I will tell you whither our dear sister is departed."

Leopold bowed. There was a solemnity in the manner of the old lady's last address to him which shocked him. He had thought that to find the place of Laura's abode was to be happy. Now, for the first time, he began to think that some sinister accident might have happened, more fatal to his hopes than even her flight.

"I do promise," he said, and the blood receded from his cheeks as he gazed almost breathless on the abbess.

"The track of many years had obliterated, I thought, the very scars of former sorrows from my heart," said the abbess, as her eyes streamed with tears; "but the sight of your sufferings makes me feel the old wounds again. My son, the sister Laura has gone to her home—she is dead!"

Leopold gasped, and looked in stupid astonishment for a moment—then fell at the old lady's feet, as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

At length, the cares of the persons whom the abbess had summoned to his assistance were successful; he slowly opened his eyes, and, as the recollection of the fatal information he had received recurred to him, a cold shuddering convulsed his frame.

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"Tell me, when did she die?" he asked, in a scarcely audible tone.

"Five days ago," replied the abbess; "and yesterday she was buried."

Leopold groaned deeply. He sunk back in despair. "The fiend triumphs!" he said; "it is in vain to contend further. The last blow is now struck."

After a few minutes he recovered again, and, fixing his lustreless eyes upon the abbess, he said, "Lead me, I implore you, to her grave."

The abbess, hoping that the sight of this melancholy spot might, by exciting his tears, assuage that mortal agony which racked his heart, complied with his request.

The old priest and the porter supported him, for his own limbs almost refused their office; and, followed by the abbess and the nuns, all of whom wept at the piteous spectacle which Leopold exhibited, they proceeded towards the convent cemetery. Leopold never raised his head from the shoulder of the kind priest until they stopped.

"Here," said the father, "is the low grave in which lies she whom you loved, and who was the personification of beauty and virtue."

Leopold looked up. One glance was enough—the well-known spot, which nothing could have erased from his memory, was before him. The ivy-covered wall, the tall cypresses—the white tablet, on which the moonbeams fell with a silvery lustre—the sparkling marble spires of the convent in the back ground—all convinced him at once that this was the cemetery of Santa Croce—that the spot on which he stood was that predestined to be his grave.

Once he looked round, as if to assure himself—once he gazed on the grave of his Laura, where the flowers strewed by her weeping companions lay yet unwithered—then turned his eyes to the dark blue sky, and, sinking again upon the shoulder of the priest without speaking a word, and uttering but one long sigh, his spirit fled for ever!

In that spot he was buried, and on that space in the wall was a tablet placed, with no other inscription than his name.

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LADY ARABELLA STUART.

In the year 1610, there stood upon the brow of Highgate Hill a noble mansion, belonging to the Countess of Shrewsbury, of which not a vestige now remains.

On an afternoon in the month of May, in the year which has been mentioned, two ladies were walking in the gardens of this mansion. One was a staid matronly-looking person, long past the middle age; the other was one in whose face the marks of deep sorrow had not obliterated, and hardly impaired, the beauty which triumphed there, as on a throne. From their dress and demeanour it was evident that they were persons of the higher class of society.

A lame old man, who had been long gazing through the gate, and whose appearance indicated that poverty and old age had dealt hardly with him, now approached them. His tattered clothes were, as might be guessed through the numerous and party-coloured patches which covered them, the remnants of an old military uniform. A long and broad rapier hung at his side; and he lent upon an old matchlock, which he used by way of staff. His head was covered with loose grey locks, and exhibited many scars, which told, more plainly than even the black patch which covered the place where one of his eyes should have been, that his life had been spent in danger, and that fighting had been his trade. In his right hand he held a rusty and battered morion, which he extended to the ladies as he implored their charity. A large wallet was strapped on his shoulders.

"For the love of Heaven, sweet ladies," he cried, "bestow some of your pity upon a disabled soldier."

The younger lady, who had "a hand open as day for melting charity," instantly produced a purse, and, before her intention was perceived by her companion, had placed a portion of its contents in the beggar's morion.

"Where did you receive your wounds?" asked the young lady in a tone of kindness and sympathy which enhanced her bounty.

"In almost every place, gentle madam, where during the last thirty years the soldiers of Britain have had to maintain the liberties of their country. Now, God help me! I am old, and unable to fight; my friends are all dead; and I have no

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dependence but on the bounty of Providence, and of such good Christians as you, lady."

"Poor man!" ejaculated the lady," "and have you no home?"

"The wide world is my home," said the soldier; "I shall never have any other until I creep into my grave."

"Who knows, friend," said the elder lady, "that you are not an arrant impostor?"

"Your ladyship's late brother, my honoured master, would know if he were alive," said the soldier, with an emphasis which amounted almost to a rebuke.

"Did you know the Lord Mountchensy?" asked the old lady, while a slight agitation passed over her face at the mention of her gallant brother.

"I knew him," replied the veteran, "for as brave a soul as ever struck hard blows in a fair cause; and by this token, my lady, he knew me also. This ring, which neither prison nor poverty has yet been able to tear from me, was given to me by the gallant lord after a hard fight in the Low Countries."

The soldier, as he spoke, gave the countess a ring; and, as the old lady wiped away the tears which her brother's memory forced into her eyes, he slipped, with great dexterity, a letter into the hands of the younger one, whispering, at the same moment, "*Fedeltà.*"

She knew that this word must have been communicated to him by a person whom she held dearer than her life; and, concealing as well as she could the agitation which she felt, she put the letter into her bosom.

"Will you not order the poor man into the buttery?" said she to the countess: "he seems tired, and I dare say has need of rest and food."

"Be it so, my love," replied the countess; and then calling a servant, and bidding him take charge of the old soldier, she said she would see him again shortly. The old man retired, loading both the ladies with thanks and benedictions.

It is, perhaps, expedient, at this part of the narrative, that I should give my readers some more particular information respecting the younger of the ladies, who has no slight claims upon their interest. She was the Lady Arabella Stuart, the cousin of the reigning monarch, and, as some persons

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deemed, having a better title to the throne than James I. From her earliest years she had been an object of suspicion to the king, and he resolved that she should never marry, and that her claims, such as they were, should terminate with her existence.

There never yet was a king, however absolute his power, who could control the impulses of hearts. The gallant and accomplished William Seymour, the second son of the Earl of Beauchamp, and the worthy descendant of a long line of heroic ancestors, saw and loved her. He imparted to her his passion, and had the happiness soon to find that he was a successful wooer. She confessed that she returned his love with equal ardour; and, although they were compelled to keep their mutual flame a secret, this scarcely abated the felicity of a sentiment which ever loves the shade, and is never made more delightful by becoming more notorious.

They were privately, and, as they hoped, secretly married; but the numerous spies whom the king kept in his pay soon discovered the union which they had not been able to prevent. The newly-wedded couple were arrested, and carried before the privy council, where, after an angry reprimand from the king, Mr. Seymour was committed to the Tower, there to remain during his majesty's pleasure; and the Lady Arabella was delivered over to the custody of her aunt, the Countess of Shrewsbury, with a strict injunction that she was not to be permitted to leave her ladyship's house at Highgate.

The imprisonment to which Mr. Seymour had been doomed was, at that time, little less perilous than a sentence of death; and the Lady Arabella's delight may therefore be conceived, when, upon opening the letter which the old soldier had delivered to her, she learnt that her husband had escaped from his imprisonment in the Tower.

He wrote, besides, that he had since gained the coast, and had procured a vessel which would carry them to France, where they might live in obscure, but happy retirement. He recommended her to place implicit confidence in the bearer of the letter, who would furnish the means for her escape, and who, notwithstanding the meanness of his disguise, was a gentleman of good family, and Mr. Seymour's old comrade. His real appellation was Hugh Markham; and, although he had so successfully imitated the weakness

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of old age and the suffering of poverty, he was, in fact, neither old nor poor, but one who, to serve a friend in time of need, would have affronted the most terrific dangers.

With the ardour of a young and loving girl, the Lady Arabella thought, upon reading her husband's letter, that all the obstacles which stood in the way of her happiness were at once removed. To quit the court and all its splendours would never have cost her a great sacrifice; but, now that she loved, and that the opposition which she had met with had aroused all the energies of her pure mind, she could, without a moment's pause, have renounced all that the world contained for her love and for her lover. It, however, soon occurred to her that she had overlooked the difficulties which might attend her attempt to escape; and she then thought of the supposed old soldier, who was to aid and to accompany her. She had no secrets from her own servant, Bridget—a faithful girl, who had attended her from her childhood. The Countess of Shrewsbury was, luckily, shut up in her oratory; and Bridget was therefore enabled, with little difficulty, to introduce the soldier to a small ante-chamber adjoining the Lady Arabella's room.

The mendicant—or Markham, as he shall in future be called—advanced to the lady with an upright and quick gait, which little resembled the posture he had assumed in his character of a beggar.

"Fair lady," he said, "we have no time to spend in ceremony; every thing depends upon the promptness with which we arrange for your escape. To-morrow, as I learn, it will be too late to attempt it."

"Oh, let us go instantly," said Lady Arabella.

"If we could do so with safety, it were well," replied Markham; "but we must use a little caution. In this packet," he said, loosening his wallet from his shoulders, and throwing it on the ground, "I have a perfect disguise for you; when you retire for the night, instead of going to bed, dress yourself, and be in readiness to set off as soon as the time shall serve."

"But where is my husband?" asked the lady.

"I do not know exactly the spot; but he will be waiting our arrival: he knows our ship: and, although he dare not

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stay long in any one place, he will join us in the river: perhaps, even now, he is on board.

"There is now lying in the river as pretty a pinnace, manned by a dozen of as honest fellows as your ladyship would desire to look upon; in which I mean to carry you and your husband into the port of Calais. Will Seymour and I have been friends since we were boys; and, when I heard of his being made a prisoner in the Tower, I hastened to London to rescue him. Happily I have succeeded in that, and, as his letter has told you, he is free. The next concern is to carry you out of the durance in which I find you. Hitherto all has gone on well, thanks to the credulity of the good countess, who believed a story which, if told by my poor father, had been near the truth, for it was to him that the Lord Mountchensy gave the ring. It would be unwise to prolong this conversation, lest any suspicions should arise which might be fatal to our plans. You must secure me a night's lodging, and leave the rest to our good stars and our own industry. Farewell, madam! keep up your courage, and show yourself in spirit, as you are in all womanly beauty, the worthy bride of the gallant Seymour." As he spoke he kissed the lady's hand with a courtly air, and, having made a low bow, he resumed the hobbling gait of the lame soldier, and crawled out of the room.

(To be concluded.)

A SMILE FROM THEE.

A smile from thee were better worth
Than all the sparkling gems of earth.
Though dazzling bright their rays may strike,
They pour those rays on all alike;
While well I know alone for me
That pleasure beams a smile from thee!

The gay sun, too, whose golden light
Enrobes the meads in garb so bright,
Awak'ning joy in ev'ry breast
Of virtue, truth, and love possess'd,
Still shines on all, while all for me,
That pleasure beams a smile from thee.

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LONDON PROMENADE DRESS.



LONDON CARRIAGE DRESS.

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Cares may my peace and joy assail,
My warmest, brightest hopes may fail,
And fickle Fortune's adverse frown,
May tumble all my castles down;
Yet what will these reverses be
If I can win a smile from thee?

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

LONDON PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.—*Gros de Naples* robe, of the darkest shade of claret colour. Half high *corsage*, and sleeves tight at the lower part, but slightly bouffanted at the upper. Black lace *mantelet*, lined with rose coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with black lace; it is made with a shawl pelerine, of moderate depth behind, and forming a lappel on the bosom. White satin hat, a round open brim, the interior trimmed next the face with a very full wreath of flowers. A low crown, trimmed with white satin ribbon, and two white *marabous nouées*.

LONDON CARRIAGE DRESS.—Robe of *bleu d'Orleans* satin, a low *corsage*, and short sleeves. Mantle of the *Witschoura* form, but made low in front, displaying the dress; it is composed of velvet, a very light shade of fawn colour, draws in in the waist in the pelisse stile: the long sleeves are surmounted by *mancherons* of the *demi faliero* form, and the pelerine descending in a point at the bottom of the waist, and rounded in the shawl stile on the bosom, forms a long scarf which is closed in front by *pinces* of ribbon to correspond. The pelerine and sleeves are bordered with sable fur. Straw coloured satin bonnet, a round open brim, descending very low on the cheeks, and trimmed over the forehead with an intermixture of blond lace and flowers. The crown is decorated in a novel stile with flowers and ribbon, a knot of which, with floating ends, is placed under the curtain at the back.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING LONDON FASHIONS.

Owing to the uncommon beauty of the autumn, the winter fashions cannot yet be said to be definitively fixed; enough, however, is known to enable us to give our fair readers sufficient information for the commencement of the season. Furs will enjoy even more than their usual vogue; for, besides the

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adoption both of boas and palatine tippets, which are expected to be in nearly equal favour, pelisses, and even shawls, will be trimmed with fur. Sable and ermine will retain their usual vogue. Grey squirrel is expected also to maintain its rank as a second-rate fur, and we are assured that silver bear, of the finest kind, which has now been laid upon the shelf for, we believe, nearly thirty years, is very likely to come into favour.

Satin, velvet, and rep velvet are the only materials that have yet appeared for winter hats and bonnets. We may cite, among the most novel of the latter, two wadded bonnets, equally remarkable for their elegance and novelty; the one of straw coloured satin has the crown adorned with two white marabouts; they are arranged in the willow stile, with the *barbes* knotted, and straw coloured satin ribbons, bordered with an imitation of Valenciennes lace; the interior of the brim is trimmed with a *bonnet à la juire* in Valenciennes lace. The other is composed of lavender grey satin, and trimmed with ribbons to correspond, which are edged with an imitation of lace; a tuft of feathers of the same colour, spotted with white, completes the trimming of the crown. The interior of the brim is decorated with lace, intermingled with cherry coloured velvet.

The majority of half dress hats are adorned with feathers, but we have seen a good many trimmed with chenille or velvet flowers. We must observe that, if the hat is velvet, feathers or chenille flowers are generally employed, and not velvet ones. We may cite, among the prettiest of the new hats, one of pistachio green satin, trimmed with ribbons, shaded in green and capuchin gray, and ornamented with a tuft of *epis* in green, and grey chenille. There is something extremely novel and strikingly elegant in this head-dress. Some new shaded ribbons have appeared, but they are not yet decidedly fashionable, though we think they are likely to become so. Some of the combinations of colours are extremely pretty, such, for instance, as orange and green, purple and black, grey and white. The colours expected to be in favour for the materials of bonnets are, a new shade of violet, lavender grey, and brown; dove colour is likely also to be in great request, but only for undress bonnets.

Mantles are expected to be very much in request; there is

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a good deal of variety in the patterns of the new printed and damasked cashmere ones. We have seen also a good many of rich silk, satin, and even velvet, the principal novelty in point of form, is one, the fronts of which are disposed *en mantelet;* the effect is extremely novel and elegant.

The new silks, both for carriage and in-door dress, are generally of dark colours; those that are figured, striped, or damasked, have, for the most part, brown grounds, with green, blue, or ponceau patterns: there are also some very pretty silks with rose, green, or wood coloured grounds, and black patterns. They are extremely appropriate for winter dresses, trimmed with black lace. Merinos printed in gothic patterns, in vivid colours, upon white grounds, are expected to be very fashionable in dinner dress, and from the beauty, both of their texture and patterns, we think it very likely.

Pelisse robes are most in request in half dress; they are made a three-quarter height, the *corsages* in general plain, and for the most part with Victoria sleeves. This kind of sleeve, we must observe, is moderately full, except just a little below the shoulder, and at the wrist; the front of the dress is trimmed with knots, *bouillons*, or two narrow plaited trimmings. A corresponding stile of ornament decorates the sleeve.

Satins, both plain and figured, rich silks figured, striped, and damasked, and rep velvet, are all in request for evening robes. We shall cite two that have just been made up for distinguished leaders of the *ton;* the one is of white *gros d'Afrique*, the border trimmed with a flounce of the same; the edge of the flounce is trimmed with a wreath of cherry coloured velvet leaves; the heading corresponds, but is larger. A low *corsage* ornamented with a white *tulle* drapery, attached by knots of cherry coloured velvet. A tight sleeve, trimmed in a very novel stile, with *tulle* intermixed with velvet. The other dress is of satin, a green ground, figured in black. The skirt is trimmed with black lace disposed in a drapery flounce, and intermingled with knots of green ribbon; the *corsage* is low, trimmed with a very narrow lappel of the heart kind, bordered with black lace, and the short tight sleeve is partially covered with black lace draperies, corresponding with the trimming of the skirt.

Most of the new evening hats are of velvet. We may cite, among the prettiest, those of black velvet, a little, but very

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little, larger than those of last season, trimmed with ostrich feathers and ribbons, both black shaded with rose colour. Fashionable colours are new and very dark shades of brown, green, blue, ponceau, and drab, cherry, lilac, and various shades of rose and light blue.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS PROMENADE DRESS.—Mantle of one of the new green figured silks; it is made in the pelisse style, that is, closed down the front, and confined round the waist by a rich cord and tassels. The sleeves are very wide, except just at the wrists, where they are confined by buttons. Pelerine of the mantalet form, rounded, and very deep behind. There is a second fall, but of very moderate size, composed of velvet. Hat of *oiseau velours épinglé*, an open brim of very moderate size; the crown, placed rather far back, is ornamented with ribbons and shaded feathers to correspond. Embroidered muslin collar trimmed with lace.

PARIS DINNER DRESS.—Pelisse robe of a new and beautiful shade of dove colour; the *corsage* tight to the shape and half high, is trimmed with a shawl pelerine, which is edged with a full *ruche* of the same material. The *ruche* is continued down one side of the skirt and round the border of the dress. Sleeve of the *demi Chatelaine* form, tight at top, full in the centre, and finished by a cuff of the antique form, which, as well as the upper part of the sleeve, is trimmed with *ruches*. Pink *velours épinglé* hat; the interior of the brim is trimmed over each temple, with a cluster of puffs of white ribbon; the brim is round, and descends rather low at the sides; the *brides* pass through it; crown of the demi form, ornamented with pink satin ribbons, edged to resemble Valenciennes lace, and crowned by a bouquet of roses.

REMARKS ON THE PREVAILING PARIS FASHIONS.

Although the middle of the day is still very fine, the mornings and evenings begin to get cool, and though our *élégantes* have not yet quite laid aside their half season costumes, yet, upon the whole, winter toilettes predominate. Let us see, then, what they afford that is most worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

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PARIS PROMENADE DRESS.

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Several mantles have already appeared, and from the elegance of the materials employed for them, there is every reason to believe that they will exceed in beauty and richness even those of last year. Cashmere, various kinds of rich silk, and satin, are all employed for mantles. The majority are made, at present, without sleeves, but we have reason to believe that, as the season advances, sleeves will be fashionable. The most novel form is that trimmed with a lappel, either of satin or velvet, of the colour of the mantle, which descends entirely down the front, and is attached to a very deep pelerine behind. Cloaks of this kind are not confined at the waist, but most of the others are. Several are trimmed with very broad fringe; these latter are usually attached with cords and tassels round the waist.

Velvet, satin, and *Velours d'Afrique* are the materials in vogue for hats and bonnets. Several satin ones, wadded and quilted, have already appeared, although the weather certainly is still too fine to render so warm a head-dress necessary, but they are pretty and becoming. The majority are of white satin; they are somewhat smaller than those of last year, and the form is more solid, but, in our opinion, not so pretty. These are sustained both with slight wire passed through the quilting, and whalebone at the edge, which gives a degree of stiffness to their appearance. Several are finished with a row of swansdown at the edge of the brim. The crown is generally trimmed with ribbon, and that sparingly, but we have seen a few adorned with a bouquet of short ostrich feathers placed on one side.

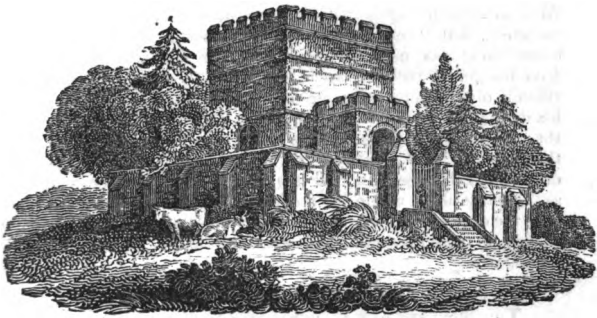
Whether any decided change will take place in the form of hats it is at present impossible to say. Certainly, the only change observable in the new ones is a diminution in the size of the brims, which continue to stand out from the face; they are of a round form, long at the sides, and with the *brides* attached in the interior. A good many satin hats are still trimmed with flowers, and those, too, belonging rather to the spring than to the autumn. Others are ornamented with willow marabouts, which are generally white, but shaded with the colour of the hat; or else bird-of-paradise, with a plumage of two colours, one of which must be that of the hat. Black velvet hats are trimmed only with ribbons of uncommon richness.

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The materials of promenade robes are either of the cashmere and chaly kind, or else rich silks; but, whatever be the material, the pattern and colours must be dark. The pelisse robe form is most in request for the promenade, but for half dress there is a good deal of variety both in form and material. The rich silks, both plain and figured, that we spoke of in our last number, are in very great vogue. So, also, are poplins, both plain and figured, and different materials, either of the chaly kind, or composed of a mixture of cashmere wool and silk. *Corsages* are either of a half or three-quarter height, the former may be either tight or plaited, but the latter are always tight, and trimmed with narrow lappels of the shawl kind, which are edged either with *ruches*, lace, or a trimming of the material of the dress cut in cockscombs. This stile of decoration has a very finished and elegant effect. Sleeves of the demi large kind continue their vogue, but with modifications: a good many are now made with a deep pointed cuff, which is surmounted, as is also the tight part of the sleeve at top, by a trimming similar to that on the *corsage*. We see, comparatively, few robes with the skirts trimmed in half dress, but those intended for grand evening parties are usually decorated either with flounces or *bouillons*.

We may cite, among the most elegant of the new dress hats, those of satin covered with crape, the former being of different colours, the latter always white. These hats are made without a curtain at the back, the brim is somewhat closer, and a little larger than those stiled *petits bords*. We may cite, as one of the most elegant models of these headdresses, a hat of rose satin, rather a deep colour, but which, through the transparency of the crape, has a very pretty effect; it is trimmed with satin ribbons of a lighter shade, figured with white rings, and three white ostrich feathers shaded with pink; they are disposed *en bouquet*, one feather drooping towards the left shoulder, the others nearly, but not quite upright, incline to the right. The new winter colours for out-door dress and dishabille are, several new shades of brown and grey, violet, dark green, and marron: ponceau, emerald green, lavender, orange, various shades of rose, blue, and yellow, are in favour in dinner and evening dress.

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PENTILLY CEMETERY.

The cemetery at Pentilly, in the parish of Fillaton, Cornwall, is situated on a very considerable eminence, named Mount Ararat, overlooking the river Tamar, (which divides Cornwall from Devon,) and affording a prospect of great part of the border of the latter county. This building was erected agreeably to the will of Sir James Tilley, of Pentilly Castle, who died in the year 1712, and directed that his body should be deposited here, placed in a chair, in a sitting posture, which many people of the neighbourhood affirm they have seen from the window; although Mr. Lysons, in his "Magna Brittannia," says, that the direction in his will was not punctually complied with; for, on opening a vault beneath the pavement, not long ago, he observes, his remains were found deposited in a coffin, in the usual way.

I have frequently heard my father say, (and he was likely to know, as he held a farm near the spot) that he had seen the coffin in the chair; and I am inclined to believe that the body has lately been deposited in a vault beneath, as the window shutters were formerly left open to the view of every visitor; but within these few years have been closed up.

R. Brown.

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*** In the "Beauties of England and Wales," by Messrs. Britton and Brayley, it is observed relative to the cemetery, that "in general the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his contemporaries, but Mr. Tilley wished to have his sprightliness known to posterity. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body in his usual garb, and in his elbow chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation, he ordered himself to be immured in a tower of such dimensions as he prescribed, where he proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All this was done, and the tower, still enclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and profaneness."

"The fear-struck hind with superstitious gaze,
Trembling and pale th' unhallow'd tomb surveys;
And half expects, while horror chills his breast,
To see the spectre of its impious guest."

MORN: A SONNET.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, AUTHOR OF "POETIC HOURS," ETC.

Sweet is the morn to all, but sweetest far,
To him the pining slave of discontent,
Who, deep within some populous city pent,
With care and toil doth wage a life-long war!
Though he himself, perchance, would gladly bar
The dubious prospect of his future gains;
So he were rid of those life-wearying pains
That poison life, and fair enjoyment mar.
For when he marks the loveliness of morn,
Views the bright splendour of its gorgeous dreams,
Or hears the lays that hail its rising beams,
He half forgets awhile his fate forlorn;
Feels joys unwonted o'er his heart-strings play,
Or mantle to his cheek to fade and die away.

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T. M. Wright. C. Heath.

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THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN TALE, BY L. E. L.

There were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreathed gold was each capital;
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems;
The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below;
In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers
Fell like beams on the radiant flowers,
Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burnt with the kisses just caught from the sun;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon shrouds,
But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sunbright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone;
And the purple canopy overhead
Was like the shade o'er the dayfall shed;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone:
And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled,
Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.
But, though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall:
There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute;
There are flowers of light and spiced perfume,—
But there wants the sweetest of breath and of bloom:
And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear,
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.
With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping:
His radiant hair is bound with stars,
Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond rays,
Only than his own curls less bright.
And such a brow, and such an eye
As fit a young divinity;

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A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,
Now glancing through the veil of dreams
As sudden light at daybreak streams.
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made,
His orient wings closed o'er his head;
Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,
Is fixed in scented Araby.
Some dream is passing o'er him now—
A sudden flush is on his brow!—
And from his lip come murmured words,
Low, but sweet, as the light lute chords,
When o'er its strings the nightwinds glide
To woo the roses by its side.

He, the fair boy-god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast;
He, of the many-arrowed bow,
Of the joys that come and go
Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer skies,
Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing;
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears,—
Young CAMDEO, he has brought
A sweet dream of coloured thought,
One of love and woman's power,
To MANDALLA's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne
When MANDALLA awakened and found him alone.
He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept;
There was music, but where was the voice, at whose thrill
Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still?
And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes,
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.

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He veiled the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face;
And, 'mid earth's loveliest, sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in his throne.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest
The bee from the midst of its honey quest,
And open the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer day.
It was glory and light and beauty all,
When MANDALLA closed his wing in Bengal.
He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;
Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the Subadar,
For his sabre was red with the blood of the slain,
And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his name,
Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.
With gems and gold on each ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;
And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, armed with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.
Then followed the foot ranks,—their turbans showed
Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,
For white were the turbans as winter snow,
And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;
Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
For this was the chosen band that bore
The lion standard,—it floated o'er
Their ranks like morning; at every wave
Of the purple banner, the trumpets gave
A martial salute to the radiant fold
That bore the lion-king wrought in gold.
And last the elephant came, whose tower
Held the lord of this pomp and power:

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And round that chariot of his pride,
Like chains of white sea-pearls,
Or braids enwove of summer flowers,
Glided fair dancing girls;
And as the rose-leaves fall to earth,
Their light feet touched the ground,—
But for the zone of silver bells
You had not heard a sound.
As, scattering flowers o'er the way,
Whirled round the beautiful array.
But there was one who 'mid them shone
A planet, lovely and alone;
A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any.
Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white,
Though light her feet as Music's fall,
Others might be as musical;
But where were such dark eyes as hers?
So tender, yet withal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread;
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul.
The Almas had pass'd lightly on,
The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone,
Yet gazed MANDALLA on the square
As she he sought still glided there,—
Oh, that fond look, whose eyeballs' strain,
And will not know its look is vain!
At length he turned,—his silent mood
Sought that impassioned solitude,—
The Eden of young hearts, when first
Love in its loneliness is nurst.
He sat him by a little fount;
A tulip-tree grew by its side,
A lily with its silver towers
Floated in silence on the tide;

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And far round a banana tree
Extended its green sanctuary;
And the long grass, which was his seat,
With every motion grew more sweet,
Yielding a more voluptuous scent
At every blade his pressure bent.
And there he lingered, till the sky,
Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
And crimson shadows rolled on the west,
And raised the moon her diamond crest,
And came a freshness on the trees,
Harbinger of the evening breeze,
When a sweet far sound of song,
Borne by the breath of flowers along,
A mingling of the voice and lute,
Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
Its pleasant music to the gale
Which kisses first the chords it breaks.
He followed where the echo led,
Till in a cypress grove he found
A funeral train, that round a grave
Pour'd forth their sorrows' wailing sound;
And by the tomb a choir of girls,
With measured steps and mournful notes
And snow-white robes, while on the air,
Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,
Paced round and sang to her who slept
Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept,
And she, that loveliest one, is here,
The morning's radiant Bayadere:
A darker light in her dark eyes,—
For tears are there,—a paler brow
Changed but to charm the morning's smile,
Less sparkling, but more touching now.
And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
A nightingale waked by the rose,
And when that honey breath was mute,
Was heard her low song's plaintive close,
Wailing for the young blossom's fall,
The last, the most beloved of all.

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As died in gushing tears the lay,
The band of mourners pass'd away;
They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
As fading leaves and long perfume
Of her were emblems; and unbound
Many a cage's gilded round,
And set the prisoners free, as none
Were left to love now she was gone.
And azure wings spread on the air,
And songs, rejoicing songs, were heard;
But, pining as forgotten now,
Lingered one solitary bird;
A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
Alone in its remembering love.
It was a strange and lovely thing
To mark the drooping of its wing,
And how into the grave it prest
Till soiled the dark earth-stain its breast;
And darker as the night-shades grew,
Sadder became its wailing coo,
As if it missed the hand that bore,
As the cool twilight came, its store
Of seeds and flowers.—There was one
Who, like that dove, was lingering lone,—
The Bayadere: her part had been
Only the hired mourner's part;
But she had given what none might buy,—
The precious sorrow of the heart.
She wooed the white dove to her breast,
It sought at once its place of rest:
Round it she threw her raven hair,—
It seemed to love the gentle snare,
And its soft beak was raised to sip
The honey-dew of her red lip.
Her dark eyes filled with tears, to feel
The gentle creature closer steal
Into her heart with soft caress,
As it would thank her tenderness;
To her 't was strange and sweet to be
Beloved in such fond purity,

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And sighed Mandarla to think that sin
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
" Oh, grief to think that she is one
" Who like the breeze is wooed and won!
" Yet sure it were a task for love
" To come like dew of the night from above
" Upon her heart, and wash away,
" Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay,
" And win her back in her tears to heaven,
" Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven:
" Yes! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall,
" Her smile shall light up my starry hall!"

The moonlight is on a little bower,
With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,
Built of that green and holy tree
Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.
Like a bridal canopy overhead
The jasmines their slender wreathings spread,
One with stars as ivory white,
The other with clusters of amber light;
Rose-trees four grew by the wall,
Beautiful each, but different all:
One with that pure but crimson flush
That marks the maiden's first love blush;
By its side grew another one,
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone;
The next was rich with the damask dye
Of a monarch's purple drapery;
And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold
Worked on that drapery's royal fold.
And there were four vases, with blossoms filled,
Like censers of incense, their fragrance distilled;
Lilies, heaped like the pearls of the sea,
Peeped from their large leaves' security;
Hyacinths with their graceful bells,
Where the spirit of odour dwells
Like the spirit of music in ocean shells;
And tulips, with every colour that shines
In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines:
One tulip was found in every wreath,

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That one most scorched by the summer's breath,
Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.
And there, beneath the flowered shade
By a pink acacia made,
MANDALLA lay; and by his side,
With eye and breath and blush that vied
With the star and with the flower
In their own and loveliest hour,
Was that fair Bayadere, the dove
Yet nestling in her long black hair:
She has now more than that to love,
And the loved one sat by her there.
And by the sweet acacia porch
They drank the softness of the breeze.—
Oh, more than lovely are love's dreams,
'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these!
And sometimes she would leave his side,
And like a spirit round him glide:
A light shawl now wreathed round her brow,
Now waving from her hand of snow,
Now zoned around her graceful waist,
And now like fetters round her placed;
And then, flung suddenly aside,
Her many curls, instead, unbound,
Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,
Her long dark tresses swept the ground;
Then, changing from the soft slow step,
Her white feet bounded on the wind
Like gleaming silver, and her hair,
Like a dark banner, swept behind;
Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's
When it pours forth its first song in spring,
The one like an echo to the other,
She answered the sigh of her soft lute-string;
And with eyes that darkened in gentlest tears,
Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,
Would she sing those sorrowing songs that breathe
Some history of unhappy love.

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" Yes, thou art mine!" MANDALLA said:
" I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart;
" I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
" Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part;
" And then, from thy earth-stains purified,
" In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my bride."

It was an evening soft and fair,
As surely those in Eden are,
When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
Entered the Bayadere her bower;
Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,
And playfully a bunch she caught
Of azure hyacinth bells, and o'er
His face she let the blossoms fall:
" Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
" Awaken at thy AZA's call."
No answer came from him whose tone
Had been the echo of her own.
She spoke again,—no words came forth;
She clasped his hand,—she raised his head,—
One wild loud scream, she sank beside,
As pale, as cold, almost as dead!

By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun
To shed his earliest beams upon,
Is a funeral pile,—around it stand
Priests and the hired mourners' band.
But who is she that so wildly prays
To share the couch and light the blaze?
MANDALLA's love, while scornful eye
And chilling jeers mock her agony:
An Alma girl? oh shame, deep shame,
To Brahma's race and Brahma's name!
Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside,
For a moment her bursting tears to hide.
None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre;
Then like a thought she darted by,
And sprang on the burning pile to die!

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" Now thou art mine! away, away
" To my own bright Star, to my home of Day,"
A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along
Gently as spring breezes bear the song,
" Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
" The breath of immortality.
" Maid of earth, MANDALLA is free to call
" AZA the queen of his heart and hall!"

STANZAS.

Ah! marvel not that wild the eye
Which looks its last on you,
Nor deem it strange that deep the sigh
Which echoes thy adieu.

You tell me, friends conspire to break
Our fond heart-linking tie—
You tell me, duty bids us wake
From fatal lethargy.

And yet you oft have talk'd of love,
And promis'd to be mine:
Ah, am I destin'd then, to prove
A heart so fickle, thine?

Say, is it by thy love's decay,
That we are rent in twain?
Or is it, that thou must obey,
Howe'er it give thee pain?

Well, thou wilt soon forget thy care,
And think no more of me,
And I will go, I care not where,
It must be far from thee!

Perchance to mingle with the gay,
And act the trifler's part,
And reckless seem as light as they,
With anguish at my heart.

Then marvel not that wild the eye,
Which looks its last on you,
Nor deem it strange that deep the sigh
Which echoes thy adieu.

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THE ROOM THAT NEVER WAS USED.

A RECOLLECTION OF CHILDHOOD.

BY H. L. B.

"To be sure there is
One chamber, where none enter." *Manfred.*

Charles Lamb has, with masterly hand, graphically portrayed the *innate* terrors of childhood: his delightful sketch, as I recently read it, coming completely home to my recollected ideas, feelings, and experiences, induced me to try if I could not make out a chapter of my own on the subject; and, without further preamble, here it is:—

A feeble, highly nervous constitution, and what Washington Irving would style "a haunted head," were the banes of my early existence; the sight of a mask, even though I beheld a person put it on, nearly sent me into fits; and the report of a gun, half terrified my soul from my body; I trembled (a species of nervousness to which I plead guilty even now), to turn over the leaves of a book, with whose plates I was unacquainted, for fear of coming to something frightful; and the representation of a skeleton, or volcanic eruption, would make me thrill with terror, not merely for hours afterwards, but whenever my eye fell on the alarming volume. I need not hint my dread of going about in the dark; *that* fear attaches to children less nervous than I happened to be; but houses there were (and one of these I am about to describe), old fashioned, large, rumbling, and lonely, into whose remote apartments I never willingly ventured, except with a companion, even in broad daylight.

Had I been asked the causes of those thousand and one terrors which made the perplexing, nameless misery of my childhood, I could not have told; and, had I been, to use a favourite metonymy of my nurse-maid, "flayed alive," for this distressing timidity, the treatment, less cruel than the disease, would not have exorcised it from my "*nervous* system;" such terrors being, in fact, as involuntary as indefinite.

My grandmother, on the paternal side, lived, as far back as I can recollect, in an old house, in an old city; under its roof I was born (though my residence was elsewhere in the same city), and this antique mansion, with its old-fashioned

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appurtenances, had not only a sensible effect on my dawning imagination, but is, at this period, associated in my memory, with much of the ideal terror I have described. Child, almost infant as I was, when now and then taken to visit "grandmama," a something struck me, in her great house, as very different to what I was accustomed to behold at home: there was no drawing-room, festooned with graceful pink and white draperies, and made into a sort of garden by that rich Chinese paper which brought together, as in a fairy tale, the rarest trees, flowers, shrubs, birds, and insects of the far, brilliant east; there was no elegant boudoir, luxuriously furnished and endeared to me by certain cakes and sweetmates, always stored in its crimson silk-fronted chiffonnere; there was no museum, no painting-room, no library, and no light, lofty, airy hall, whose walls, prepared to resemble verde antique, exhibited, in proud array, the auxiliaries of various amusements,—viz. bows, quivers, and targets; fishing-rods, nets, and baskets; quoits, skipping-ropes, and battledores. No; grandmama's great parlour, on one side the narrow passage that called itself, presumptuously, "the entrance hall," and her little parlour on the other, were cold, formal, gloomy, comfortless rooms, in exact keeping with the by-gone style of the mansion itself, wherein, I believe, dear Mrs. B— had resided ever since her marriage; whether the furniture were then all new, I cannot say; but that event having taken place very early in her life, so early as already to supply me, in her children's children, with a host of cousins (some, many summers, my seniors), if I date, at *forty years*, the newest chairs, tables, &c., in the old house, I suspect myself to be under the mark: several articles were heirlooms, antiquarian relics, whose precise age I presume not to guess.

The little parlour, frequently honoured by the appellation of "*study*," and whose literary treasures were, to the best of my recollection, racing calendars, army lists, and a few prints of celebrated horses and their grooms, or jockies, hung round the walls, was my grandfather's sanctum. Into this I seldom intruded; for here he principally resided, a lonely, and therefore to me, a mysterious man:—

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"I *have* been within it—
——————— but from it,
Or its contents, it were impossible
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught
His studies tended to;—"

not to arts which engrossed the attention of Byron's noble wizard, Manfred, I am pretty certain; and yet that Mr. B— did sometimes tamper, in a friendly, familiar way, with *spirits*, I have, as certain, gastronomic reminiscences; for that awful study, and that awful man, first initiated me into the nectareous flavour of *rum-shrub!!!* The great parlour, which equally served for *salon* and *salle à manger*, was specially my grandmother's sitting apartment, and consequently, whenever I visited her, *mine*. How well do I remember its dusky appearance, notwithstanding the overplus of light which streamed in from three large sash-windows, upon cold, naked walls of snow-white wainscotting: how well I remember the old side-board, of *genus* precisely like those which are now dispersed over the country in inn-parlours, not very modern; also, the massy, high-backed chairs, whose shining mahogany, from time and rubbing, had become almost as black as their horse-hair bottoms: nor must I omit the comfortable old-fashioned sliding and folding-screen; the carpet, worn to *no colour*, but still not worn out; because, in my grandmother's youth, things were manufactured for eternity; and the young couple who furnished their house well, when they "went to housekeeping," had no occasion to re-furnish it, even though they lived for a hundred years; things, to be sure, looked a little the worse for wear, but that they did not mind; such was the case, besides the carpet, with "grandma's" half window blinds, of fine canvas, strained upon mahogany frames, once green, but now of *no colour* also: the richly figured damask window curtains, too, were once plum-coloured or deep blue, but now their tint, though dark, was dubious. A pair of large, handsome, heavy, mahogany glazed book-cases stood on either side the fire-place, in convenient niches, and were used, I suspect, for anything but books; some small tables in the great parlour had curiously carved and curling legs; and I remember two mahogany "*cats*," which did special service on winter evenings, in keeping toast and muffins warm, and which, like the animals

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from whence they appropriately derived their appellation, turn them whatever way you would, always fell on their feet: the modern metal toast-warmers, made to hook on the fender, (and good things, too, in their way), have almost, if not entirely, superseded in name and office, the original "*cats.*"

Such was my dearest grandmother's great parlour, in which I spent many happy hours of infantine childhood, and from which

"My sober wishes never learn'd to stray:"

for though I might equally have played in any room of the house, alas! *I was afraid!*

Stairs and galleries of dark wood, ploughed until they shone like looking-glasses, and were as slippery as ice, led to bed-chambers, with floors ploughed also; and these chambers very gloomy, because ill-lighted and furnished in the same formal, old-fashioned, and tarnished style as the rooms below stairs, were my abhorrence. To one, in particular, I took so strange an antipathy, as to shudder whenever I passed it; and, if the door happened to stand at all open, and I was *alone*, casting a hurried glance into the apartment, (something always *compelled* me to do this), I fled along the gallery—

"As if I knew a frightful fiend
Did close behind me tread."

This chamber was called the *blue room:* the name, of course, reminded me of Blue Beard, and the unsuspected horrors of his castle; yet I never expected to see, through its half-opened door, one headless lady, much less a dozen, though I shuddered involuntarily at the aspect of a portrait, which hung opposite the entrance, and whose petrifying gaze seemed always directed at *me;* this was a female, drawn as large as life, and in the gloomy habit of a nun. When passing the chamber with a companion, I often not only dared to encounter the unamiable physiognomy af this lady, but was even hardy enough to return scowl for scowl. And, now, who is so lamentably deficient in imagination as not to picture to themselves the blue room?—the walls of which, the window-curtains, the bed-hangings, and the well-stuffed silken seats of the chairs and stools, all assisted, by their colour, to give it and maintain its name; these last old-

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fashioned, but handsome pieces of furniture, had always on, moreover, to preserve them from dust and fading, white muslin covers, edged with a deep netted and knotted fringe, or lappelling of white cotton; and these things, beheld *en passant*, by the dubious light of half-opened window-shutters, and the illumination, perhaps as uncertain, of perturbed fancy, certainly associated the *blue room*, in my mind, with an undue degree of duskiness and gloom.

Children are far more apt than their seniors imagine to make observations and combine circumstances, being no strangers to many mental operations, unsuspected by adults, who, thoughtlessly or stupidly, forget their own childhood; hence the difficulty of deceiving a child, and hence the apparently cunning manner in which they fathom mysteries, discover secrets, and arrive at unexpected conclusions.

Hence, too, it probably was, that when I became two or three years older than the period from whence I date my antipathy to the blue room, I soon detected, during my frequent visits to "grandma," a dislike to it, equalling my own, in other members of the family: aunts, uncles, and cousins all stipulated, if obliged to sleep at the great house, not to be put *there;* and, upon a day after one of the latter, a tall stripling of sixteen, had made this agreement, and gone out to purchase something in the town, I gravely asked my grandmother, "Why Edmund did not like to sleep in the blue room?"

"Perhaps he thinks it damp, my dear," was the answer.

"But it wouldn't be damp if it was used;" said I, "and why isn't it ever?"

"I don't know; 'tis the best bed-room, love; and nobody comes here grand enough to use it."

"Grand! well, for my part, as far as I've seen of the room, *I* don't think it grand, but quite dull and frightful."

"And perhaps, dear, Edmund may be of the same opinion."

The subject I did not press further, but suspecting these answers to be evasive, secretly resolved to fathom the mystery of *the room that never was used*, which I could only do by attentively watching random words and circumstances, and drawing, probably, the most absurd inferences from them. After a while, I made a grand discovery, viz.: that the maid-

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servants, upon whom devolved the duty of opening shutters, sweeping carpets, ploughing floors, and dusting hangings, &c., "in trembling pairs (alone they dared not) crawled," to officiate thus in the *blue room*, taking care, every evening, to shut up that "*grand*" apartment securely, and double-lock its door.

"Perhaps," thought I, "people are afraid, like me, of that great ugly picture;" and I gave myself some credit for the idea, because a wild notion had entered my silly prate, that the lady got out of her frame every night, to walk about the room; and I enquired of my grandmother who the portrait represented, and why she was drawn in such a frightful dress?

The dear old lady replied, adapting her answer to my childish capacity of understanding, that "the picture was a *very old one*—two hundred years old at least—and was said to be the faithful representation of a woman who had made herself, in many ways, most wickedly remarkable; that it was drawn at a time when many people in England were of a different religion from what they were now; though, she believed, that, even then, few thought it right to shut themselves up from the world, as thousands of persons, during times before, had done, in great houses called monasteries and nunneries," (the distinction between these she explained) "Ladies who were nuns," she continued, "were dressed something like, as well as quite like, what I saw in the portrait; but whether the person there represented had really become a nun, or was only painted in the dress, for fancy's sake, she could not tell."

I asked her name; my grandmother replied:—"I have never heard her called anything but the *nun*."

Here, then, I had gained, with real information, (for who had ever previously given me the novel idea of another religion," opposite to the one in which I was carefully brought up?) some food for the nurture of my wild, superstitious imagination, which now ran riot in the startling idea of a lady without a name, long, long ago dead, but still living in the memory of succeeding generations, "wickedly remarkable;" a lady who was, perhaps, of a different religion from mine, and a Nun! O! what a world of mystery was concentrated in that one little word! What an undefined ap-

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prehension of the romance of times long gone by! Something similar I have often since experienced in gazing at old portraits, and more especially when

I've stood within an ancient hall,
Where there was not one beside—

and when, amidst its gloom and unfurnished desertion,

Up rose the PAST—I saw it all—
And I felt, what *should* betide!

My grandmother's servants, whom I questioned about "the nun," merely echoed, in more homely strain, her words:—

"She was a very wicked woman;—perhaps had run away from her husband! perhaps killed somebody! they could not tell; had never heard say; but I had better not trouble my little head about *her*."

Touching my horror of the blue room, they used terms which I highly disapproved—"fancies," "cousates" (conceits), and "magrims;" assuredly, these came with ill grace from the lips of a set who were "frightened from their propriety" to go into "the room that never was used;" besides which, though the wiseacres did not think it, I was too observant a child not to see and comprehend the language of nods, winks, and particular looks; these it is always foolish and dangerous to play off before juveniles of any age; and in alluding to so frequent a practice, I would warn parents and servants to shun it, if they value the artless *confidence* of infancy, which can never more be reposed in those whom quick-sighted children have cause to suspect of a design to *deceive* them.

There was a little humble girl, some three or four years older than myself, who, being the daughter of an old and valued female servant (she had married from my grandmother's house), was sometimes allowed to come and play with me, taking her meals, of course, in the kitchen. Susey was a modest, well-behaved, good-tempered child, to whom I took a great liking at that happy age, when differences of rank are no bar to friendship; and perhaps she was dearer to my heart because she shared my dread of "the room that never was used,"—of the wicked-looking nun—and also conceiving that

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some mystery was connected with the blue room, had long determined to find it out.

One day we were dressing dolls in a corner of the great parlour, with the folding-screen set open around us, that we might be hidden from the observation of callers: my grandmother left the room; Susey immediately peeped from our niche to ascertain if the coast were really clear, of which interesting fact being satisfied, she said, with ominous important look—

"And now, Miss, I've something to tell you; I heard it last night, when I came to fetch some plain work home for my mother; I found the house in a pretty fuss, for two of 'em—the maids I mean—had seen it."

"Seen—*what?*" said I, intensely interested.

"Why—the *ghost*, Miss, that I heard them say—and they didn't mind I was listening—WALKS in the *blue room*; but, perhaps, I shouldn't have told you."

"I'm glad you have," I answered; "for now, knowing it to be *haunted*, I won't make any more faces at the nun's picture, nor even look in at the door as I pass."

"For your life, Miss, don't let anybody know that *I* told you; I shall get into such a scrape if you do!"

"I shan't say a word, Susey, for I dare not. But, what was the ghost like?"

"They couldn't quite tell; yet I heard 'em say, how something *riz* out of the floor, or the bed—I don't know which—like a black and white sheet; they didn't see its face, being too frightened to do anything, but run shrieking out of the room, banging the door after them, and nearly tumbling over one another, in their hurry to get down stairs. Afterwards, your grandpapa and grandmama went up, but saw nothing."

The entrance of my grandmother, at this moment, if it did not abridge Susey's wonderful story, at least prevented our comments upon it; reverting afterwards to her narrative, I could elicit nothing further,—she always abruptly changed the subject, and, whenever I mentioned it, there was a restraint in her manner which soon convinced me that she had been privately cautioned not to talk about it.

And thus ends this little story of childish romance—of that

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Painted by T. Stothard R.A. | Engraved by H. Shenton.

THE CHILDREN OF RAVENDALE.

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intuitive terror which Elia, and other writers, have noticed in the infant breast, and (which does not uniformly occur) of its proved rationality in truthful results: this terror is one of the mysteries of our nature; probably, never on earth to be elucidated.

Before I was seven years old, "gran'ma'" had become a widow, and removed to a smaller mansion, alleging that the great house was too large for her now; without doubt, this was true; but Susey and I determined the matter, to our better satisfaction, otherwise: a large house seemed to us so perfect a good, that we could not credit the idea of any individual running away from it as a positive evil; we were too inexperienced to dream, that with widowhood often came altered fortune, and, too young to possess *sentiment*,—that fine feeling which has since, most probably, taught us both in our different spheres of life—that, with widowhood, also came tenderly-distressing recollections of bridal happiness, and long years of wedded felicity; and again, also, that with widowhood often came the imperative necessity of breaking through those dear associations ever kept up in the desolated bosom by the old house, and the old furniture, which have not been quitted since the honey-moon.

No—Susey and I, complete strangers to these adult notions, found a very cogent reason for my grandmother's abandonment of the great house—in the fact, and the supposition, that, having lost her husband, she was *afraid* to live *alone* in a dwelling which had the misfortune to possess "a room that never was used!"

THE CHILDREN OF RAVENDALE.

The approach of morning was slightly indicated in the east, when two horsemen were observed to cross those vast moorlands which formerly intervened between York and Lancaster. The travellers were of that dubious class, named, "Knights of the Post," a polite appellation then bestowed on highwaymen, deer-stealers, and cattle-harriers. Though well mounted, they appeared as if familiar with such questionable proceedings; and, in the "olden time," pursuits of this nature were not regarded with that moral indignation which, in modern times, they very properly excite.

In a few hours the horsemen had alighted before the en-

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trance to Ravendale Castle. The elder and more authoritative-looking of the two was ushered into the apartment of Hildebrand Wentworth, the proprietor of the place; while his comrade, whose name was Anthony, took his seat beside a well-provided table in the refectory. He had not been long seated, when the door was suddenly burst open, and two children, boisterous with mirth, rushed in. The elder was a boy, and did not exceed six years of age; the youngest, a girl, and appeared not more than four. "These," said the garrulous Master Jeffery, Hildebrand's servant man, "are the orphan children of the late Sir Henry Fairfax."

"The children of Sir Henry Fairfax!" interrupted Anthony.

"Ay, poor things! 'tisn't long since their mother drowned herself; and, as some of their father's relations threaten to remove them by force, their sole guardian, Hildebrand Wentworth, intends to have them removed for a time to a place of concealment."

"Master Jeffery, Master Jeffery!" lisped one joyous urchin, "hide me; here is Alice, she'll not let me go: so nice a ride, with two gentlemen on great horses; and I must have a sword, and sister Julia must have a coach."

Here nurse Alice made her appearance. She had been weeping. Tears and entreaties were vain; she was not permitted to accompany them, but, with a frown, Hildebrand Wentworth had chidden her from his presence. Since the melancholy loss of their mother, and almost from the time that the news arrived of their father's death, which happened a little while before the birth of Julia, she had acted a mother's part to her charge, and, had it been permitted her, she would gladly have served them without fee or reward. Fearful of quitting them, she had followed hastily into the room. With a searching glance she eyed the stranger for a while, then suddenly turning to the children, she solemnly exclaimed—

"Harry, you have not said your prayer this morning. Do you think God will take care of you to-day, if you do not ask him?"

Here the rebuked boy grew serious, and, with a suffused eye, ran to his nurse, whilst in her lap he poured out his morning orison. It was a simple, but affecting request, beseeching, from their Almighty Father, preservation from evil,

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and a special protection from all the dangers to which they might be exposed. Julia knelt also, and Alice, laying a hand on each, blessed the children—"God of their fathers! I commit them to thy care!" She could say no more; loud sobs checked her utterance, and, leaning over them, convulsively clasped them in her embrace.

On Anthony's comrade, Michael, descending from the apartments of the master of the castle, he tasted of the flagon, and then summoned to horse. The children rejoiced in the anticipated pleasure of a ride, and they were told an hour would bring them to their place of destination, the name of which was studiously concealed, lest it might be discovered.

The horsemen, each with a child before him, soon passed the outward court. The iron tramp of the steeds rang shrilly from underneath the arched gateway. Beyond this, where a beautiful urn of foreign workmanship rested on a pillar by the garden terrace, stood Hildebrand: he bade them good speed. Anthony passed first. Michael checked his horse for a moment: Hildebrand took the hand of the boy, and pressed it; but one portentous look, at the recognition of some sinister purpose, passed between Michael and the old man, unobserved by his colleague. Hildebrand raised his hand above his mouth, and slowly whispered—"Remember?—the gulf underneath the waterfall!"

The horseman departed. Passing the bridge, they were just rising over the green slope, when the children recognized Alice upon her late mistress's little palfrey. They screamed after her; but she was riding in a contrary direction, and was soon out of their sight.

The narrow glades of the forest suddenly encompassed them. The morning was pretty far advanced. The joyous birds twittered in their dun covert, brushing the dew-drops from the brows with their restless wings. The thrush and blackbird from afar poured forth a more melancholy note; whilst the timid rabbit, scared from his morning's meal, rushed by, and sought his burrow. The wood grew thicker, and the sunbeams, which had previously shot in broad slopes across their path, soon became but as lines of intensely chequered light piercing the grim shadows beneath. The trees, too, put on a more sombre form and character; and the

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sward appeared choked with rank and noxious weeds. It seemed a path rarely trodden, and only to be recognized by occasional openings through the underwood.

They travelled for some hours. Michael had taken the lead, and Anthony, with his prattling charge, rode carelessly on. Looking round, the latter suddenly checked his horse: a momentary alarm overspread his features as he cried—

"Michael, you have surely mistaken the path. An hour's ride should have brought us to the end of our journey, and our beasts have been footing it here these three hours."

Michael's reply was brief: he knew his road, and they were now drawing near to the end of their journey. Anthony, though not of the most unsullied reputation, and probably habituated to crimes at which humanity might shudder, pressed the little victim closer to his breast. The prattle of the babe had won his heart; and the morning scene with Alice had so softened his spirit, that he could have wept when he thought of the remorseless nature of his comrade, to whose care they had been entrusted.

The roar of a torrent was now heard. Suddenly they entered upon a sort of irregular amphitheatre—woods rising above each other to the very summit of the hills by which they were surrounded. A swollen waterfall was now visible, below which one single bare and flattened trunk, whose boughs had apparently been but just lopped, was thrown across the torrent. A ruined keep, or donjon, was seen rising above a line of dark firs, crowning the summit of a steep crag rising abruptly from the river.

"This is our half-way house," said Michael, pointing to the grim fortress. "The children are tired, and have need of refreshment. Tarry here with the horses, whilst I carry them over the bridge."

"We have refreshments in the wallet: what need we to loiter yonder," replied Anthony, eyeing the other with an evident expression of distrust.

"The children want rest," said Michael, "and we shall there find shelter from the heat."

"If rest be needful," was the reply, "surely this dry sward, and these overhanging leaves, will afford both rest and shelter."

"The children are in my keeping," said Michael, sternly,

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"and I am not to account with thee for my proceedings. Alight, and give me the child."

"I will not. Michael, I have watched thee, and I know that thou art a villain! Aye, draw, and I have weapons, too, comrade."

Fast and furious grew the combat, whilst the terrified children made the woods resound with their shrieks. The result did not long seem doubtful. Michael soon proved himself the better swordsman; and his antagonist stumbling from fatigue, broke his own weapon in the fall. Defenceless and exposed, the uplifted sword of his adversary was raised for his destruction—when suddenly the arm of the ruffian was arrested, the sword snatched from his grasp, and a female figure, habited in a dark and coarse vestment, stood between the combatants. Her brow was bare, and her dark full eye beamed on them with a look of pity and of anger. Her naturally pale cheek was flushed, but it betrayed not the agitation she endured. Erect, and unbending, she stood before them, and the quailing miscreant crouched at her feet.

"Away!—To thy master! Thy blood, too worthless even for thine own steel!"—She hurled away the weapon as she spoke.

Burning with revenge at his late defeat, Anthony flew after the falling brand: seizing it, he renewed the attack. Michael fled toward the bridge. With the bound of a bereaved tiger, Anthony sprung upon his prey. Just where the root of the trunk rested on the bank, they closed, and but one agonizing yell escaped Michael as he hung quivering over the yawning portal to eternity; in an instant, the insatiate gulf swallowed him up for ever. Anthony cast one look after his victim, and then turned his eyes toward the spot where he had left the children, but the babes and his mysterious deliverer had departed.

A few mornings after this, Hildebrand Wentworth was aroused by the entrance of a stranger: he had just arrived from the continent with authority to demand some papers of Sir Henry Fairfax, who was not, as had been supposed, dead. His wounds did not prove mortal, and he now only required the amount of his ransom to return to his native home. Hildebrand Wentworth was filled with dismay. Sir Henry, previous to his expedition to France, had, in the event of his

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death, made him sole guardian of his lady and children; and, having obtained possession of the property, he thought the only impediment to his retaining it, now that Lady Fairfax was no more, was the existence of the children. This he thought had been effectually removed, but he could not help wondering that neither Michael nor Anthony had returned to claim his reward.

Having taken means to intercept Sir Henry Fairfax's messenger on his way to France, Hildebrand repaired, at the close of the evening, to the waterfall, where he hoped to find some traces of Michael's foul offence. He searched in vain for memorials of the children in the neighbourhood of the gulf, and then ascended to the castle. Here all was solitude. He passed along a ruined gallery, ascended a massive staircase, but nothing was to be seen but the blank walls. He was about retracing his steps, when a door suddenly flew open, light gleamed from a gallery within, and the voice of children burst upon his guilty ear. He cast within the door of the apartment a hurried glance, and saw the innocents he had doomed to destruction bounding joyously through the room, and their nurse, Alice, sitting smiling at their pastime. Goaded by insatiate revenge, he drew a poniard from his vest, and rushed on the unoffending offspring of his benefactor. Alice shrieked! She attempted to throw herself between them and their foe, but was too far off to accomplish her purpose, his arm being too sure, and his stroke too sudden; but ere the steel had pierced its victims, that arm was arrested! He looked around, and a female figure, loosely enveloped in a dark cloak, had again rescued them from death. It was the same form that had before interposed to snatch them from the fangs of their remorseless enemy. In the sudden spring she made, her garment flew aside. Hildebrand gazed silently, but with a look of horror too wild and intense to be conceived. He seemed to recognize the intruder: his lips moved rapidly, as he made a convulsed effort to speak—

"Thee, whom the waves had swallowed! Have the seas and waters given up their dead?" he faintly exclaimed, almost gasping for utterance.

It was the much injured and persecuted wife of Sir Henry Fairfax, who now stood before the abashed miscreant.

"Away!" she cried, "to Heaven I leave my vengeance

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and thy crime! Hence, to thy home! Thine, did I say? Soon, monster! shalt thou be chased from thy lair, and the wronged victim regain his right."

Hildebrand, awed and confounded, retraced his path, deeply brooding over some more cunning plot to ensnare his prey. He had passed the bridge, and, on attempting to remount his steed, his attention was directed to a cloud of dust, and a pale glimmer of arms in the evening light. Two horsemen emerged, their steeds studded with gouts of foam, and in an instant one of them alighted before the arch hypocrite. It was Sir Henry Fairfax!

Hildebrand, seeing that flight was in vain, and resistance unavailing, rushed towards the bridge, and, ere his purpose could be anticipated, precipitated himself into the water.

In another moment, Sir Henry had clasped to his heart his wife and children. When his lady fled from Ravendale Castle, in order to elude the search of her tormentor, who had the audacity to threaten, by force, to make her his wife, she threw off her cloak and head-dress, laying them on the river's brink, that it might appear as though she had accomplished her own destruction. To the care of the faithful Alice she had committed her children, and likewise the secret of her concealment. Alice was in continual correspondence with her unfortunate mistress; and had that morning conveyed to her master, by his messenger, the secret of Lady Fairfax's concealment.

Sir Henry's timely return was owing to an unexpected exchange of prisoners, which took place soon after the departure of his servant for England. Once at liberty, he hastened home, and opportunely had met his messenger on the London road. On learning the treachery of Hildebrand and the situation of his family, he urged his steed to his utmost, and encouraged his followers to imitate his example. Their arrival was opportune, and the joy of his lady unbounded. Next day he restored her to Ravendale Castle and all its splendour. The peasantry celebrated the event with rejoicings, and the memory of Hildebrand Wentworth was ever after held in deserved detestation.

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LADY ARABELLA STUART.

(Concluded from last month.)

With the assistance of Bridget, the Lady Arabella concealed the packet which Markham had left, and then went down stairs to join the countess.

She had no difficulty in persuading the old lady to order that her brother's ancient follower should be provided with a lodging.

When the Lady Arabella had retired to her chamber for the night, she put on, with the aid of Bridget, the clothes which Mr. Markham had brought; and in a short time her disguise was so completely effected, that, as far as merely external appearance was concerned, it would have been impossible to see through it.

The clock had just struck three, when Bridget, who was on the watch, heard the noise of a small pebble striking against the pavement. She looked out and saw Markham, who was so much altered that she could not have known him but by his voice, and because she was in a great measure prepared for the alteration. He wore a plain riding-dress, and looked, as he was, a gentleman. The window was but a short distance from the ground; and by means of a garden ladder, which Markham brought, the Lady Arabella safely descended, having bidden farewell to Bridget, whose cheerfulness was not proof against parting with her beloved mistress.

The day had scarcely dawned, but there was quite light enough for the fugitives to discern the road they had to take. Markham, in silence, and with the greatest caution, led the trembling Lady Arabella across the lawn, and, lifting her upon the garden wall, he leaped over it himself, and helped her down on the other side.

"Now, courage, lady," he said, "and a brisk walk of a quarter of an hour will bring us to the spot where I have horses waiting. I dared not suffer them to be led any nearer, lest they might excite suspicion."

The lady felt weak and ill. She had not been to bed during the night, and the agitation of the preceding day had acted powerfully upon a frame not of the most robust de-

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scription. A few minutes' rest recovered her; and, with the help of Markham, who almost carried her, they reached a small public-house on the road to London, where he had a servant and horses.

The beasts were brought out immediately, and Lady Arabella's weakness was now so apparent, that it was with difficulty she could mount her horse. The hostler, who held the stirrup for her, declared he thought the young gentleman would never be able to reach London; and he was cracking some jokes, rather more coarse than new, about the effeminacy of the young men of the age, when a smart stroke from Markham's riding-whip put a stop to his witticisms. The fellow rubbed his shoulders, but said nothing; for the noble which was tossed to him reconciled him to the disgrace, if there was any, and the pain, of which there was not much.

The travellers proceeded, and the motion of riding soon brought the blood into Lady Arabella's cheeks. Markham was not wanting in endeavours to keep up her spirits, and he succeeded so well that they reached Blackwall without any further delay. Here Markham found his boat's crew waiting for him; and, without staying a moment, they put off for his pinnace, which had sailed down the river. They reached her just below Gravesend, and the Lady Arabella found the solace and reward of all her pain and anxiety in the arms of her adoring husband, who was there waiting for her.

Their happiness at meeting each other again, and in freedom, so engrossed their minds, that all apprehension of future danger was forgotten. Markham, whose generous temper made him keenly enjoy the happiness of those who were dear to him, was perfectly delighted at the success of his plan, and at the joy which he saw painted in the faces of his friends.

He knew that they had every thing to fear from a pursuit, and therefore gave orders for sailing without a moment's delay. The wind, however, was slack, and not very favourable. They crept slowly down the river, and on the following morning found themselves entering in the channel. It was resolved to sail for Calais, and Markham had laid his course for that port, which he hoped to make in a few hours, when

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one of the men gave notice that an armed pinnace was gaining upon them. Markham knew very well that, if they were taken, they should all be imprisoned. He feared that his friend might lose his head; and that he would be deprived, in any event, of his wife and his freedom, was quite certain. He, therefore, resolved to resist, in the best way he could, the attack; and to complete the escape, which he had hitherto managed so successfully, if it should be possible. He called Seymour upon deck; and the Lady Arabella, who apprehended some danger, came with him, resolved to brave every peril with her husband. The vessel in pursuit continued to gain upon them, and, being now within reach of their guns, a shot was fired as a signal for Markham to bring-to. He, however, stood on; and, having made every preparation for the engagement, which he saw he could not avoid, he persuaded Lady Arabella to go below. She at length acceded to his and to her husband's entreaties. Several other shots were now fired from the pursuers' vessel, and returned by Markham's crew, who were always more willing to fight (no matter in what cause), than to fly, and who, under his command, were almost sure to have their desires, in this respect, gratified. Still the ships neared, and at length they lay almost alongside of each other. The commander of the other vessel called out to Markham, and bade him strike, and deliver up the Lady Arabella Stuart and Mr. Seymour, if they were in the ship. To this Markham only replied with another broadside. He soon, however, discovered that there was little chance of escape, as the other vessel had, at least, four times the number of men that were on board his own ship, and a much greater weight of metal. But it was now too late to retreat; and, supported by Seymour, who was roused to desperation by the strait to which he was reduced, they fought with all that fury which the hopelessness of their situation inspired.

This could not last long; the greater part of the crew was soon killed, and not a man remained unwounded. The assailants poured in on all sides, while Markham and Seymour, back to back, repelled the numbers who attacked them, and remained bravely at bay. At length a shot from a pistol struck Seymour in the head, and he fell dead upon the deck. Markham, seeing his friend fall, collected, in it

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seemed, the whole of his force into one blow, and, rushing at the fellow by whom the pistol had been fired, he cleft him nearly asunder. This was the last act of his life; half a dozen weapons were plunged into his body at the same instant, and he fell beside his friend, their hearts' blood flowing in a mingled stream.

Just at this moment a shriek, so loud and full of woe, that it arrested the frightful and maddening strife that was raging round, burst upon the ears of the combatants. It proceeded from the Lady Arabella, whose anxiety for her husband's life had prevented her from remaining below, and who had reached the deck only in time to see him fall. She rushed through the fighting crowd, who, astonished at her sudden appearance, made way for her, and threw herself upon Seymour's dead body, where nature, unable to endure the agony of that moment, sunk under it, and she fainted. All such assistance as the captain of the king's vessel could bestow was given with the utmost promptitude and humanity; for, although he was one of those men who would do whatever was prescribed to him in the shape of a duty, he was a well-disposed person, and felt bitterly for the sorrows of which he had been unwittingly the instrument.

The fall of Markham of course put an end to the fight. The captain took possession of the pinnace, and, steering, according to his instructions, for some obscure place, he landed at the Reculvers. The encroachments of the sea have nearly destroyed even the proof that this place once existed; but, at the time to which our history relates, it was a village inhabited by fishermen. He had the Lady Arabella, who still remained insensible, carried on shore; and placing her under proper medical care, ordered her to be conveyed to London. He then fulfilled the remainder of his directions, in which the probability of Seymour's being killed rather than his surrender had been anticipated, by causing the bodies of both the heroes to be buried in the humble church-yard of the village.

To avoid the odium which must necessarily attach to so cruel an instance of oppression, a report was industriously circulated that Mr. Seymour had got away by another ship, and had reached Calais in safety. This was universally believed, for the sailors on board the king's pinnace knew

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nothing of his person, and the few who remained of Markham's crew were never suffered to go on shore.

The Lady Arabella was brought by slow journeys to London, and committed a prisoner to the Tower. The care of her medical attendants, and her youth, restored her to existence; but her reason had fled for ever. She lingered for some time in a state of pitiable distraction, and at length ended her life of woe, not without well-grounded suspicion that it had been shortened by poison.

The care which was taken to conceal all the facts of this sad history will account for the obscurity which has always enveloped it, and which, perhaps, up to the present moment, has prevented the proper exposition of

"A tale so tender and so true."

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

The only being in the village church, that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of Heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart: I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to Heaven far beyond the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir. Some days after, while I was meditating on the vanities of life, in the village church-yard, the toll of the bell announced the approach of a funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was

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borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated at the altar. She was supported by a humble friend who was endeavouring to comfort her. A few of the neighbouring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble racking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life, at best, is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

I was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had been with the widow at the funeral; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the afflicting scene I had witnessed.

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The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age.—"Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm, than on her good man's; and, poor soul! she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighbouring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbours would now and then cultivate for her, It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened.

A stranger came out; and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seamen's clothes, was emaciated, and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and

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hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on the ground before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye.—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment. had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting; where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency,—who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness! Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience: she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will love and cherish him, in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him. Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe; lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for

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hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse, on hearing this humble tale of affection, was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance; and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feeling of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

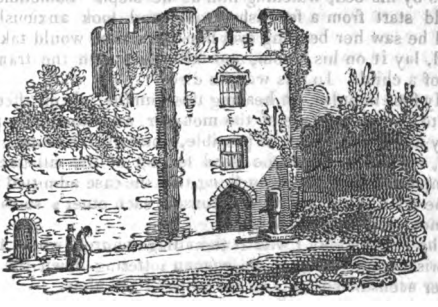
The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat, on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black riband or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts, to express by outward signs that passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monument, the stately hatchments; the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church; and before I left the neighbourhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

D. D.

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HARRY MARTIN'S TOWER.

The cliffs of Wye, near the castle of Chepstow, are uncommonly picturesque, especially the ridge which forms the left banks of the river below the bridge; this is extremely lofty, of a concave form, and tinted with a great variety of hues; red, white, grey, and yellow, are beautifully blended, while the sober green is afforded by the foliage of the oak that skirts the top of the crags, or shades their sides; the darker ivy is likewise apparent, starting at intervals from the crevices of the rocks, and twining its tenacious arms in all directions. The massive and imposing remains of the castle form the most grand and prominent feature in this almost endless assemblage of sublimity and beauty; they cover a large track of ground, and range along the brow of the perpendicular cliff which impends over the Wye.

The area of the castle is divided into four courts. The grand entrance to the fortress which leads into the first court is by a circular arch between two round towers; here are seen the shells of the grand hall, kitchen, and numerous apartments, of considerable size, still attaining appearances of baronial splendour. A few of these rooms are tenanted by the family, to whom the castle is let.

At the south-eastern angle of this court is a round tower, now called Harry Martin's Tower, which was the keep of

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citadel; the inside front presents a pointed entrance, over which are square windows; and the whole seems of a date posterior to the original structure, while the outside appears in its ancient state, is massive, and bears striking marks of its Norman origin.

Martin was confined in this tower for the space of thirty years; but, instead of its being—as often represented—a dark and miserable dungeon, it possesses apartments sufficiently airy, and of large dimensions. The first story of the tower contains a room which was occupied by himself and his wife; over it were lodgings for his domestics. The chamber in which he usually lived is not less than thirty-six feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth, the height being proportionate; it had two fireplaces and three windows, two of which seem to be the original apertures; the third was probably enlarged for his convenience. Here this dauntless republican breathed a determined hatred to royalty, to the day of his death.

Martin was a native of Oxford, and was born in 1602; he received the rudiments of education in that city, and was admitted a gentleman commoner of the University College; at the age of fifteen he took his bachelor's degree, and, in 1619, repaired to London for the study of the law. He possessed great talents, which were improved by classical attainments; but his temper was extremely capricious and volatile, which indisposed him for the grave study of the law; he was soon relieved, however, from that necessity, by espousing a rich widow. He commenced his political career in 1640, by joining the party adverse to the court. For the last ten parliaments of Charles the First, he represented the county of Berkshire, made a conspicuous figure in the Long Parliament, and was among the foremost to display anti-monarchical principles, of which fact Lord Clarendon gives a striking instance.

Mr. Hyde, walking near the parliament-house at Westminster, in the church-yard, met with Henry Martin, with whom he was intimate, and, upon inquiry into the nature of the pretensions of his party, Martin declared that they did not think one man was wise enough to govern all; which was the first word that Mr. Hyde ever heard to that purpose. Martin added disdain and insult to his hatred of monarchy,

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and, at Longworth, tore to pieces the king's commission of array. About 1642 he forced open a great iron chest within the college of Westminster, and took out the crown, robes, sword, and sceptre, used at the inauguration of the kings; observing, that there would be no further use for such toys. He was one who signed the death-warrant of the king, and, on that occasion, his trifling temper was very apparent. It has often been related, that Cromwell and Martin, in passing the pen, bespattered each other's faces with the ink.

On the west side of the court which contains Martin's prison, near a round tower called the old kitchen, a gate opens into the second court, now a garden, at the extremity of which another gateway leads into the third court, and to an elegant building, usually called the chapel.

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

A SKETCH OF ENGLISH HISTORY, BY JOHN GALT.

Lear. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.——*Shakspeare.*

The deseendants of Brutus, in the line of primogeniture, ruled the country, with various fortune, for eight successive generations, when Lear, the son of Baldud, was admitted to the throne. He was contemporary with Joas, king of Judah, and a prince endowed with many virtues and great qualities; but his misfortunes arising out of an imprudent act in his dotage, has rendered him more famous throughout the world than all the other British princes of the Trojan line.

He had no male issue, but only three daughters, Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordelia, whom he very tenderly loved, and especially Cordelia, who united, to extraordinary beauty, a fine and exalted spirit; and who, as he was much encumbered with corpulency, took great delight in appeasing the little sallies of his temper, which the unwieldiness of age rendered often fretful and impatient.

One day, rather in order to ascertain the disposition of his daughters, than, perhaps, at the time, with any serious intent of policy, he asked them how they loved him; weakly giving them, at the same time, to understand, that it was

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his design to resign his kingdom to the one in whose affections he could place the most reliance. Gonorilla, tempted by this inducement, made very strong declarations of the greatness of her affection; calling on the gods to bear witness that she loved him more than her own life, which, by right and reason, ought of all things to be most dear to her. The old man was much delighted with her protestations, and, turning to Regan, enquired what she had to say. Her declaration was even more explicit than her sister's, insomuch as she affected to say that she loved him more than tongue could tell, and, consequently, much more than she could love either herself or any other thing.

The heart of poor Lear swelled with pleasure as he listened to these fervent assurances of his dutiful daughters, and he called Cordelia towards him, who heard in silence what her sisters had said, and enquired, in the fond expectation of receiving even some more impassioned answer, how she loved him.

Cordelia paused some moments to consider well what she ought to say, and her father looked at her with a smile that betokened his confidence in the warmth of her affection. She then said, "I cannot answer you otherwise than as my conscience dictates; but, impressed with the zealous affection that you have ever shewn me, I protest that I have ever loved you as a daughter ought to love so kind a parent, and that to the end of my life I will endeavour to perform the part of a dutiful child."

Lear, who was naturally of a quick and choleric humour, was mortified and provoked by the qualified prudence of her answer; and, while she was speaking, his countenance changed with passion. He ordered her to quit his presence, as if she had insulted him with some gross unfilial indignity; and bestowing all his fondness on Gonorilla and Regan, instantly divided his kingdom between them.

The former he bestowed in marriage on the Duke of Cornwall, and the latter on the Duke of Albany; and abandoning the fair Cordelia to her fate, resolved, at the same time, to pass the remainder of his days between those daughters whose love so much surpassed that of every other child.

But the prudence of Cordelia, which had produced such

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a strange effect on her doating father, obtained for her great renown, insomuch that Aganippus, one of the twelve kings who then reigned in Gaul, sought her hand in marriage. "Her hand you may have," exclaimed the credulous old man: "take it, and you are welcome, but look not for any dower!" Aganippus was much displeased with this singular prejudice of Lear, and said, "I am content with the matchless dower of her beauty and wisdom;—I ask only herself;" and he immediately retired with her as his bride.

Cordelia had not long left the island till her father began to receive painful proofs of the virtue of her dutiful reply, and the deceit that was hidden in the vehement protestations of Gonorilla and Regan.

Having resigned to them his crown, he took up his abode with the eldest for some time; but his attendants soon perceiving themselves but coldly treated, complained to their master, who, with his characteristic rashness, instantly quitted the palace, and went to the castle of his daughter Regan, to whom he vented many reproaches against the ingratitude of her sister. But this lady heard his complaints with so much indifference, and proposed to him such a reduction of his train, that his reproaches were turned upon herself; and he declared, that bad as Gonorilla had proved herself to be, he would prefer remaining a thousand times rather with her.

In this humour he returned to her residence, but he found the gates shut, and admittance denied. The shock of this was rendered the more severe, as it took place during a violent storm, when compassion might have taught the rudest hearts to give shelter to any wretch exposed to its inclemency. It overwhelmed the reason of the poor, weak, and infirm old man; and, while he chided the skies and the thunder that treated his grey hairs with so little reverence, he called down maledictions on his faithless and unfilial daughters.

His attendants, seeing the cruel return that he had experienced for his ill-judged partiality, carried him over to Gaul, where he was so kindly and dutifully received by Cordelia and her husband, that his distemper abated; and Aganippus and Cordelia, having determined to avenge the

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wrongs he had received, collected a numerous fleet and army, with which they invaded Britain, and, giving battle to the husbands of their unjust and unnatural sisters, vanquished their forces and slew them on the field; by which event Lear was restored to his throne, and after a second reign of two years, died at Leicester, a city which he had himself founded, and was there interred, leaving his crown and kingdom to Cordelia.

Shakspeare, in his celebrated tragedy on the story of Lear, has taken great liberties with this simple tale, as it is recorded in the chronicles; and although he has adorned the passion of grief in the character of the insane old king with some of the finest strokes of pathetic poetry, it may be questioned if he has at all improved the fable by representing Cordelia as defeated and slain in the battle, and her father dying of sorrow over her body. He had, in fact, exhausted the expressions of grief before the catastrophe, and ought to have refrained from drawing more on the sympathy of his audience. Justice required that Gonorilla and Regan should be punished, and the poet offends by the issue that he has given to their crimes.

The interest which the filial piety of the amiable Princess Cordelia has justly excited, constitutes a claim on us to relate her story subsequent to her accession to the British throne. It is not always in this world that virtue is rewarded; although in the delightful consciousness of endeavouring to do our duty, there is a sweeter recompense than any act of man, or approbation of contemporaries, can bestow.

For the space of five years after her accession to the throne, Cordelia ruled the country with great prosperity and renown; but her husband, Aganippus, dying in the meantime, her two nephews, Cunedag and Margan, the sons of Gonorilla and Regan, having grown to man's estate, began to speak contemptuously of her rule, and to disdain their subjection to the government of a woman. The bad, in all ages, will ever find adherents, and the turbulent partizans. The seditious speeches of these princes, worthy of their unworthy parents, soon had the effect of gathering together the remnants of that faction who had sanctioned the ill-treatment of Lear, and of bringing other

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factious characters to abet their designs. The standard of revolt was, in consequence, reared, and in the first conflict the army of Cordelia was routed, and herself taken prisoner. She knew too well the evil hearts of her nephews; how much also all their adherents were her enemies, for the ill that they had done to herself in her unhappy days; and she was sensible that when they committed her to close imprisonment, it was to concert the means of treating her with still greater ignominy. In a word, having no children of her own, her husband dead, and all the pleasures of life cut off, she deemed it no longer worthy to live; and, with that rude heroism which in those pagan ages rendered self-slaughter in such circumstances honourable, she slew herself in prison, rather than live to be degraded by any act of that malevolence which her enemies cherished against her.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ALBUM OF A LADY.

BY D. SHINE LAWLOR.

My silent harp hangs by the wall,
The night-wind o'er its silk strings breathing,
Forgetful of that time, when all
Its chords, their own sweet music wreathing,
Over the minstrel's burning brow
Glow'd with a strain more full than they can now.

My harp has ceas'd that voice of song
Which heaven, in other season, gave;
And the proud note that wak'd the throng
Of pleasure, whispers o'er the grave,
Making a mystic darkness come
Over the heart, with most engrossing gloom.

Even I could sing of elder years,
When knighthood wav'd its fiery plume,
And the red glare of gather'd spears
Shone in the blaze of beauty's bloom,—
Glittering in glory, 'neath the eyes
Whose fond, blue softness, smil'd the warrior's prize.

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And it were meet for me to tell
 Of many a tale by flood and field;
Of war and battle, and the spell
 That maidens weave round soldier's shield;
Of the green hill, and lordly tower,
Where the pale moonlight drops on tree and flower.

I could in Arab gardens roam,
 Peopled with children from that land,
Where fays and peris have their home—
 In Allah's clime, an airy band—
And pure, and fair, and rich, I ween,
Should be the phantom monarchs of the scene.

And love! oh! holy, holy sound,
 Pouring deep music on the heart;
Whose boiling blood hath ever found
 The rapture, which thy dreams impart:
Yes! I could sit by stream or river,
And tell thy tales of fear and hope for ever!

And I could dream that once again
 I gaz'd upon my ——'s —— brow,
Feeding the madness of my brain
 With her young eyes' enchanting glow;
And the ripe lip, and the rose cheek,
Their burst of feeling once again should speak.

Yet, why should I profane the page
 With thoughts of most unholy fire?
Rather, let wisdom's cold of age
 Breathe its dull warnings from this lyre:
Whose fancies, all too warm and wild,
Should never dwell among the undefil'd.

I know thee not; yet, lady, fain
 Would think thee all that poets frame,
Making the picture of the brain
 Shadow'd by fancy's brush of flame,
And clothing this young cheek and hair
With all earth has of beautiful and fair.

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Lady! I would this harp of mine
Had aught to soothe thy gentle mind;
That, votive, at thy fond heart's shrine,
It should not fade upon the wind;
But, dwelling in thy maiden's breast,
In its eternity be bright and bless'd!

THE GALLERY OF FINE ARTS.

Under the above title we have now before us one of the most attractive, and, considering its price, one of the most elegant works which this age of art has produced. The volume just completed contains thirty-three very spirited engravings after Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many of the greatest of the Royal Academicians; as well as after several other painters who are equally deserving popularity. Added to these are a few from the old masters, as well as from some of the greatest of the living foreign schools, including Scheffer, Delaroche, and Destouches. The interest attached to each is much enhanced by the "song or story" appended: these are from a great variety of pens, from Moore and Campbell down to our own Dr. Mackenzie and Miss Beevor. Altogether, the *Gallery of Fine Arts* is likely to enjoy all the popularity which its great diversity of talent, both in Art and Literature, deservedly entitle it to. As we cannot transfer a copy of its plates to our pages, we shall content ourselves by extracting the two following pieces of poetry, not, however, presuming to adjudge them as the best which the volume contains—

"EARLY PIETY: BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"Is it not sweet to see
The brow of childhood brightened with the love
Which comes, in purity,
From the rich fountain of delight above?
Which cannot fail or die, and knows no end—
Bestowed in ceaseless gifts, and by a deathless friend?

"And is it not a joy,
From balmy lips the word of prayer to hear,
The spirits best employ,
Like music melting on the enchanted ear;

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To note the early journeyings of the soul,
Up to its source and home, beyond the world's control?

"To mark the yielding heart
Turn from the blandishments of earth and time,
To choose "the better part,"—
A treasure, all unsullied and sublime,
Beyond the stain of death, or blight of sin,
Which pours upon the soul a flood of rapture in?

"How fair, when life is new,
On youth's soft cheek the blooming roses lie!
Then, to the ardent view
All scenes are lovely, and delight the eye;
Each pulse is novel in the happy breast,
And with a slumber light the evening couch is press'd.

"Then o'er the earth and sky
A glory and a gleam of newness play;
The endless void on high
Spreads its blue glory to the blaze of day;
A gorgeous radiance gilds the field and stream,
And smiling nature wears the beauty of a dream.

"In that rejoicing prime
Of hope and golden thoughts, the heart aspires
Beyond the bound of time,
And high in heaven uplifts its fond desires;
Ah, then, how sweet to hear the gentle prayer
Float softly upward, through the twilight's holy air!

"*Then*, when the mind is new,
Before the shades of care bedim the brow—
When all things to the view,
In hues of beauty and effulgence glow,
Then should the visions of the soul arise,
And catch the living glow that fills the upper skies!

"For is it thus the heart
Is strengthened for the trial-hours to come,
When childhood shall depart,
And its rich garlands lose their sunny bloom;

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When many griefs the mournful brow shall cloud,
And cares, to youth unknown, around the spirit crowd?

"Thus is the bosom taught
That lesson of delight, which lifts the soul
Up to the source of thought,—
Whose splendours round its soaring pinions roll;
Beyond the brightness of the golden sun,
From stores of boundless light and living glory won!

"And is it thus, the tomb
Is robbed of terror, and a ray divine
Beams on its lonely gloom,—
Making its pale recess a radiant shrine,
Where kindred hearts should rather sing than weep,
That there the holy dead in peace triumphant sleep?

"Where, for the funeral hymn,
Or wail of grief, the chant of praise should swell,
That then, no longer dim,
The lofty spirit fenced with clay should dwell:
But rise exulting, and with angels, blend
In anthems, and its hopes, in bliss that knows no end!

"This is the priceless boon—
The promise offered, and the high reward,
To that true heart, which soon
In young existence, seeks the Blessed Word:
Let but the breast on that broad promise lean,
And life's dark cares are nought, and every trying scene.

"Thus, shorn of power, the toil,
And heat, and burden of its day are brief;
And then, beyond the spoil
And scathe of time, the spirit finds relief;
From earth's Aceldema it turns away,
And basks in visions bright of heaven's eternal day!

"There, where nor cloud, nor gloom
The vernal soil or brilliant sky o'ersweep,
All the redeemed shall come,
With crowns unfading and affection deep;

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And see life's crystal river roll along,
And hear the tuneful notes of many an angel song!

"*Can* childhood thus be taught
In early days that blessed path to tread,
Which maketh sorrow nought,
And thornless flowers on every side can spread;
Can find parental love that path descry,
And point its beauty forth to youth's inquiring eye?

"Then, let the way be shown;
And when its inward track is duly found,
And to sweet children known,
Their little footsteps light should 'print the ground;'
So, when their race is ended, they may hear
A Saviour's welcome breathed, within the dying ear!

"A welcome, like the one
Which, at Capernaum, on earth he spake,
When God's incarnate Son,—
And bade his friends love children for *his* sake;
He spread their guileless ways and charms to view,
And said, 'like them in heart, be simple, pure, and true.'

"Thus reared, a tender child
The newness of its soul, till death, may keep
Serene and undefiled;
Bright shall its day dreams be, and calm its sleep;
And when the twilight of decline shall come,
A band of seraph forms will guide the spirit home.

And in the courts above,
The Father and the Friend, with smile benign,
Shall in his kindness move,
And grant that spirit in his realms divine;
And, 'midst a scene no mortal eye can see,
Speak the fond words of love—'Ye children, come to me!'"

"I NEVER CAN FORGET: A SONG OF THE MASKED BALL, BY JOSEPH ROBINS.

"Oh! Venice, I shall long remember thee,
With thy Ridotto* and its masked belle,
Where meet the gay, the happy, and the free,
In that soul-stirring and enchanted hall;

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R. Westall, R.A. J. Robins

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'Twas there I met the fair and gay Lisette,
And, having seen, I never can forget.

"'Twas when the dance was o'er that she withdrew
To breathe the calmness of the evening air,
Her lovely face she then unmask'd to view,
And oh, what beauty had been hidden there!
Love played in every feature of Lisette,
And, having seen, I never can forget.

"And when she left the gay and giddy scene
I felt that all my happiness had gone;
Music and maskers still were to be seen,
But yet I seem'd as if I were alone.
Oh! guide me, Love, to find the fair Lisette,
For, having seen, I never can forget."

ANNE BULLEN.

The accompanying engraving represents the interview betwen Henry the Eighth and Anne Bullen, as described by Shakspeare, where the king says:—

"The fairest hand I ever touched! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee."

Speaking of Anne Bullen, Mr. Galt says:—Her birth was certainly high, though her father was not noble. Her mother was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk; her paternal grandmother was scarcely less eminent, being one of the daughters of the Earl of Wiltshire; but her grandfather had only been Lord Mayor of London. When the king's sister was married to Louis XII., Ann Bullen, then in her seventh year, went as one of her train to Paris, and after the death of Louis, on the return of his dowager to Eng-

* 'They went to the *Ridotto*;—'tis a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again:
Its proper name, perhaps, were a *masked ball*,
But that's of no importance to my strain;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;
The company is "mixt," (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they're below your notice.)'
Byron's Beppo.

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land, she remained in the service of Claud, the queen of Francis I., and was, on account of her beauty and sprightliness, a great favourite of the French court, where, at that time, the purity of her morals were not likely to have been improved.

After the death of Claud, she remained with the Duchess of Alençon, and did not return to England till about the time when the doubts respecting the king's marriage were first alluded to. On her arrival, she was appointed one of the maids of honour to the queen; and, in this situation, among other admirers, she attracted the regard of Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, and they were privately betrothed. The king, who had not seen her partiality for Percy without jealous anxiety, for he was himself, at the time, viewing her with the eyes of a lover, requested Wolsey to interfere, and remonstrate with the young lord, who was, at that time, one of the cardinal's pages, against so derogatory a match, as his majesty affected to consider it. The remonstrances of Wolsey, however, had no effect, so that in the end Percy was enjoined to avoid the lady's company, and she was banished from court; nor until after the marriage of her lover was she permitted to return. But she was not long recalled when she discovered the affection with which the king regarded her, and she grew giddy with expectations of the crown; enriched by the prodigal profusion of her royal lover, she assumed an immodest ostentation of finery, while poor Catherine, dejected by infirm health, beheld with humility the indecorous advancement of her gentlewoman, and bewailed in secret her own neglected and unhappy state.

She lived with the king several years; but it would appear, by her own confessions, not with any great dignity of deportment. She had, indeed, acted with so little discretion, that Henry became extremely jealous of her, and, in the end, was entirely disgusted; still, however, he treated her in public with all the outward respect due to the rank to which he had raised her. But it happened, one day, at a justing at Greenwich, where her brother, Lord Rochford, was chief challenger, and Henry Norris principal defendant, that the king noticed something in her demeanour towards them, which confirmed his suspicions of her infidelity. He

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instantly rose and returned to his palace at Whitehall, where he issued orders, not only for the arrest of the queen and her brother, but also of Norris, Weston, Brereton, and Smeton, all of whom were accused as her paramours. Three days after, the queen and Lord Rochford were tried by commission before the Duke of Norfolk, who was appointed Lord High-steward for the occasion, and they were found guilty. Judgment was given, that the Lord Rochford should be beheaded and quartered, and the queen was condemned to be burnt, or beheaded, at the king's pleasure.

Objections have been made to the circumstance of the trial having been, in a great measure, privately conducted; but the detestable nature of the offence rendered this decorum a proper sacrifice to propriety. The Lord Rochford was beheaded, and the king having remitted the more atrocious part of the queen's sentence, she was also executed in the same manner. The four other paramours were tried also by a commission of Oyer and Terminer, in Westminster-hall, and were all found guilty. Smeton, the musician, however, alone confessed. As for Ann Bullen herself, it does not appear that she protested her innocence. On the contrary, when she was on the scaffold, she made a short speech to the spectators, in which she only simply stated her obligations to the king, praying for him, and desiring the prayers of the people for herself.

THE YOUNG SERENADER.

His sweet strains were heard over valley and mountain,
In the deep forest-shade by the side of the fountain;
Where the winds wander free o'er the waves of the ocean,
He twined with their music his songs of devotion.
Oh, light was his soul, where the roses had feasted,
Till a blight from the desart their fragrancy wasted,
And the many sweet visions his bosom had cherished
Before the wild swoop of the thunder-cloud perished;
But one star still illumined the wreck of his feeling,
The bright eye of Eva o'er memory stealing—
A ray in the wilderness fitfully gleaming,
To light the deep gloom of his desolate dreaming.

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Oh! gay was his soul, when he knelt down before her,
And the pride of his life was to love and adore her;
And the chords of his harp rang the tones of his gladness,
Alas! they were soon but the echoes of sadness!
For grandeur came courting in colours so radiant,
That the heart of the maid stole away with the pageant;
But the gaudiest tombstone from shame cannot shade her,
For breaking her plight with the Young Serenader.
The minstrel's fond heart was a wreck ere the morrow,
Lit her rich bridal-couch, and his lone bed of sorrow;
His harp for a season in solitude slumbered,
And his heart with the cold chain of grief lay encumber'd.
Ah! little he dream'd it was his to inherit
A suffering heart and a sorrowing spirit,
Or the strings which in joy he was wont to awaken,
Should ever lament o'er an altar forsaken;
But their sad notes were heard, as he gloomily haunted
The desolate bower, where he once stood enchanted
In the smiles of a being who now was departed,
With the gay throng of fashion, and left him deserted.
He died in his sorrow, and 'neath the dark willow,
His head gently rests on a cold painless pillow.
There came to his grave, when the sun was declining,
A lady, whose eyes left her jewels scarce shining;
And she gaz'd on the marble that cover'd it over,
And there read the name of her heart-broken lover;
'Twas Eva! she fled from a world that betray'd her,
To die on the grave of the Young Serenader.

THE FAIRY ANNUAL.

Dr. Johnson said, that "Fairies in Shakspeare's time were *common*, and Spenser's poem had made them *great*." A *little* book has just appeared which we augur will make them *great* again. From the time of the Saxons to the present day, the belief has existed that Fairies were very busily employed in the affairs of mortals; they were supposed to thrash corn, mend shoes, milk cows, and perform many other kind offices; but it remained for the present "age of intellect" to show that they could also make books, as that merry fellow Puck, alias Robin Goodfellow, has just evinced

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they can do, by producing such a *volume* as mortal ken never heretofore beheld. The facetious gentleman, who boasts that he

> "Would put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes,"

has certainly sent forth a volume that will travel "round about he earth" in a shorter space then any volume that ever went before it. To describe *The Fairy Annual* is impossible, it defies description; its unique appearance, its elegance of embellishments, its splendour of binding, and every thing else, conspire to render it such an affair as only fairy printers, binders, and editor, could produce.

With great propriety the *volume* is dedicated to Queen Victoria, which honest Robin avows he has done at the request of Titania, the Queen of Elfinland. This is as it should be: it is cementing the alliance between two powerful *fair* monarchs.

The book contains twenty plates, which are real gems; that of Robin himself, seated on his mushroom, not being the least so. Among the prose and poetry are fairy tales, sketches, poems, and a variety of pieces of a light and amusing character, among which are the following:

"VICTORIA: A SONG, BY S. LOVER.

"All hail to thee! Queen of the fair and the brave!
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies;
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
See the star of Victoria arise!
Young Queen of the Ocean—prophetic our fire
To hail thee, the greatest we've seen;
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea god's quire,
To welcome Victoria the Queen!

"May years full of glory and loyalty's love,
Be thine in thy place of renown;
To say that we honour thee means not enough,
For Britons all honour the crown.
But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
With fonder devotion is seen;
And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow
We pledge to Victoria the Queen.

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" Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
With the laurels that circle thy crown ;
But if war should arouse the old lion again,
'Twill be to increase thy renown.
To battle, while rushing, such hearts would beat high
To triumph, as wont we have been ;
Propitious to conquest, our bold battle-cry,
" Victoria ! for England's fair Queen !"

" MALIBRAN : BY JOSEPH ROBINS.

" Mourn, Music, mourn,
For Malibran is dead !
Go, deck her urn,
And strew her cold death-bed ;
For ye have not a daughter like to her,
The music of the sphere's interpreter.

" Oh ! who that heard
Her singing, can forget
How every word
On the entranced heart set,
And rais'd our thoughts to things beyond this earth,
Giving to nobler, purer feelings birth.

" Her's was the soul
That liv'd in Music's sphere,
Which could controul
And captivate each ear;
And—like Cecilia—" drew an angel down,"
Who claim'd the *cantatrice* as Heaven's own.

" O, pure of sound !
May Heaven approve of thee !
May thou be found
Joining thy harmony
With the celestial Spirits of the Blest,
Taking in Heaven thy everlasting rest!"

Among the other contributors are the talented author of "A Day in the Woods ;" Dr. Mackenzie ; the Author of "Tales of Irish Life;" Mrs. Sigourney, Mr. Harcourt, and various

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others; and now we take our leave of the "Fairy Annual," and if its Editor meet with as much encouragement as we anticipate, he will have no cause to complain of mortal patrons. He has deserved success, and we are sure he will reap its rewards.

THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty made her promised visit to the city of London, on the 9th of November, 1837, and rendered that day a proud one in the annals of civic history, and one which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. The procession was rendered in every way gorgeous and splendid, especially by the long array of royal carriages, fourteen in number, all of the most splendid character, and each drawn by six noble horses caparisoned in the richest manner. The state carriage was drawn by eight most beautiful cream-coloured horses, and contained, in addition to the Queen, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Earl of Albemarle; the other carriage contained the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke, Duchess, and Prince George of Cambridge, the Duke of Sussex, and their numerous suites. The civic part of the Procession was rendered very novel by the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Common Council, &c. escorting her Majesty on horseback. Her Majesty appeared highly delighted with the appearance of the streets, which were of the most animated character, every spot and crevice being thronged with people, and the houses decorated very generally in a most splendid manner.*

The scene in Guildhall, however, was beyond all the powers of description in splendour and magnificence. The

* Among the various prints which have appeared representing the spectacle, the only one deserving any notice is that drawn by Mr. Whittock, showing the whole line of streets from Temple-bar to Guildhall, with their various decorations and illuminations, and embracing every carriage and object in the whole of the procession. Being coloured, it has a very splendid appearance; and as it extends to upwards of ten feet in length, no portion of *the Royal and Civic Procession* is omitted. It is therefore a very valuable document as a record of one of the most grand and imposing scenes that was ever witnessed in this country, or perhaps in the whole world. To those who were present this print will be a pleasing memorial to refresh their memories But to those who were far removed from the scene it will be doubly valuable, as presenting to their view a perfect fac simile in miniature of *the Royal Progress*.

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throne, the principal feature at the eastern end, was gorgeous, yet chaste and elegant. Its massive gilt cornices were in the style of Louis Quatorze, branching into palmas, supporting a shield with the royal cypher "V.R." intersected by cornucopias in the centre supporting the imperial crown. The draperies, of rich crimson velvet, were profusely ornamented with gold fringe and tassels; the interior of the canopy (also crimson velvet) was relieved by ornaments in silver and a radiated oval of white satin, with golden rays. The back was fluted in white satin, enriched with the royal arms in burnished gold.

The state chair appropriated for her Majesty under this princely canopy was placed in immediate proximity to the royal table; its covering was also rich crimson velvet, with the royal arms and crown, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock tastefully interwreathed. The platform on which the throne and royal table stood was covered with crimson and gold Brussels carpeting, as also the centre avenue of the hall, up which her Majesty and royal suite were led to the cross table. The other parts of the flooring of the hall, and the seats of all the chairs, were covered with crimson cloth. At each end of the building the walls were covered with immense plates of looking-glass. The window at the eastern end of the hall, above the throne, having been removed, a gigantic wooden framework was substituted, on which was erected a gorgeous piece of gas illumination. To prevent any accident that might occur by the wood-work taking fire, on which the device was fixed, the whole was completely lined with sheets of iron. Above the mouldings of the windows, and over the City Arms, waved the Royal Standard and the Union Jack. Above was the Royal cypher "V.R." in very large characters, surmounted by the appropriate word "Welcome," the whole being encircled by an immense wreath of laurel, which terminated at the lower extremity of the framework with the rose, thistle, and shamrock. Over the clock at the eastern end, and reaching nearly the whole breadth of the hall, with Gog and Magog on the right and left, was placed an immense stack of armour, with upwards of thirty furled flags, most tastefully arranged, to form an appropriate background. Immediately above was the magnificently radiated star of the Order of the Garter, sur-

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rounded with crimson Vatican drapery, and the scroll "God save the Queen," entirely composed of cut glass, which, when lit up, seemed literally one continuous blaze of diamonds. The whole was surmounted by the Imperial crown and wreaths of laurel, intermingled with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, covering the entire outline of the window. The former dimensions of the musicians' gallery, immediately above the hall entrance, had been considerably enlarged and tastefully decorated with scarlet silk. The corresponding gallery on the opposite side was occupied by three stacks of armour, which produced on the whole a peculiarly imposing effect. Complete coats of mail were likewise suspended from other parts of the hall; two knights, clad in bright panoply complete, guarded the entrance of the hall and council-chamber, and conspired, with the dazzling pomp and grandeur of the scene, to beget the thought that the "age of chivalry" had not, according to a great authority, "vanished for ever."

The council-chamber was fitted up for the Queen's reception-room, and hung throughout with crimson fluted cloth, finished with gold mouldings and festoons of red and white flowers. At the lower end were three large plates of pier glass, with elegant gilt tables, vases, and other ornaments. In the centre was a brilliant or-molou and steel-mounted gas lustre, and four chandeliers illuminated the corners of the chamber. The room was covered with a rich Brussels carpet with white medallions and chintz colouring. Upon the platform stood a chair of state splendidly gilt and covered with crimson velvet. In this apartment there was no other chair or seat of any kind.

The room appropriated to the business of the Court of Aldermen was fitted up as her Majesty's retiring-room. It was beautifully decorated with fluting, ornamented with festoons of rope. The floor was covered with a crimson and gold carpet, and the curtains were of striped crimson silk. The cornices were thickly gilt, and the apartment was lighted up with a cut glass chandelier. In the recess was a magnificent toilet-table covered with white satin, embroidered with the initials "V. R.," a crown and a wreath in gold, and looped with gold silk rope and tassels.

In this private apartment of her Majesty were three of

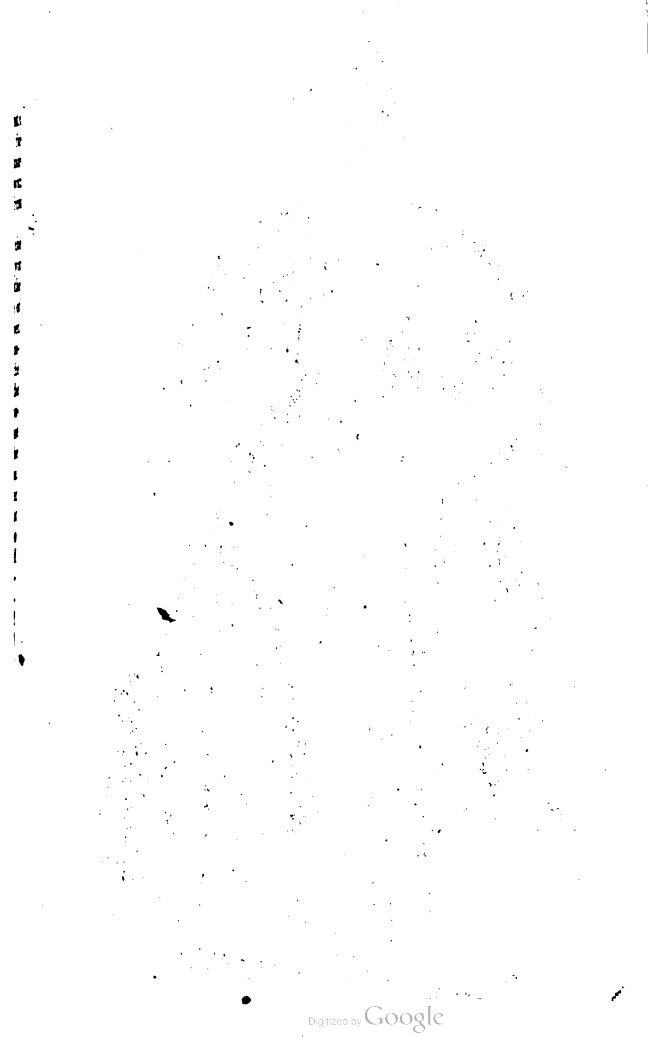
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the splendid chairs which decorated the state apartment of George IV., and other chairs, richly gilt. It was also furnished with console tables with marble tops, and a marqueterie centre table and cabriolet chairs and sofas with magnificently embroidered seats, each chair varying from the others.

Amid the loudest acclamations, her Majesty, led by the Marquis of Conyngham, and preceded by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, aldermen, sheriffs, and members of the Entertainment Committee, advanced through the centre of the hall, and up the steps leading to the council-chamber. At the door of the Queen's retiring-room, the Lord Chamberlain, who had attended her Majesty, left her with the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Cambridge. Her Majesty remained in her retiring-chamber about twenty minutes; and in the meantime the royal dukes, the ministers of state, the judges, and the principal nobility, were introduced to the drawing-room. When her Majesty entered the drawing-room, she took her seat, and was surrounded by the splendid company. But for the banquet which followed, a more magnificent scene than was then presented in the council-chamber could hardly be conceived. While her Majesty was thus surrounded, and after all the forms of presenting the city-sword had been gone through, the Recorder, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, the chairman, and a deputation of the committee, advanced, and the Recorder read an address, to which her Majesty made a very suitable answer, and conferred a baronetcy on the Lord Mayor, and knighthood on the sheriffs.

After this ceremony had been gone through, the Queen descended to the hall, preceded by the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and the Royal Family; and, amidst the acclamations of the company, took her seat on the magnificent throne. The Lord and Lady Mayoress attended for a few moments at the side of the throne, but were almost immediately commanded by her Majesty to take their seats. The dinner then commenced, after which a variety of exquisite airs were performed under the direction of Sir G. Smart. Among others, the following glee was much admired:

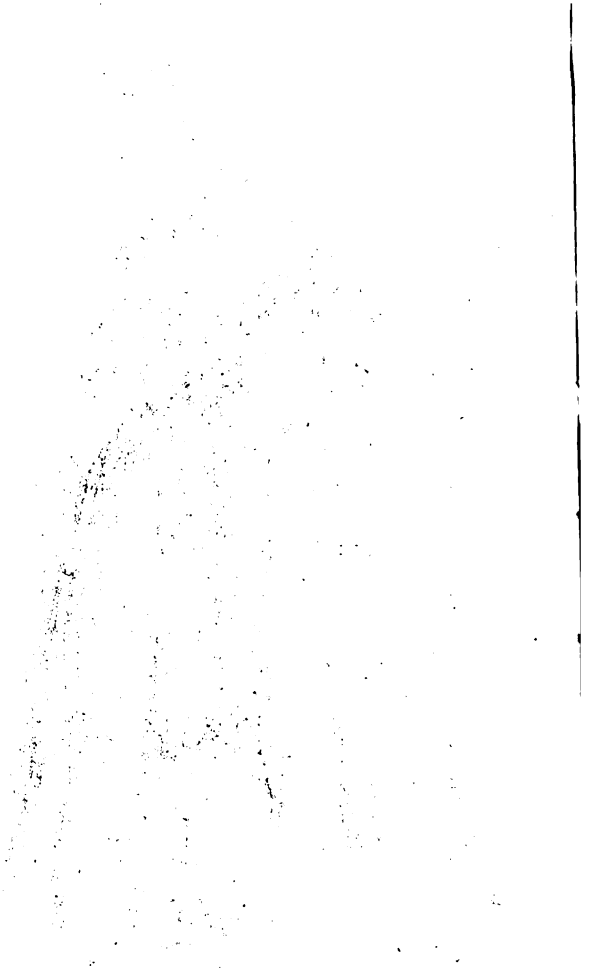
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PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.


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"Hail, happy Albion! Queen of Isles!
Peaceful freedom o'er thee smiles;
Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded can descry,
And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head.

"Through the wild waves, as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien,
Thy steady course of honour keep;
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The Star of Brunswick shines serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

About eight o'clock her Majesty returned to the Palace, amid the most splendid illuminations that ever graced the metropolis.

ENGLISH FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

London Public Promenade Dress.—Pelisse robe of *gorge de pigeon* satin; the skirt is finished down one side of the front with a full trimming of the same, and a butterfly knot of ribbon to correspond, placed near the bottom. The *corsage*, high and plain, is partially covered with a pelerine disposed in folds, and finished with a full trimming and a breast knot of ribbon. Victoria sleeves, the bouffant at top surmounted by a trimming, and a knot of ribbon *en suite*. *Ceinture* arranged *en papillon* before, and terminating in long floating ends. White cashmere shawl, with a richly-embroidered border. Velvet bonnet of a bright red currant colour; the brim is close at the sides, but deep and standing out very much from the forehead; the interior is trimmed at the sides with very small white flowers; two superb *follettes* adorn the crown.

London Evening Dress.—Red velvet robe of the palest shade of blue; a low *corsage*, plain behind, but with the entire front disposed in drapery; a standing tucker of blond lace finishes the bust. Short tight sleeves covered with blond *volans*: a single *volan*, of considerable depth and beauty, adorns the skirt. Satin royal mantle of a new shade of red, and lined with white satin; it is finished with a *pelerine man-*

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telet, ornamented with gold tassels at the points, and a velvet collar *en suite*. Gold tissue turban, the front disposed in light full folds, which open at the side; it is ornamented by a superb bird-of-paradise.

Remarks on the Prevailing London Fashions.

We are now drawing very near the time when the winter fashions will appear in all their splendour, and certainly we have reason to expect that they will be this year more splendid than ordinary; never were the preparations for the gaieties of winter of a more costly or various kind, as our fair readers will see by the information we are about to give them.

But let us give a few words to the useful, before we speak of the elegant. Woollen materials, such as cashmeres, Indianas, chalys, and plain and printed merinos, appear to us to be this year brought to more than their usual degree of perfection. We have already seen printed merinos of sober patterns made in the pelisse stile, and tied down the front by bows of dark ribbon, corresponding with one of the colours of the dress, adopted in walking costume, by very genteel women. We have seen also what we consider more appropriate for the promenade, plain merinos of quiet hues, and of a very fine kind, made in the robe form, with a mantelet of the same; the latter wadded, lined with rose, or straw-coloured *gros de Naples*, and trimmed round with a band of either black velvet or fur. These walking dresses, with a black or dark satin, or velvet bonnet, seem to us to be the very thing for the London streets: good in quality, and gentlewomanly, though unpretending in appearance. The materials for carriage dress are really superb. Satins, velvets, damasks, brocades, reps, levantines, and an amazing variety of printed silks and satins. We are now approaching the season for mantles, and they are expected to be very generally adopted. Those with large hanging sleeves, of the Venetian kind, although they will enjoy a certain degree of favour during the winter, are not expected to be so *distingué* as those made with the sleeves demi-large and without cuffs, or any confinement at bottom, which would prevent the sleeve of the robe from passing easily underneath. The cloak may either fall loose round the waist, or be confined by the *ceinture*, at the pleasure of the wearer; which, with a collar of the half-pelerine form, gives to these

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mantles a novel style, between the pelisse-robe and the pelisse formerly worn as a great coat. This kind of cloak is not, in reality, so elegant as those with hanging sleeves; but the latter have, during some time, become common, and also they have been made of inferior materials: for these reasons, then, we consider that their reign among the higher classes will not be of long duration.

Wadded bonnets continue their vogue in carriage dress. We have seen some made of very rich plain silk, as *gros d'Orient*, &c., but they are by no means so fashionable as satin ones. Those for undress afford nothing novel, either in their form or style of trimming. Those for half dress are decorated in a new and striking manner, with a double wreath of blond lace round the crown, and a satin rosette on one side of it. Velvet and satin maintain their vogue for carriage hats, though a variety of rich fancy materials, both of silk and satin, have been introduced. *Peluche* is coming a good deal into favour, particularly rose-coloured *peluche*. Some of the most novel hats are composed of it, and trimmed with satin ribbons; they are rose-coloured, but of a dead hue; a band of ribbon crosses the crown twice, and then descending from the ears forms the *brides;* a short, curled, white ostrich feather issues from under one of these bands, and droops over the brim in an oblique direction. The most novel style of half dress hats has the brim large at the sides, and low at the top. The interior is trimmed with lace *à la Marie Stuart;* the ends of the lace form lappets, which tie under the chin. The crowns are generally trimmed with feathers.

Among the new materials for dinner and evening dress, we may cite the *gros de Turquie*, a watered ground in cashmere patterns; reps *Trianon*, offering a perfect imitation of the beautiful silks of the seventeenth century; satin *Helena*, and other satins, with gold and silver patterns of extraordinary richness and beauty. Painted satins, marbled satins, printed silks, and *pou de soie*, striped and printed. With regard to the forms of robes, our observations must be as yet general and brief, for there is not any striking novelty to detail, and it is our business to report *faithfully* what actually does exist. We find that in all the new dresses the sleeves are not so tight as they have recently been worn; the waists are

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very long, and the backs full; they may either be plain, terminating in a point in front, or else draped horizontally, or *en cour*, according to the fancy of the wearer. The trimmings of the skirts as yet consist principally of flounces; but, as the season advances, it is almost certain that furs, that is to say, expensive ones, will be very generally employed, particularly sable. We have, indeed, already seen some velvet robes, the skirts of which were trimmed *en tablier* down each side of the front, and round the back of the border with rouleaux of sable; the effect was exceedingly rich. Fashionable colours are, different full shades of red, and some dark ones of green, brown, and fawn, various shades of grey, rose, blue, and lavender.

FOREIGN FASHIONS AND NOVELTIES.

PARIS CONCERT DRESS.—Robe of lemon-coloured satin, the *corsage* half high, and trimmed with a *pelerine fichu*, which falls square over the shoulders, and descends in points to the waist, being very open on the bosom; the outer edge is cut in round *dents*, which are bordered, as is also the front of the pelerine, with blond lace. The sleeve is tight from the elbow to the wrist; the upper part is covered by two rows of trimming disposed in *dents de loup*, and edged with blond lace. A knot of ribbon with floating ends at the elbow, and a pointed cuff, completes the trimming of the sleeve. The border of the skirt is finished with a double flounce corresponding with the upper part of the sleeve. Green velvet hat, a very deep brim, trimmed in the interior with blond lace, set on nearly plain, and a small sprig of white flowers. The crown is decorated with green ribbons, and a bouquet of party-coloured feathers.

PARIS MORNING VISITING DRESS.—Robe of *velours epingle* of a new shade of brown; the border is trimmed with a broad rich fringe of a very novel description. Shawl corsage partially high, with the pelerine crossing in front, and bordered by a rich bullion fringe. The sleeve, demi-large, is finished by a *bouillon* surmounting the fulness. White satin bonnet, wadded and quilted, a round brim: the interior is decorated in the cap style with blond; a low crown, very full trimmed with white satin ribbon.

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PARIS MORNING WALKING DRESS.



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Remarks on the Prevailing Paris Fashions.

Paris begins to be once more all alive; the *haut ton* are flocking in from their country seats, and from the watering places; let us see what winter novelties have already appeared, or are in preparation, for these *élégantes*. Velvet shawls, trimmed with fur, may be cited as likely to preserve their vogue during the whole of the winter, at least unless it should prove a very severe one, being wadded, lined, and exceedingly large; they are nearly as warm as a mantle. Speaking of mantles, we may cite, as an elegant novelty, one of green satin; the breast was trimmed with broad lappels of velvet, of a corresponding hue; they nearly met at the waist, and from thence descended to the bottom of the mantle; very wide sleeves, which could be drawn up on the shoulder by a casing, thus leaving the arm at full liberty, or else drawn down so as to cover the hand, and form a kind of muff. The sleeves and lappels were trimmed with fur; the front of the mantle was ornamented with a row of small silk buttons.

Mantelets, which it was fully expected would be laid aside, are now more than ever in favour; but, as they are lined and wadded, and in many instances made with *capuchins*, they are very well suited to the season. The reigning favourite is a satin mantelet, with a lappel of plain velvet, both of the same colour, *flamme d'enfer;* it is embroidered *à rinceaux* in *cordonnet*, and trimmed with ermine. Mantelets, composed entirely of fur, are expected very soon to come into favour; and, indeed, fur, in every possible way that it can be employed, will, without doubt, be adopted by our *élégantes*.

Velours épinglé, velours d'Afrique, plain velvet, satin, and *peluche*, are all in favour for hats and bonnets. We perceive that the brims of both are decidedly diminished in breadth, but not at all in length. The curtains of bonnets are rather long, the knots and the ornaments placed very low on the crown, and the edge of the brim very frequently trimmed with a *ruche*. The interior of the brim is always ornamented either with flowers or ribbon ornaments, which encircle the face, and are sometimes accompanied by a blond lace bandeau. Shaded *follettes*, willow marabouts, and flowers of the season, composed of velvet, are all employed to decorate the crowns of hats and bonnets. We see a great number of

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black ones, both satin and velvet; the other colours most in request for hats and bonnets are, rose, macassa, different shades of green, and pearl grey.

Evening dress robes afford no novelty in their forms. The materials are of the very rich kind that we indicated in our last number. A great many are worn with blond, or real lace *fichus;* the first made *à la paysanne,* display the shoulders, and are retained in front and behind by jewelled *agraffes* or brooches; those in front are much smaller than those which fasten the plaits behind. The *fichus à la Corday* are crossed on the bosom, and fastened behind by an *agraffe* in gold and pearls, a cameo, or a *mosaique.*

We observe that at the theatre small blond, or lace caps, are more in favour than any other style of head-dress. It is a simple but extremely pretty style of *coiffure,* which, however, offers very little variety; they are all placed very far back on the head, and are trimmed over the forehead with a row of lace or blond, which is quite flat, but becomes full at the sides; it is retained at the temples by a gold pin at each side, the head of which is enriched with diamonds. A gold chain of the narrowest kind, and of the most beautiful workmanship, passes from one of these pins to the other, forming *à ferroniere.*

The season for balls has not yet commenced; but we find, with pleasure, that the light materials proper for dancing dress are likely to be the only ones employed. We have seen some ball robes of *tulle,* with the skirts trimmed with five small flounces, also of *tulle* and *gauffred;* each flounce is surmounted by a satin rouleau; the flounces are all looped on the left side by a bouquet of flowers. Other robes, also of *tulle,* have the front trimmed *en tablier* by puffs of *tulle,* bordered by satin rouleaux; each puff is fixed by a bouquet of geraniums of various kinds, composed of coloured velvets. We scarcely know to which style of these ball-dresses to give the preference; but we have no hesitation in saying, that they are among the most elegant that we have seen for some seasons. The colours in request are various shades of grey and green, particularly pomona and emerald green, macassa, claret-colour, cherry-colour, Spanish brown, and lavender; light hues keep their vogue in evening dress.

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